THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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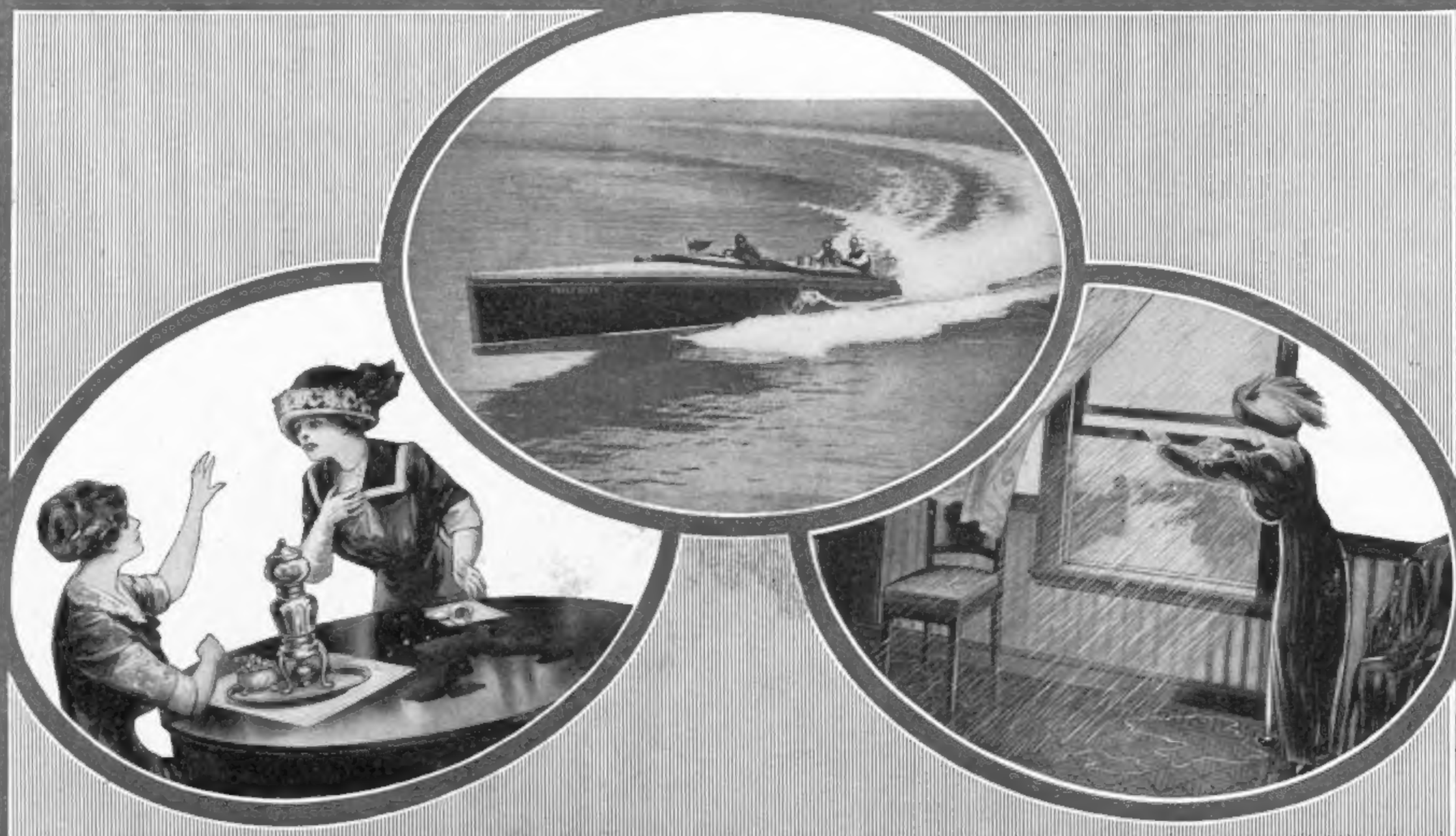
DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Beginning **The Butterfly**—By Henry Kitchell Webster



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Mr. EDDIE FOY—
Starring in "That Royal Tailored Look"

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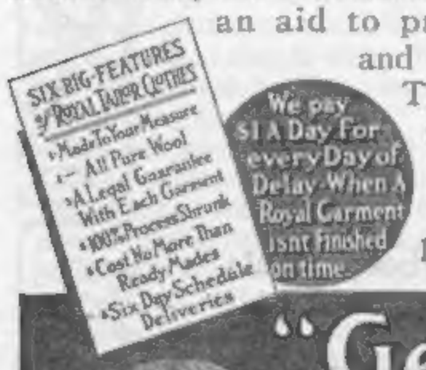
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THE BUTTERFLY

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THERE is, you will admit, a certain piquancy about being kissed by mistake. Of course, if you are kissed a great deal, in the course of the day's work as it were, like the fat stage director of a grand opera troupe, your senses may have become blunted to the finer flavor of this adventure.

But suppose you are an altogether different sort of person, the sort that a couple of thousand students touch their hats to and call Professor, under a mistaken impression that you are really ever so much older than they are; the sort who, when he goes to a dance, is nailed in a corner by an elderly chaperon and asked what he really thinks of the influence of Bernard Shaw upon the stage, instead of being allowed to essay the Tango and the Chicken Scratch out in the middle of the floor with some rattle-headed, slim-legged, bright-eyed infant of about eighteen.

If you're that sort of person you can understand that to be sitting rather slackly in an uncomfortable easy-chair in a dismal hotel, waiting for a minor poet who was a classmate of yours once—to be sitting, I say, in a hotel room whose open door had invited you to come in, although its occupant was mysteriously absent; to have sat for fifteen minutes in the dusk, and then—then to feel without any preliminary warning a pair of very live, small hands clasped over your eyes and an indubitably authentic kiss planted squarely on one's unexpectant mouth—that, as any of my students would phrase it, was some adventure.

You have no idea what fun it is to write like this. I have to write a good deal in the way of business—lectures that begin:

"In our last lecture we considered the problem of the selection of dramatic material and discovered that it involved the conflict of wills. Let us today proceed to a study of . . ."

I read them aloud while the classes sharpen pencils and drop note-books and afterward secure a brutally condensed *résumé* of all that it has taken me an hour to say, done in about a hundred words by some industrious student who mimeographs them and conducts a thriving business at twenty-five cents a copy. So, as I say, you have no idea what fun it is to turn loose for once.

She Rushed Us Down the Corridor to the Elevator

As you may possibly have assumed, I am a professor of drama in a state university. I will disguise the real name of the University by calling the town where it is situated Monroe. I have sophomore classes, who draw pictorial diagrams of Shakspere's plots; juniors, with whom I make a carefully selected study of Restoration Comedy; seniors (a senior, you will understand, is a very mature person), who read Ghosts, and Mrs. Warren's Profession, and Damaged Goods; and in addition I conduct a seminar for graduate students, whom I teach to write plays.

I don't mind admitting, in the confidence of my anonymity, that every now and then—once in a blue moon, let us say—I see my various activities in the light of a joke. In the momentary clairvoyance that is sometimes produced by one pipe too many, I ask myself what it's all about. If people have a liking for dramatic literature they'll read plays, and if they have the nose for a situation and the knack for story-telling in dramatic form they'll write them. And contemplating myself from afar, seated upon my pedagogical pedestal, I say to myself that I had rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman; that I'd rather have written the cheapest musical comedy that a Number Four company ever presented upon the boards of the Monroe Opera House than a whole volume of lectures on Shaw, Strindberg and Sudermann. In words of one syllable I am stage-struck. And that's how I happened to get kissed by mistake.

I shall have to go back a little to explain the connection. About a month before, Monroe had been at first stupefied and then plunged into a delirium of excitement by the announcement that Elaine Arthur was coming and was to present her latest "vehicle," Pandora, for three performances at the Opera House.

Elaine Arthur had been for two seasons the theatrical sensation of New York. This was the first time she had taken to the road. That she should come at all to a chronic one-night stand like Monroe, let alone give three performances there, when Buffalo and Cleveland had to get on with one apiece and her other natural stops were passed coldly by with none at all, was sufficiently exciting. But that was only the beginning of it.

You see, Elaine was not an actress in the ordinary sense at all. No one had ever heard her speak a word across the footlights. She was a pantomimist and interpretive dancer and she was said to be the most beautiful woman in the world. She was the bane of the purity leagues, for she displayed her beauties rather more candidly than any one else had quite dared to do, and her pictures, in costumes that would have caused the suppression of a whole edition of The Fireman's Gazette, appeared quite shamelessly in the highbrow fifteen-centers. She was known to have posed for one of the most prominent painters in New York, and the resultant picture, after a terrific hullabaloo, had been denied admission to the Carnegie Exhibition. Afterward it delighted thronging thousands in a private gallery on Madison Avenue, where Elaine herself often went to admire it. There was an article about her in The Parthenon, illustrated with etchings, and from this down to the Sunday supplements the amount that was printed about her could almost be reckoned in mileage.

The critic of the Tribune ran half-page diatribes lamenting that the boards which had been sanctified by the feet of Henry Irving should be polluted by an exhibition so shameless. Drama clubs used to come into New York *en masse* to see for themselves whether her dances were, as many authorities declared, not only the most beautiful but the purest and most edifying exhibitions which had ever been offered for the enlightenment of the American people, or whether Elaine deserved to be turned over to the mercy of the shocked and outraged sensibilities of the police. Only they never could make up their minds. Half of them always got purple and pronounced Elaine's spirituelle audacities as unspeakable, while the other half declared that to the pure all things were pure, and most particularly pure, as Gilbert would say, were these candid revelations of Elaine's.

Well, if she did all that to New York you can imagine the effect she produced, in anticipation, upon the little city of Monroe.

The Monday morning Ministers' Meeting spent an entire session discussing her, as well as what means were to be taken to prevent the city of Monroe from the complete moral *débâcle* which her arrival threatened. Capitol Hill was shaken to its foundations and a committee of excited legislators was appointed by the speaker of the assembly to investigate the probable moral effect of such performances as Elaine was said to give

and to report out a bill prescribing a minimum costume for all stage performances within this state.

But my personal connection with the affair did not begin until the Executive Committee of the Monroe Drama Club called a special meeting and summoned me to appear before it as an expert.

Considering the delicacy of the occasion, I put on a black necktie and a frock coat; also, I took the precaution of going a little late to give them an opportunity to free their minds before my arrival. The question they would have to settle, of course, was whether they should bulletin Miss Arthur's performance and urge all loyal members of the club to attend, or whether they should crush her under the united weight of cold non-recognition.

I had a faint hope that they would have the matter decided before I got there. But one look round Mrs. Lake's drawing room—it was a fine, dignified, old drawing room with a white marble fireplace at either end, and Mrs. Lake was the chairman of the committee—one look, as I said, was enough to indicate that my function as arbitrator was to be no sinecure. Mrs. Lake's opinion was—and she expressed it to me very vividly and forcibly before I had got inside the drawing-room door—that the question should never have been raised at all; it was not discussable, hardly speakable. Some of her friends had seen the performance in New York and they said—she hoped I didn't mind plain speaking—that the woman might as well have had nothing on at all. She wore, indeed, some filmy sort of draperies, but when they turned the light on her *from behind*, some sort of rising-sun effect—well, it was simply indecent, that was all. And she, for her part—and here Mrs. Lake glared balefully round her drawing room—she didn't see what people were thinking about who even suggested the possibility of a bulletin. She meant to go herself, she admitted, just to see with her own eyes whether such things as she had heard described were possible. She supposed some of the other ladies would do the same. But that was a very different thing, as I would of course be able to see for myself, from allowing the club to give that woman its official approval.

Mrs. Lake had two satellites, or echoes, who momentously repeated the broken fragments of her harangue after Mrs. Lake had got through with them.

But down at the other end of the room, firm but frightened, and gathered into a little group to keep their courage warm, were four determined champions of Art and opponents of Bigotry. They were not, they asserted, in favor of letting loose a deluge of immorality which should submerge the fair homes of Monroe, but they were unwilling to deal a cruel blow to a sincere artist—"Artist!" sniffed Mrs. Lake—by condemning her unheard and unseen.

Hadn't they heard enough? Mrs. Lake wanted to know. Were they unwilling to take her word or the word of her friends who had actually seen it in New York?

Hearsay evidence, the Four maintained, was not admissible. But one of them suggested a compromise. She was a competent, aggressive little lady in spectacles, and her name was Blunt. Miss Blunt thought it might be well to write a letter to Miss Arthur, explaining the difficulty in which the officers of the club found themselves and their wish to give fair play. Would Miss Arthur consent to meet the club, or possibly its Executive Committee, in advance of the performance, and illustrate some of her characteristic dances? The committee could have the bulletin prepared in advance and then if, after seeing with their own eyes, their decision were favorable the bulletin could issue at once, and the reassured members of the club could attend one of the subsequent performances.

"Meet her?" said Mrs. Lake. "Do you suppose she's the sort of person we'd be willing to meet?"

That was where I took a hand. I observed that, so far as I knew, Miss Arthur's personal morals were above reproach. "A man I used to know quite well is, I am told, a great friend of hers. That is Maurice Carrington, the poet. Unless he's changed a good deal lately, he's the most respectable person in the world. I see by the newspapers that he's writing a new play for her—a sort of masque. So, as far as meeting her goes, I don't think you'd find her in any way objectionable."

I had to stop there rather abruptly and control what I managed to turn into a cough. A picture of Mrs. Lake's drawing room, with seven chairs in a judicial row at one end of it and Elaine Arthur dancing at the other in a costume composed chiefly of cold cream and rice powder, got hold of my imagination. I choked and shook. And then Mrs. Lake all but finished me by handing me, with the deepest concern, a cough-drop.

Luckily my mention of Carrington solved the problem, so far as the committee was concerned. He was a sure-enough poet, as the committee knew, for they had bought a copy of a five-act tragedy of his and presented it to the Monroe Library. And the fact that he was an acknowledged friend of Miss Arthur's almost softened Mrs. Lake.

Anyway, the letter was to be written, and the committee adjourned at least on speaking terms with one another. I had a notion that that would be the end of it, and got a real surprise a few days later when Miss Blunt encountered me on Main Street and triumphantly informed me that an answer had come, and very polite, too, though not from Miss Arthur herself. Somebody named Deane, presumably her manager—I made a mental amendment, press agent—expressed Miss Arthur's regret that the exhaustion attendant upon dancing made it impossible for her to give a private exhibition in advance of the first performance, but that she would be delighted to meet the members of the club and any of their friends that they cared to bring at five o'clock on Friday afternoon. The first performance was Friday night.

I inquired feebly what Mrs. Lake thought about it, expecting to elicit a recital of Homeric rage. But on the contrary, Miss Blunt informed me that Mrs. Lake was delighted, and had offered her own house for the reception.

I don't undertake to explain this phenomenon. I merely chronicle the fact.

Miss Blunt offered to invite me to the reception, although she informed me that no other men were expected, and I regretfully declined. One lone man always looks such a fool in a big assembly of women. And I, somehow, didn't want to look a fool before Elaine. Better not meet her at all.

I did quite dreadfully want to meet her; but not to be led up to her by the lady president of the Drama Club and introduced to her as the professor of drama. She'd want to smile over that, if she were the sort of person I thought her. But she'd be polite. So she'd clasp my hand heroically and tell me she had heard of me before and was sure she'd read my articles in—which one of the magazines was it?

No, that wasn't the way I wanted to meet her at all. I wanted—— How should I arrange it? A small table with a thick, shiny white cloth on it, and the flowers put over at the side to be out of the way, and Elaine herself at the other side of it, leaning forward, her elbows on the table, talking to me, man to man. Wouldn't that be gorgeous?

I'm afraid that I was almost rude in so hastily declining Miss Blunt's pressing invitation.

But on Friday morning—the Great Friday, you're to understand—as I idly read our little morning paper across my egg, my eye lighted upon a paragraph which brought my heart up into my throat with a single hop. "Maurice Carrington," it read, "the well-known poet of New York, has arrived in Monroe and is stopping for a few days at the Palace Hotel."

Carrington was here! I knew him and he knew Elaine. Perhaps, if I went to call on him at the hotel, and was very nice to him, put him up at the University Club, gave him a dinner, offered to give a special course on his dramatic poetry before the senior class—a few trivial attentions like that—perhaps—perhaps he would introduce me to Elaine. Perhaps even the dream of the little table might come true.

I bolted the remains of a cold egg and went up to my classroom to demolish the Baconian theory before my sophomore Shaksperians.

Five o'clock was the hour I had set for my call on Carrington. You see, I wanted to make it apparent to him that I had come to see him only, not at all in a sneaking hope of meeting Miss Arthur; and the fact that this was the hour of the Drama Club reception served the purpose admirably. But long before that hour the native hue of my resolution was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and I walked by the Palace twice before I made up my mind to turn in.

The Palace is the sort of hotel they used to build in the eighties in cities like Monroe. I can't say anything more terrible about it than that. The floor of the lobby was cold marble, unevenly laid in blue, gray and white rhomboids; the furniture belonged to the scroll-saw black walnut school; the staff was actuated by the glorious democratic doctrine that the only way to serve anybody, and at the same time assert your free and equal Americanism, is to be as disobliging and insolent about it as possible.

I was allowed to ascertain the number of Carrington's room from the register and the clerk advanced the supposition that I could go up there and find him if I liked. So I rode up in a creaking elevator and found my way to the open door I've told you about.

All the while I was angrily assuring myself that I had a perfect right to call on Carrington; that my connection with the University made it a courteous and even an obliging thing to do. I knew perfectly well that with Elaine Arthur eliminated from the equation I'd have felt exactly that way about it. The trouble was I couldn't eliminate her. I felt as if my desire to meet her were marked on my forehead with luminous paint. A stage-struck young man hoping to meet an actress does look such a fool! He would size me up in one glance. He would smile at me, and sit there and watch me writhing upon the pin his perception would transfix me with. I wouldn't stay. I'd be blowed if I would! I'd get up and leave my card on his center table and go away. And then, if he wanted to look me up, he might.

There I stuck for fifteen minutes on a dead center. I wanted to go just as much as I wanted to stay. And the consequence was that I sat perfectly still in the uneasy easy-chair and, as the dusk thickened, didn't even get up to punch on the lights. Well—and then it happened.

A sudden clasp of the small, very live hands over my eyes, and an expert, accurately placed kiss squarely upon my mouth.

I think there was a pause just after that—a momentary suspension of all the activities of Cosmos. I don't know how long it lasted. I didn't do anything to terminate it; just stayed perfectly still, perhaps in the vain expectation that she'd do it again. I need not say that she didn't.

Then there was a gasp and a scurry, and by the time I could straighten up and peer round the back of the chair there was nothing in the room to account for my adventure except a look about the doorway as if some one had just gone out of it.

Perhaps Even the Dream of the Little Table Might Come True

Pretty soon I found myself wearing a grin. Presumably I had got Carrington's kiss.

With that reflection I felt suddenly at ease with him. He couldn't pin me to a card now and watch me writhe. I could meet him eye to eye.

A man's voice spoke rather suddenly from the doorway. "Who's there?" it demanded.

"Me," said I, starting to my feet. And then, realizing the inadequacy of the identification, "I'm Brinsley Butler, of the University. You're Carrington, aren't you?"

"Oh," he said. "I'm glad to see you." And he turned and punched on the light.

He was better looking than I had expected. Bigger, deeper chested, not necky at all, nor stringy, nor wild-eyed. Not a bit like a Max Beerbohm caricature of a minor poet. But the realization that hit me hardest was that he wore a beard.

And that was significant. Because I didn't. The room hadn't been entirely dark by any means. You'd think that before she got near enough to plant that kiss she'd have had time to see.

My mystery was growing more interesting. It had subdivided itself into two. (1) Who was it who had kissed me? I thought I knew. Bless you, I couldn't help thinking so. But . . . (2) Who was it she thought she kissed?

I grinned a trifle more broadly at Carrington. "You know," said I, "I'm mighty glad you've come."

II

WE LIGHTED cigarettes and sat down, and for ten minutes or so our conversation was of the sort that classmates of ten years' standing, who have nothing better to talk about, always indulge in. "Whatever has become of Old Bill Gibbs?" and, "Whom do you think I met in Egypt winter before last?" and all that kind of thing.

The merit of that sort of talk is that you can keep it going with no mental effort at all and only about a quarter of your attention. I didn't give my share more than that, and from Carrington's manner, though it was cordial—almost appealing—I reckoned that the major part of his wits were wandering somewhere else. Also I'd have been willing to bet that Elaine Arthur had captured his, just as she had mine.

Presently there fell a little silence between us. Carrington watched the red end of his cigarette fixedly for about thirty seconds, then threw it at the fender and pulled out and loaded a pipe.

"Have you seen her?" he asked.

"No," I said, and added to myself, "but I think she just kissed me." But his look was so grave and steady that I felt dissatisfied with the sound of my No, and said it again, this time in a tone that matched his.

"It Wasn't Just the Wall Paper. It Was Something That Had Been in the Room"

"And," I went on, "I'm wildly curious to see her. I don't mean on the stage, though of course I want to see her there. But what I mean is, close to. Not the miracle, you know, the miracle-worker."

Half an hour before that avowal would have been impossible to me. Something about that steady look of Carrington's had melted the ice.

His eyes lighted up now.

"That's the idea exactly," he said. "Well, you won't be disappointed. The miracle-worker is the most wonderful miracle of all."

He had something more to say, so I gave him time to light his pipe.

"You'll probably fall in love with her," he went on. "Nearly everybody does. But you're a common-sense, level-headed sort of chap ——"

"I'm not," I contradicted hotly. "I'm a stage-struck romanticist and I'm half in love with her already."

"Like everybody else," he observed. "Only, you see, you've got sense enough to know it. You always had a way of hitting the nail on the head."

"I gather," said I, "that you're in love with her."

He nodded almost casually.

"Engaged to marry her, for that matter," he said.

I suppose my face must have fallen at that, for he laughed—not bitterly either.

"That won't make any difference," he told me. "And she may do it," he went on. "Up to two weeks ago we talked about it a lot; we're always planning together—wonderful things. This present mood of hers, that sends her off into hysterics every time I speak of it, may not last. But what if she does? The situation won't be changed. I'll never have her. She's fond of me now. She respects me. In some ways, at some times, she needs me, clings to me. But —— Well, look here—she's like this: She's a brimming fountain, one of those big round fountains. I hold my little tin cup under the edge and catch my share of the spill. But anybody else can hold his cup there too."

I had something to say, but I was not quite ready with it. He hesitated, colored a little, then went on.

"I suppose you've heard about that picture Forest painted of her. Well, it's hanging there in Faust's Gallery on Madison Avenue, with her name under it on a little card as if it were a portrait. When I started to remonstrate about that she just opened her eyes and said 'Why not?' And I couldn't tell her. That's a bit crude, but it will do for an illustration."

"I suppose," said I, "that nine-tenths of the tragedies connected with geniuses—and geniuses always

(Continued on Page 60)

POP

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THEY made a handsome family group, with just the one necessary element of contrast. Father was the contrast. They were convened within and about the big three-walled divan which, according to the fashion, was backed up against a long library table in what they now called the living room. It had once been the sitting room and had contained a what-isn't-it and a sofa like an enormous bald caterpillar, crowded against the wall so that you could fall off only one side of it.

It was a family reunion and unexpected. Father was not convened with the rest, but sat off in the shadow and counted the feet sticking out from the divan and protruding from the chairs. He counted fourteen feet including his wife's and excluding his own. All the feet were expensively shod except his own.

Three of the children had come home for a visit and father, glad as he was to see them, had a vague feeling that they had been brought in by some other motive than their loudly proclaimed homesickness. He was willing to wait until they disclosed it, for he had an idea what it was and he was always glad to postpone a payment. It meant so much less interest to lose. Father was a business man.

Father was also dismally computing the addition to the grocery bills, the butchery bills, the livery bills, and the others. He was figuring out the added cost of the dinner with roast beef now costing as much as peacocks' tongues. He had raised a large family and there was not a dyspeptic in the lot—not even a banter.

They had been photographed together the day before and the proof had just come home. Father was not in the picture. It was a handsome picture. They admitted it themselves. They had urged father to come along, but he had pleaded his business as usual. As they studied the picture they would glance across at father and realize how little the picture lost by his absence. It lost nothing but the contrast.

While they were engaged each in that most fascinating of employments—studying one's own photograph—they were all waiting for the dining-room maid to appear like a black-and-white sketch and crisply announce that dinner was served. They had not arrived yet at having a man. Indeed, that room could still remember when a frowsy, blowsy hired girl was won't to stick her head in and groan: "Supper's ready!"

In fact, mother had never been able to live down a memory of the time when she used to put her own head in at a humbler dining-room door and call with all the anger that cooks up in a cook: "Come on! What we got's on the table!" But mother had entirely forgotten the first few months of her married life, when she would sing out to father: "Oh, honey, help me set the table, will you? I've a surprise for you—something you like!"

This family had evolved along the cycles so many families go through—from pin feathers to paradise plumes—only, the male bird had failed to improve his feathers or his song, though he never failed to bring up the food and keep the nest thatched.

The history of an American family can often be traced by its monuments in the names the children call the mother. Mrs. Grout had begun as—just one Ma. Eventually they doubled that and progressed from the accent on the first to the accent on the second ma. Years later one of the inarticulate brats had come home as a collegian in a fu ny hat, and Mama had become Mater. This had lasted until one of the brattines came home as a collegienne with a swagger and a funny sweater. And then her Latin title was Frenchified to Mère—which always gave father a shock; for father had been raised on a farm, where only horses' wives were called by that name.

Father had been dubbed Pop at an early date. Efforts to change this title had been as futile as the terrific efforts to keep him from propping his knife against his plate. He had been browbeaten out of using the blade for transportation purposes, but at that point he had simply ceased to develop.

Names like Pappah, Pater and Père would not cling to him; they fell off at once. Pop he was always called to his face, whether he were referred to abroad as "the old man," the "governor," or "our dear father."

The evolution of the Grout family could be traced still more clearly in the names the parents had given the children. The eldest was a daughter, though when she grew up she dropped back in the line and became ever so much younger than her next younger brothers. She might have fallen still farther to the rear if she had not run up against another daughter who had her own age to keep down.

The eldest daughter, born in the grim days of early penury, had been grimly entitled Julia. The following child, a son, was soberly called by his father's given and his mother's maiden names—John Pennock Grout, or Jno. P., as his father wrote it.

A year or two later there appeared another hostage. Labeling him was a matter of deep concern. John urged his own father's name, William; but the mother wafted this away with a gesture of airy disgust. There was a hired girl in the kitchen now and mother was reading a good many novels between stitches. She debated long and hard while the child waited anonymous. At length she ventured on Gerald. She changed that two or three times and the boy had a narrow escape from Sylvester. He came perilously near to carrying Abélard through an amused world; but she harked back to Gerald—which he spelled Jerrold at times.

Then two daughters entered the family in succession and were stamped Beatrice—pronounced Bay-ah-treat-she by those who had the time and the energy—and Consuelo, which Pop would call Coun-ser-eller.

By this time Julia had grown up and was beginning at finishing school. She soon saw that Julia would never

He Had Been Browbeaten Out of Using the Blade for Transportation Purposes

do—never! She had started with a handicap, but she caught up with the rest and passed them gracefully by ingeniously altering the final *a* to an *e*, and pronouncing it Zheelee.

Her father never could get within hailing distance of the French *j* and *u*, and teetered perilously between Jilly and Jelly. He was apt to relax sickeningly into plain Julia—especially before folks, when he was nervous anyway. Only they did not say "before folks" now; the Grouts never said "before folks" now—they said: "In the presence of guests."

By the time the next son came the mother was shamelessly literary enough to name him Ethelwolf, which his school companions joyously abbreviated to Ethel, overlooking the wolf.

Ethelwolf was the last of the visitors "out of the everywhere into the here." For by this time Mère had accumulated so many absolutely unforgivable grievances against her absolutely impossible husband that she felt qualified for that crown of comfortable martyrhood, that womanly ideal, "a wife in name only"—and only that "for the sake of the children."

By this time the children, too, had acquired grievances against Pop. The more refined they grew the coarser-grained he seemed. They could not pulverize him in the coffee-mill of criticism. He was as hopeless in ideas as in language. It was impossible to make him realize that the best is always the cheapest; that fine clothes make fine people; that petty economies are death to "the larger flights of the soul"; and that parents have no right to have children unless they can give them what other people's children have.

If John Grout complained that he was not a millionaire the younger Grouts retorted that this was not their fault, but their misfortune; and it was "up to Pop" to do the best he could during what Mère was now calling their "formative years." The children had liberal ideas, artistic and refined ideals; but Pop was forever talking poor, always splitting pennies, always dolefully reiterating: "I don't know where the money is coming from!"

It was so foolish of him too—for it always came from somewhere. The children went to the best schools, traveled in Europe, wore as good clothes as anybody—though they did not admit this, of course, within father's hearing, lest it put false notions into his head; and the sons made investments that had not yet begun to turn out right.

Parents cannot fool their children long, and the Grout youngsters had learned at an early date that Pop always forked over when he was nagged into it. Any of the children in trouble could always write or telegraph home a "must have," and it was always forthcoming. There usually followed a querulous note about "Sorry you have to have so much, but I suppose it costs a lot where you are. Make it go as far as you can, for I'm a little pinched just now." But this was taken as a mere detail—an unfortunate paternal habit.

That was Pop's vice—his only one and about the least attractive of vices. It was harrowing to be the children of a miser—for he must have a lot hoarded away. His poor talk, his allusions to notes at the bank and mortgages and drafts to meet were just bogies to frighten them with and to keep them down.

It was most humiliating for high-spirited children to be so misunderstood. Pop lacked refined tastes. It was a harsh thing to say of one's parent, but when you came right down to it Pop was a hopeless plebeian.

Pop noticed the difference himself. He would have doubted that these magnificent youngsters could be his own if that had not implied a criticism of his unimpeachable wife. So he gave her all the credit. For Mère was different. She was well read; she entertained charmingly; she loved good clothes, up-to-the-minute hats; she knew who was who and what was what. She was ambitious, progressive. She nearly took up French once.

But Pop was shabby. Pop always wore a suit until it glistened and his children ridiculed him into a new one. As for wearing evening dress, in the words of Gerald they "had to blindfold him and back him into his soup-and-fish, even on the night the Italian Opera Company came to town."

Pop never could take them anywhere. A vacation was a thing of horror to him. It was almost impossible to drag him to a lake or the sea, and it was quite impossible to keep him there more than a few days. His business always called him home.

And such a business! Drygoods!—and in a small town.

And such a town, with such a name! To the children who knew their Paris and their London, their New York and their Washington, a visit home was like a sentence to jail. It was humiliating to make a good impression on acquaintances of importance and then have to confess to a home-town named Waupoos.

People either said, "I beg your pardon!" as if they had not heard it right, or they laughed and said: "Honestly?"

The children had tried again and again to pry Pop out of Waupoos, but he clung to it like a limpet. He had had opportunities, too, to move his business to big cities, but he was afraid to venture. He was fairly sure of sustenance in Waupoos, so long as he nursed every penny; but he could never find the courage to transplant himself to another place.

The worst of his cowardice was that he blamed the children—at least, he said he dared not face a year or two of possible loss lest they might need something. So he stayed in Waupoos and managed somehow to keep the family afloat and the store open.

When Mère revolted and longed for a glimpse of the outer world he always advised her to take a trip and have a good time. He always said he could afford that much, and he took an interest in seeing that she had funds to buy some city clothes with; but he never had funds enough to go along.

That was one of mother's grievances. Pop bored her to death at home and she wanted to scream every time he mentioned his business—it was so selfish of him to talk of that at night when she had so much to tell him of the misbehavior of the servants. But, greatly as he annoyed her round the house, she cherished an illusion that she would like him in a hotel.

She had tried to get him to read a certain novel—a wonderful book mercilessly exposing the curse of modern America; which is the men's habit of sticking to their business so closely that they give their poor wives no companionship. They leave their poor wives to languish at home or to go shopping or gossiping, while they indulge themselves in the luxuries of vibration between creditor and debtor.

In this novel, and in several others she could have named, the poor wife naturally fell a prey to the fascinations of a handsome devil with dark eyes, a motor or two, and no office hours.

Mère often wondered why she herself had not taken up with some handsome devil fully equipped for the entertainment of neglected wives.

If she had not been a member of that stanch American womanhood to which the glory of the country and its progress are really due, she might have startled her husband into realizing too late, as the too-late husbands in the novels realized, that a man's business is a side issue and that the perpetuation of romance is the main task. Her self-respect was all that held Mère to the home; that and—whisper!—the fact that no handsome devil with any kind of eyes ever tried to lure her away.

When she reproached Pop and threatened him he refused to be scared. He paid his wife that most odious of tributes—a monotonous trust in her loyalty and an insulting immunity to jealousy. Almost worse was his monotonous loyalty to her and his failure to give her jealousy any excuse.

They quarreled incessantly, but the wrangles were not gorgeously dramatic charges of intrigue with handsome men or painted women, followed by rapturous makeups. They were quarrels over expenditures, extravagances and voyages.

Mère charged Pop with parsimony and he charged her with recklessness. She accused him of trying to tie them down to a village; he accused her of trying to drive him to bankruptcy. She demanded to know whether he wanted his children to be like the children of their neighbors—clerks in small stores; starveling tradespeople and wives of little merchants. He answered that she was breeding a pack of snobs that despised their father and had no mercy on him—and no use for him except as a lemon to squeeze dry. She answered with a laugh of scorn that lemon was a good word; and he threw up his hands and returned to the shop if the war broke out at noon, or slunk up to bed if it followed dinner.

This was the pattern of their daily life. Every night there was a new theme, but the duet they built on it ran along the same formulas.

The children sided with Mère of course. In the first place, she was a poor downtrodden woman; in the second, she was their broker. Her job was to get them things. They gave her the credit for what she got them. They gave Pop no praise for yielding—no credit for extracting somehow from the dry soil of an arid town the money they extracted from him. They knew nothing of the myriad little agonies, the ingenuity, the tireless attention to detail, the exquisite finesse that make success possible in the mêlée of competition. Their souls were above trade and its petty nigglings.

Pop Had Boldently Reached the Upper Hall

Jno. P., who was now known as J. Pennock, was aiming at a million dollars in New York, and his mother was sure that he would get it next time if Pop would only raise him a little more money to meet an irritating obligation or seize a glittering opportunity. Pop always raised the money and J. Pennock always lost it. Yet Pennock was a financier and Pop was a village merchant. And now Pen had come home unexpectedly. He was showing a great interest in Pop's affairs.

Gerald was home also unexpectedly. He was an artist of the most wonderful promise. None of his promises was more wonderful than those he made his father to repay just one more loan—to tide him over until he sold his next picture; but it never sold, or it sold for a mere song. Gerald solaced himself and Mère solaced him for being ahead of his time, unappreciated, too good for the public. She thanked Heaven that Gerald was a genius, not a salesman. One salesman in the family was enough!

And Gerald had beaten Pen home by one train. He had greeted Pen somewhat coldly—as if he were a trespasser on his side of the street. And when it was learned that Julie had telegraphed that she would arrive on the next train, both the brothers had frowned.

Pop had sighed. He was glad to see his wonderful offspring, but he had already put off the grocer and the butcher—and even his life-insurance premium—because he had an opportunity by a quick use of cash to obtain the bankrupt stock of a rival dealer who had not nursed his pennies as Pop had. It was by such purchases that Pop had managed to keep his store alive and his brilliant children in funds.

He had temporarily drawn his bank account down to the irreducible minimum and borrowed on his securities up to the insurmountable maximum. It was a bad time for his children to tap him. But here they were—Jno. P., Jerry and Julia—all very unctuous over the homecoming, and yet all of them evidently cherishing an ulterior idea.

He watched them lounging in fashionable awkwardness. They were brilliant children. And he was as proud of them as he was afraid of them—and for them.

II

IF THE children looked brilliant to Pop he did not reflect their refulgence. As they glanced from the photographer's proof to Pop they were not impressed. They were not afraid of him or for him.

His bodily arrangement was pitifully gawky; he neither sat erect nor lounged—he slumped spineless. Big spectacles were in style now, but Pop's big spectacles were just out of it. His face was like a parchment that had been left out in the rain and had dried carelessly in deep stiff wrinkles—with the writing washed off.

Ethelwolf, the last born, had no ulterior idea. He always spent his monthly allowance by the second Tuesday after the first Monday, and sulked through a period of famine and debt until the next month. It was now the third Tuesday and he was disposed to sarcasm.

"Look at Pop!" he muttered. "He looks just like the old boy they put in the cartoons to represent The Common People."

"He's the Beau Brummel of Waupoos, all right!" said Bayahtreatshe, who was soon returning to Wellesley. And Consuelo, who was preparing for Vassar, added under her breath: "Mère, can't you steal up on him and swipe that already-tied tie?"

Had Pop overheard, he would have made no complaint. He had known the time when they had thrown things at him. The reverence of American children for their fathers is almost as famous as the meekness of American wives before their husbands. Yet it might have hurt Pop a little to see Mother shake her head and hear her sigh:

"He's hopeless, children! Do take warning from my misfortune and be careful what you marry."

Poor Mère had absolutely forgotten how proud she had been when Johnnie Grout came courting her, and how she had extracted a proposal before he knew what he was about, and had him at the altar before he was ready to support a wife in the style she had been accustomed to hope for. She remembered only the dreams he had not brought true, the harsh realities of their struggle upward. She had worked and skimped with him then. Now she was like a lolling passenger in a jinrikisha, who berates the coolie because he stumbles where the roads are rough and sweats where they are steep.

Julie spoke up in answer to her mother's word of caution:

"There's one thing better than being careful what you marry—and that's not marrying at all!"

The rest of them were used to Julie's views; but Pop, who had paid little heed to them, almost collapsed from his chair. Julie went on:

"Men are all alike, Mère. They're very soft-spoken when they come to make love; but it's all a bluff to make us give up our freedom. Before we know it they drag us up before another man, a preacher, and make us swear to love, honor and obey. They kill the first, make the second impossible and the third ridiculous. Then they coop us up at home and expect us to let them run the world to suit themselves. They've been running it for thousands of years—and look at the botch they've made of it! It's time they were letting us take the helm."

"Go to it, sis," said Ethelwolf. "I care not who makes the laws so long as I can break them."

"Let your sister alone!" said Mère. "Go on, Julie!"

"I've put it all in the address I read before the Federation last week," said Julie. "It was reported at length in one of the papers. I've got a clipping in my handbag here somewhere."

She began to rummage through a little condensed chaos of handkerchiefs, gloves, powder-puff, powdery dollar bills, powdery coins, loose bits of paper, samples, thread, pins, buttons—everything—everywhichway.

J. Pennock laughed.

"Pipe what's going to run the world! Better get a few pockets first."

"Don't be a brute, Pen!" said Mère.

At last Julie found the clipping she sought and, shaking the powder from it, handed it to her mother.

"It's on the strength of this speech that I was elected delegate to the international convention at Budapest," she said.

"You were!" Mère gasped, and Beatrice and Consuelo exclaimed: "Ripsnorting!"

"Are you going?" said Mère when she recovered from her awe.

"Well, it's a pretty expensive trip. That's why I came home—to see if—well, we can take that up later. Tell me how you like the speech."

Mère mumbled the report aloud to the delighted audience. Pop heard little of it. He was having a chill. It was very like plain ague, but he credited it to the terror of Julie's mission home. All she wanted him to do was to send her on a little jaunt to Budapest! The tyrant, as usual, was expected to finance the rebellion.

When Mère had finished reading everybody applauded Julie except Pop. Mère overheard his silence and rounded on him across the aristocratic reading glass she wielded.

"Did you hear that?"

Pop was so startled that he answered:

"Uh-huh!"

"Didn't you think it was splendid?" Mère demanded.

"Uh-huh!" said Pop.

"What didn't you like about it?"

"I liked it all first-rate. Julie is a smart girl, I tell you!"

Mère scented his evasion, and she would never tolerate evasions. She repeated:

"What didn't you like about it?"

"I liked all I could understand."

"Understand!" snapped Mère, who rarely wasted her culture on Pop. "What didn't you understand? Could anything be clearer than this? Listen!" She read in an oratorical voice:

"Woman has been for ages man's mere beast of burden, his household drudge. Being a wife has meant being a slave—the only servant without wages or holiday. But the woman of today at last demands that the shackles be stricken off; she demands freedom to live her life her own way—to express her selfhood without the hampering restrictions imposed on her by the barbaric customs inherited from the time of the cave-man."

She Began to Rummage Through a Little Condensed Chaos

Mère folded up the clipping and glared defiance at the cave-man slumped in the uneasy chair.

"What's clearer than that?" she reiterated.

Pop was at bay. He was like a desperate rabbit. He answered:

"It's clear enough, I guess; but it's more than I can take in. Seems to me the womenfolks are hollering at the menfolks to give 'em what the menfolks have never been able to get for themselves."

It was peevish. Coming from Pop, it amounted to an outburst, a riot, a mutiny. Such a tendency was dangerous. It must be sharply repressed at once—as a new servant must be taught her place. Mère administered the necessary rebuke, aided and abetted by the daughters. The sons did not rally to their father's defense. He was soon reduced to submission, but his apology was further irritation:

"I'm kind of rattled like. I ain't feeling as chipper as usual." "Chipper" was bad enough but "ain't" was unendurable! They rebuked him for that and he put in another irrelevant plea: "I had a kind of sick spell at the store. I had to lay down."

"Lie down!" Beatrice corrected.

"Lie down," he accepted. "As soon as I laid down ——"

"Lay down!"

"Lay down—I had chills and shootin' pains; and I ——"

"It's the weather," Mère interrupted impatiently. "I've had a headache all day—such a headache as never was known! It seemed as if hammers were beating upon my very brain. It was ——"

"I'm not feeling at all well myself," said Consuelo.

There was almost a tournament of rivalry in describing sufferings.

Pop felt as if he had wakened a sleeping hospital. He sank back ashamed of his own outburst. He rarely spoke of the few ailments he could afford. When he did it was like one of his new clerks pulling a bolt of goods from the shelf and bringing down a silken avalanche.

The clinic was interrupted by the crisp voice of Nora:

"Dinner is served!"

Everybody rose and moved to the door with quiet determination. Pop alone failed to rise. Mère glowered at him. He pleaded: "I don't feel very good. I guess I'd better leave my stummick rest."

The children protested politely, but he refused to be moved and Mère decided to humor him.

"Let him alone, children. It won't hurt him to skip a meal."

They said, "Too bad, Pop!"—"You'll be all right soon," and went out and forgot him. Pop heard them chattering briskly. It was polite talk. If slang were used it was the very newest. He gleaned that Pen and Gerald were opposing Julie's mission to Budapest on the ground of the expense. He smiled bitterly to hear that word from them. He heard Julie's retort:

"I suppose you boys want the money yourselves! Well, I've got first havers at Pop. I saw him first!"

Pop Heard Little of It. He Was Having a Chill

(Continued on Page 42)

FLOUR

By DAVID GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THE Angel of Records began a new page when a Palm Beach wave tipped her over and Thompson fished her up spluttering. He held her a moment longer than was necessary. She was pleasing and his philosophy was to prolong pleasurable experiences.

"I think I should have drowned," she said when she could speak. She looked at him gratefully with gray-blue eyes.

"If you knew how to swim," he observed, "this would not have happened. I must teach you."

She made no reply and he began to teach her. He found that she had a pleasant chin to put his hand under, and the danger of her learning to swim was remote. At the end of the first lesson he rejoined his party on the sun-warmed sand. A chorus of jeers and ironic bravos greeted him.

"I like your cutie!" said Mrs. Freddy Duerr. "Who is she?"

"Search me!" replied Thompson in the same upperclass way of speaking—"but something very nice!"

"You have a good eye," said Lady Agatha Townsend. "Such long, lovely legs I never did see!"

Thompson's swimming pupil was walking across the sand to the bath-house, not unconscious that she was being talked about, but far from imagining the talk. She had been brought up with the middle-class notion that there were expressions one could not use and be a lady. Her knowledge of aristocrats had come from the Sunday newspaper. Moreover, *puribus pures omnia*.

At this moment Bertie Ames came out of the water, sat down and began pouring hot sand on his toes.

"Did you see the beautiful creature Thompson rescued?" asked Lady Agatha.

"You mean Thalia Scollard?" said Mr. Ames.

Every one—except the Englishwoman—looked at one another.

"Are you putting one over?" demanded Mrs. Freddy Duerr.

Mr. Ames had a well-known though harmless pride in knowing all good-looking women. He made no answer. He was offended and they knew he had spoken the truth. Thompson whistled his amazement.

"Well, I never!" said Edith Duerr. "What a lucky creature Thompson is!"

"Who is Thalia Scollard?" asked Lady Agatha.

"Merely the daughter of nearly all the flour in the world," said Mr. Ames.

"Is she rich?" asked Lady Agatha.

"Is she rich!" repeated Mr. Ames.

"Tompy," said Freddy Duerr, "this is where you get on. Fly at it! I'll be an usher and give you a traveling clock."

"There may be something in what you say," said Thompson. "I've always wanted a traveling clock." He got up and went down the beach. He found one of the night clerks of the Poinciana and was introduced to Mrs. Scollard, who was overflowing a campchair on the sand.

"I feel that I ought to tell you," he began, "that it's not safe for Miss Scollard to go in when the surf is running so high until she knows how to swim."

"That's just what I've been telling Thalia," said Mrs. Scollard. "If her father was here he'd forbid it."

"Suppose I be a father to her?" said Thompson.

Mrs. Scollard laughed appreciatively.

"Were you the Mr. Thompson registered in Colonel Van Ship's party?"

He assented.

"I thought I saw you about with them at the Beach Club. Lovely woman, Mrs. Van Ship—isn't she? I don't know her personally, but we used to see her at Carlsbad. And such lovely children! I think that little boy was too cute!"

"I suppose I ought to be getting dressed," said Thompson, getting up. "Perhaps I'll see you at the tennis this afternoon."

"We'll be there. I'm sure I'm very much pleased to meet you," she said politely as he said goodby.

As Thompson dressed himself he thought it over. Here was a truly nice girl, almost beautiful, with unspendable money. Any one could see that she was adaptable and would be at home in his New York. Here was his chance as a practical man. He would cease being a week-ender—an eternal visitor. If he lost a hundred dollars at auction he would not have to win it back. He would have his own place on Long Island, his own Newport house, his own house in town, his own motor cars, his own yacht if he wanted it. He could have the best quail shooting in Georgia; he could go tarpon fishing and give the party. For the rest of his life other people would take the trouble to be agreeable to *him*. It was a pleasing prospect.

"I Guessed You'd Beat Me. I'm Getting Old"

There had been a time when he had asked different things of life; when he had wanted to do things, not have them; when he had had that fatuous belief in the desirability of one woman above all else, which is characteristic of American young men. But he believed that experience had made him wiser. He had put away foolish dreams. He knew now what life really was.

That afternoon he sat with Mrs. Scollard at tennis and said that, though he did not know the Perkins-Smiths of Brooklyn, he knew people who did know them; and similarly with the Alfred Estabrook Toomeys and their "beautiful home" on Riverside Drive. Before the tennis was over he had asked Miss Scollard to take the jungle drive with him in a double chair and had accepted her mother's invitation to lunch next day at the Poinciana on the American plan.

Two evenings later he won nearly four thousand dollars at roulette and went to bed feeling that divine sanction had sealed his undertaking. He resolved to play no more and he invited mother and daughter to dine with him at the Beach Club. Besides Lady Agatha and the Duerrs, he got most of the really smart people at Palm Beach, including a dago prince for the effect of the title. When Mrs. Scollard found herself sitting next Colonel Willing Van Ship, in the flesh and only amiably intoxicated, she had difficulty in eating her food and for a time was mute.

Colonel Van Ship, however, was delightfully entertaining. He produced a number of ten-cent and fifteen-cent puzzles from his pocket and asked her to watch him put the rolling shot-pellets into the central inclosure. He told her he had solved one hundred and fourteen ring puzzles in the last two years. He was against picture puzzles. She considered him charming and a true gentleman.

That everybody was so free and easy, not to say noisy, amazed her a good deal. She had not expected such people to be so informal. They shouted at her across the big round table and said things like—"We must eat lots of bread, mustn't we?" Bertie Ames toasted her as the Flour Queen, and a few minutes later announced that Prince Anatole had inquired whether she was a widow. There may have been an element of conspiracy about it, but everybody contributed to give her a good time. Even Julia Tate asked her if she did not ever come to New York.

When she returned with Thalia to her two rooms and bath at eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents a day she was permeated with the charm and gentlemanly qualities of Arthur Thompson, and she was conscious that for the first time in her life she had been lunching in real society. His final touch was to see that the Herald reporter got all the names spelled right.

Three days later she got an envelope addressed in Mrs. Toomey's hand, inclosing the Herald's paragraph. It had a headline over it that said: Arthur Thompson Dines Mrs. Scollard at Beach Club. Mrs. Toomey's absence of comment was eloquent.

Meanwhile Thompson daily taught swimming in the surf and exercised the double chair in the twilight.

On the fifth evening Mrs. Freddy Duerr was coming back from the jungle drive by herself when she met them going out. She caught Thompson's eye as they passed. It was the eye of a mask. The afterglow hung over the dismal beauty of the lake; the fireflies were weaving in the undergrowth. It was still. The look in Thompson's eyes haunted her. Something caught in her throat.

"I'm a sentimental fool!" she muttered, but she went home with wet eyes. Late that night, after she had lost her chips on the roulette table, she turned to Thompson, who was sitting by, and whispered to him. He followed her out. She refused chairs. She wanted to walk. With a great moon overhead they walked down the deserted street. Somebody was playing a banjo on one of the housebonts.

"Arthur," she said, "we've had a lot of fun over it, but you're not really thinking of marrying that girl?"

"Isn't that a funny thing for you to say now?" he answered.

"But what about Mary?"

"You know as much as I do."

"But, Arthur"—she lowered her voice and spoke pleadingly—"you ought to love the woman you marry! You're not like most of these men."

"Oh, slush!"

"Don't talk that way to me! You know what I mean."

"It's too late," he said, "now."

When Edith Duerr was going to bed that night her husband came in. She saw that he was quite sober.

"Freddy," she said, "Tompy is going to marry that girl."

"Then he is damned lucky," said Freddy Duerr.

"I know; but ——"

"But what?"

"But, Freddy ——" Her voice broke.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "What more could he ask for—nice girl, good figger; dresses well, and all the money in the world! You're crazy, Edie! I guess you're tired. Go to sleep!"

The next day the Scollards started for Minneapolis via New York, and Thompson went as far as New York with them in their private car. It was arranged that he should write Mr. Scollard and then go on to Minneapolis after receiving his answer. He telegraphed fifty dollars' worth of orchids to meet them at Buffalo and six dozen American beauties at Chicago.

Then he began looking for houses and engagement rings. His idea of location was something between Sixtieth and Seventy-fifth Streets, between Fifth Avenue and Madison—something that would rent for about fifteen thousand a year. He did not want to splurge.

The ring suitable for such a beginning he felt was a sapphire surrounded with diamonds. Each day he got two letters from Thalia posted at different points en route. He had thirty-two hundred dollars in the bank. He felt that he had solved the problem of life.

Then came the letter announcing their safe arrival, telling about the snow and slush, and hoping he would soon be there. It added that mother was going to speak to father when he came home to lunch. Then two days without a word, which he laid to the blizzard that had torn down the wires and buried the mail trains. The third morning he received two letters with Minneapolis postmarks, one of them in Thalia's hand. He slipped that into his pocket and opened the one in the envelope of the Scollard Company. It was typewritten.

Five minutes later he was still sitting in the bow window of the club, staring vacantly at a Fifth Avenue motor 'bus that had broken down.

"Hello, Tompy!" said a voice behind him. "Love-letters in every mail?" It was Freddy Duerr. "You're a lucky hound; but we're all glad. Let's have one small ball."

"Can't now," said Thompson. "I'll be late."

He got up and went out, thrusting the letter back into the envelope. He walked aimlessly up Fifth Avenue. He had only one desire—to get away. But how could he get away from that letter? It had come off on his mind as if the copying press had stamped it there:

Your letter requesting an interview received. Why should I see you? I know about you. You have failed as a Wall Street gambler; you have failed in the automobile business; you have failed as a real-estate agent. Your social position means nothing to me. To me you are a mere fortune hunter. Why should I allow my daughter to marry you? I have had a talk with her and she sees her mistake. Whatever there was between you is over.

Six weeks later Thompson was in Hongkong. He had tickets the rest of the way round to London, about two thousand dollars in the bank, and a state of mind that was unsatisfactory.

His first morning in China he looked out from his room in the club. A European square was in front of him, with a statue of Queen Victoria. There was a cricket lawn round the corner. On his right was a European quay, and the great harbor was full of occidental shipping. Tugboats puffed out occidental coal smoke, drifting occidental sootflakes on his bureau cover. He was shocked at the absence of strangeness. It dawned upon him that his preconceived ideas of China had been derived from a set of nursery dishes. He was subconsciously expecting to see a mandarin, in a hat like a layer from an inverted pagoda, standing on an impossible bridge gazing at powder-blue mountains.

While he was shaving other things dawned on him—that what he had been trying to do by coming to China was to run away from himself; that what made Scollard's letter eat like a cancer was the truth. Something inside of him told him that sooner or later he would have to meet himself face to face and look the truth in the eyes.

He went to his handbag and took out two letters, held together by a rubber band. The one addressed in Thalia's hand had never been opened. "I've got to be able to read them both," he said to himself, "and never turn a hair!"

He took Scollard's letter out of its envelope, hesitated, and put it back again; then he put both letters back in the handbag, lit a cigarette and went on with his dressing. But he knew he had failed again.

About ten o'clock that morning he was walking along the quay when, right in front of him, a Chinese coolie dropped a big paper bag. When it hit the pavement it broke and fifty pounds of flour lay in a pile. He then noticed that lines of coolies were unloading similar bags from a lighter and putting them on bullock carts. The bags were labeled: Gregg's XXX Flour, Anti-Trust Mills, U. S. A. A plump, well-dressed young Chinaman was superintending the unloading.

After a few moments' hesitation Thompson asked him whether he spoke English.

"I do," said the Chinaman.

"Excuse me," said Thompson, "but do they use much wheat flour in China?"

"They are beginning to," said the Chinaman. "The use of it would increase rapidly if the American mills would make us a heavier flour. Gregg won't."

Thompson looked at him thoughtfully.

"If I furnish you a heavier flour," he said, "will you buy of me?"

"I will," said the Chinaman. "I am Hing Cheong."

Thompson threw away his cigarette and looked his man in the eyes.

"What reference can you give me as to your responsibility?"

"The comprador of the Hongkong and India Bank. Will he do?"

"Can you meet me at the bank at half-past eleven?"

"I will bring my two partners," said the Chinaman.

"I am A. K. Thompson, president of the International Flour Company."

The Chinaman went on superintending, and Thompson went to the library of the club to find out if possible what a heavy flour was. He was not successful at this time, but he said philosophically: "So long as they do know and don't know that I don't know, what difference does it make?"

As the big clock in the Hongkong Bank pointed to twelve Hing Cheong said:

"Mr. Thompson, I think we understand each other. Do you wish a formal contract or just a memorandum of agreement?"

"Mr. Hing Cheong," said Thompson, "they say a Chinese merchant's word is better than his bond. Your word is good enough for me."

They shook hands and adjourned to drink warm champagne at Mr. Cheong's warehouses. At two o'clock that afternoon Thompson went aboard the Korea, sailing for San Francisco. The memorandum in his pocket indicated that he had a contract to sell the Three Merchants' Flour Company not less than one hundred thousand tons of flour a year of a specified grade, and at a price that would meet Gregg's. In the course of the negotiations he had been led to suspect that a heavy flour had more bran ground up in it than a light one.

On the voyage across Thompson made his plans. He could not expect Gregg—whoever he might be—to pay him a commission to sell flour that he was selling himself. Neither could he expect him to mill a heavier flour for the Thompson International Flour Company than he would mill for the Three Merchants of Hongkong. He knew of but one other flour producer.

An hour after he landed he sent this telegram to the Scollard Company, of Minneapolis:

Desire to arrange Asiatic agency for handling a flour three grades heavier than Gregg's XXX on five-per-cent commission. Will meet your representative in Minneapolis Thursday the twenty-third, at three P. M.

PRESIDENT INTERNATIONAL
FLOUR COMPANY.

On Thursday at one minute past three Thompson was facing a huge old man, who glared at him from behind a flat-topped desk. The man reminded him of a gorilla—only bigger. Something in the air told him to hit first.

He Looked at Her With a Mixture of Emotions

"Are you authorized to represent the Scollard Company?" he asked calmly.

The old man looked sharply up at him. Then he said:

"I'm the company."

"Then that's all right," said Thompson.

The old man picked up a telegram that lay on his desk, hooked a pair of eyeglasses on the end of his nose and studied it a moment. Then he hunched forward over the desk and scowled across the desk at his visitor.

"What do you mean by this?"

"I can't make it any clearer," said Thompson.

"But you know the regular commission in the flour business is two and a half." The old man roared this.

This was news to Arthur Thompson, but he did not betray his surprise. He said: "Well?"

"You just want double commissions—eh?"

Thompson nodded. The old man was silent a moment; then he shouted:

"You can't sell flour in China. They eat rice in China!"

"I didn't come to Minneapolis to ask you whether I could sell flour in China. If you want to meet Gregg's price on a heavy, low-grade flour laid down in Asia, all right. Otherwise I'm wasting your time."

"Who are you?"

"I am A. K. Thompson, of Hongkong, president of the International Flour Company. I leave for San Francisco"—he looked at his watch—"in an hour and eight minutes. My address will be the Palace Hotel for two days."

"Then you go to see Gregg—eh?"

"I didn't say that."

The old man laughed.

"There's lots people don't say that I know. Well, sorry we can't do business. You ask too much commission and I don't believe you can sell enough to pay me to make the stuff you want."

"I dare say you're right," said Thompson. "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon."

At the door he hesitated for an imperceptible instant. Wasn't he a fool not to turn back and throw off that extra two and a half per cent? Then he heard a coughlike sound in the gorilla's throat, as if speech were imminent. He went straight on and left the building.

The morning he reached San Francisco he looked nervously through the telegrams at the Palace Hotel. There was nothing for him. Twenty-four hours passed and nothing came. Perhaps he had misread that cough. Perhaps it had been just a natural cough and not the breaking down of high finance's bluff.

That afternoon Thompson had a bad half-hour. If he could not make a deal with either Scollard or Gregg, what would he do? The new muscles of his character had been severely taxed already. He was sick of the business. The excitement of it was appalling. His own impertinence had ceased to divert him. He saw ahead only interminable worry and detail, things going wrong, small profits. Was it worth the bother? A man has only one life—why should he spend it grinding at a flour business when he had two thousand dollars in the bank? He telephoned some people he knew at Burlingame and they asked him to come to them for a month. He said he would go for a couple of days. It would do him good to see some people of his own kind and play some tennis. The first thing his hand touched in his bag was the packet of letters from the Scollards. His mouth set. He wired the Burlingame people that he had been called away—and waited.

The evening of the second day he was dining in the hotel grillroom when a page called his name. He suspected the Burlingame crowd had discovered him. The page handed him a telegram. He tore it open with trembling fingers. It said: "Come to Minneapolis. Believe some arrangement

(Continued on Page 73)

"If You Know How to Swim This Would Not Have Happened"

THE CASE OF MATHEWS

Mathews Hired Hadley at Two Dollars a Day

By William Carleton

A MAN I shall call Mathews came to our town. He came on the advice of a doctor, who wanted him to lead the simple life—to give up business and take up farming for a living. Mathews had been selling insurance, and from what he let drop I gathered that he had been making about five thousand dollars a year and spending five thousand five hundred. I do not know any job which will wear a man out quicker than that.

He had a wife and two children—a boy of twelve and a girl of fourteen. The whole family was run down worse than the meanest farm in town. And they had got run down in exactly the same fashion as a farm gets run down—by putting back an unfair proportion of what they take out of themselves. About the time Mathews' face began to twitch he had a windfall of enough money to pay his debts and leave a little over. The doctor took that opportunity to preach to him the doctrine of Back to the Land.

Mathews bought a house on Upper High Street—a pretty little house, which had as a back dooryard about twenty acres of the worst land in town. The place had belonged to one of the old families and he paid a good price for it because it was in a very select neighborhood. The president of the savings bank lives there and most of the prosperous relics of fifty years ago. None of them are as exclusive as they used to be, but, at the same time, Upper High Street is Upper High Street.

Mathews bought the house in August and the first thing he did was to put in a bathroom and an enameled tub. I do not object to a bathtub if a man can afford one; but they cost good money and do not help raise corn. Give a man the lake in summer and in winter a galvanized iron tub in the kitchen, with a kettle of hot water to take the chill off, and he can pull along without an enameled tub.

Of course it is harder for the womenfolk, but it is a historical fact that for a good many years women did worry along without enameled tubs, and a matter of record today that a good many other women are living without them. They are not jeopardizing their souls or their bodies.

How Mathews Spent His Money

AFTER this Mathews put in a furnace and a system of hot-water heating. You cannot object on moral grounds to a furnace or a system of hot-water heating any more than you can to a bathtub. At the same time they do not do your land half so much good as would the same amount of money spent in fertilizers.

Mathews spent another slice of his capital in building a piazza round three sides of his house. Then he bought a fancy barometer and thermometer combined and nailed it up beside the front door. In this way he always knew to a certainty just what the atmospheric pressure was and to a fraction of a degree just what the temperature was. This gave him an advantage over the rest of us, who had to rely for information upon the looks of the sky or the feel of the air when we went out to the barn in the morning. Some of us had cheap thermometers with the name of a horse medicine printed on the wooden part of them, and others had some that cost a quarter—but they were jokes.

The whole question of the temperature was a good deal of a joke anyway. No one ever believed any one else when he told a good story about how cold it was, or how warm. When Si said that down to his house it was fifteen below, Josh said that was nothing. Down to his house that same morning he went out and found it so cold that the mercury had crawled out of the bottom and was hiding under the doorstep. If Josh allowed that one day last July it registered at his house ninety-nine above in the shade, Si allowed that the last time he saw the mercury in his thermometer it was climbing for the ridgepole.

If Mathews came along, however, and heard any of those remarks he always spoke with authority: it was ninety-eight and four-tenths above or fourteen and eight-tenths below. In spite of this accurate information and his hot-water heat, he was in winter the coldest man in town; and, in spite of his piazza, no one in summer suffered so much with the heat. He used to sit in front of that thermometer fanning himself with a palmleaf fan, calling out the temperature to people who went by until he heated up every one in town. There is such a thing as knowing too much about the weather. He was worse than a Hicks Almanac, which is supposed to tell you the weather a year in advance.

Mathews brought down with him from the city a cook and a housemaid. I do not know what he paid them, but I do know that, even if he got them cheap, he could not afford them on twenty acres of land. And this did not give his wife and daughter a chance on the farm either! It left them with idle time on their hands and deprived them of that item of personal interest in the undertaking which is so necessary.

The wife tried to organize a bridge-whist club; but, though she rounded up among the old widows and spinsters enough to make a couple of tables, it was not a howling success. The result was that during the winter she went to the theater or to a party in the city about twice a week to keep from being bored to death.

When Mathews moved into the house in September I figured he had spent about forty-five hundred dollars on the place, and not one cent of that went into his barn or on his land. Then he sat round waiting for spring to come. He meant well enough. He came and saw me and said he would like to get into the game.

"You're welcome at all our meetings," I said.

"It's the simple life for me from now on!" he said. "I've been reading a lot about it lately, and this air has made me ten years younger already."

He came pretty regularly to all our talks that winter. I introduced him to every one and he made himself agreeable. He bought all the books on farm management he heard of—and read them too. The good advice did not sink in very deep, but it showed that he was as much in earnest on the subject as the average city man can be. I found that he really did know a lot about insurance and I asked him to speak to us one evening on that subject.

"Tell us about the underlying principle of insurance and the different forms. Make it simple."

And he did. He gave us some ideas that were of value. He talked on both life insurance and fire insurance, so that every man who listened gained a clearer impression of their value. He gave us some points, too, which in the end helped us to lower our rates. This put us on a more intimate basis, so that I ventured once to give him a little practical advice.

"Look here, Mathews," I said one day. "Why don't you keep a cow or two?"

"A cow!" he said. "Holy smoke, if I gave the cook a cow to milk she wouldn't stay five minutes!"

"Well, the cook isn't the only member of your family."

"She's the principal member, all right!" he said. "And I couldn't give the job to the housemaid—that's sure!"

"What about your boy?"

"Sturgis? Good Lord, man, he's only twelve! He isn't anything but a baby."

"This would be one way to make him a man," I said.

"No, Carleton," he said. "The doc sentenced me down here and the family came along; but it isn't fair to make them do hard labor. I suppose I could take care of a cow myself, but it isn't that end of the game which interests me. I came back to the land, but I didn't come back to the cows."

"Then you ought to keep chickens," I said.

"Right!" he said. "Just as soon as it gets warm enough for them to scratch round the yard I'm going to get a bunch."

"I'm talking about now," I said. "What about pigs?"

"Woof!" he said. "My wife would kick! Now I wouldn't mind squabs. I know a man who made a barrel of money on squabs. And what do you know about ginseng? I read somewhere that ——"

Ideas for Easy Money

I LISTENED for half an hour about the man who made a barrel in ginseng and went away giving Mathews up as a hopeless case. Mathews could not get out of his head the idea that it was possible by some sort of a scheme to make a barrel of quick and easy money on his farm. He discussed one idea after another. One day he came to me very much excited over the possibility of making a fortune out of black foxes.

"They are doing it in the provinces—why can't we do it here?" he said. "A black foxskin is worth from a hundred to a thousand dollars. I can get breeders for, say, five hundred apiece. Suppose I get a litter of six. Within five years I ought to have a hundred—at least fifty of them ready for the market. Put it low and there's twenty thousand dollars in it! And all you need is a bit of fenced-in land. They'll eat most anything; so the cost of feeding is little. I tell you, Carleton, the trouble with farmers is that they don't think. They go on raising the same old things. This is an age of specialization! I'm going to look into this."

He did look into it, but luckily he did not get into it. It was after this that Seth told a story about Mathews that is still going the rounds, though really Mathews is not responsible for it. Seth said that Mathews dropped in one evening so excited he could hardly talk. He just sat down and for a minute or two panted for breath.

"What's the trouble?" asked Seth.

Without a word, Mathews pointed his finger at Seth's old gray cat, which was licking her fur near the stove.

"Cats!" gasped Mathews.

"He didn't say no more—just 'cats!'" said Seth when he told the story. "But there was somethin' in the tone of his voice that made old Sarah, as we call her, give one jump to the sofa. There she stood, with her back all arched up, spittin' at Mathews.

"'Cats!' he says agin; and Sarah didn't wait to hear no more, but went through the kitchen door quicker'n a streak of greased lightnin'. I thought the man was crazy; and I was just thinkin' about sending for the doc when he got his breath.

"'Cats!' says he agin. 'There's a barrel in 'em! Good skins are worth from fifteen cents to twenty-five. You know how they breed—from six to eight in a litter; and they grow in a year.'

"'Yes,' says I. 'No trouble about breedin' 'em!'

"'Now,' says he, 'here's the nub of the whole scheme: Rats breed twice as fast as cats. The idea is to breed rats to feed the cats! Then skin the cats and feed the carcasses to the rats. Once started the scheme runs itself. Nothin' to do but collect your money!'"

"Well," said some one when Seth told the story, "did you put in any money?"

"No, I didn't," said Seth; "but I gave him an idea that was worth money."

"What was it?"

"I told him the only weak point in that scheme was the bother of skinnin' the cats. I told him what he ought to do was to cross those cats with snakes, and then they'd slough off their skins every spring—skin themselves!"

A Year of Elaborate Bungling

THAT is the way Mathews amused himself during the winter; and, even if he did not get much out of it, he added something to the supply of town stories. Also, it kept him interested until spring. When the ground thawed out Mathews began farming in real earnest. To begin with he hired Hadley at two dollars a day.

That was a bad thing for Hadley, because he was not worth two dollars a day; and it was a bad thing for the rest of us, for it established a new highwater mark for labor in the village. It was also a bad thing for Mathews, for it was not a week before Hadley made him believe that what he did not know about farming was not worth knowing.

The two of them stood round and looked at that land for three or four days, and from what Hadley told me I guess they discussed everything, from the good old days that were to the corruption in present-day politics.

In the end Mathews left the whole undertaking to Hadley and contented himself with looking on. He bowed completely to Hadley's superior wisdom. If any doubt ever rose in his mind all Hadley had to say was something like this:

"I've farmed round these parts for nigh fifty years now. I don't hold myself up to be no expert, as you might say, but I reckon I learned a thing or two in that time. This land is yourn and ye can handle it your own way—only don't blame me for nothin'! That's all I have to say! Don't blame me!"

And if you did not know Hadley one look at his face when he said that was enough to convince a man that the enterprise was foredoomed to utter failure if, in spite of your own conviction, you did not listen to his advice. He had a way of shoving his hat on the back of his head, clasping his hands behind his back and, with his chin up, chewing his tobacco with the air of an injured prophet.

"Go ahead!" said Mathews. "And hang the expense! I want the best crop in town."

It Was Not Until He Came to Figure His Loss That He Did Any Figuring at All

II

HADLEY hired a team to do the plowing and sat on the fence with Mathews to watch it done. They had every inch of it plowed and harrowed. Then they dressed it down without any regard to what the land needed or any plans as to what the future crop was to be. They used barnyard dressing—about a cord and a half to the acre.

Now you cannot make much of a mistake in using good manure, but the stuff cost them six dollars a cord! Right here is where Mathews paid big for his enameled tub, his hot-water heat and his barometer. He also right here paid something for the amusement his black fox and ginseng schemes had furnished him. If he had taken his money and put it into cows and hogs he would have had dressing of his own. If he had spent the time caring for his stock that he had spent in trying to get rich quick he would be getting at this time a profit in dollars and cents instead of merely a profit in experience.

This land was not worth one hundred dollars an acre, and yet in this one item of dressing alone he was making an investment of almost ten per cent! Hadley's labor represented almost another ten per cent.

The outside labor and the interest on his money, and taxes, brought this up easily another five per cent.

This meant that as an amateur farmer he must, in order to make a net profit of five per cent on his crop, make a gross profit of thirty per cent. Put that up to Mathews in any other business and he would have seen the absurdity of it. Because it was a farming proposition he did not stop to analyze it.

Mathews asserted himself only once. He insisted upon having a truck garden in spite of Hadley's assertion that it was about as cheap to buy garden truck as to raise it. In this particular case Hadley was right. The rest of the patch was planted to corn regardless of the nature of the land.

"One thing grows 'bout as well as another," Hadley had declared.

That summer Mathews had all he wanted to eat out of his garden; in fact he had about twice as much as he wanted to eat. He had some very fine radishes, which, on the basis of what he used, cost him about five cents apiece. He had some very fine cucumbers, which were equally expensive. No one in the house thought of pickling the surplus; so they rotted on the ground. He also had plenty of green peas, which he could have bought at the time his were ready for twenty cents a peck. He had plenty of lettuce and all the sweet corn he wanted. He also had pepper grass and carrots and beets enough for a hotel.

When the time came to harvest his corn he did not know what to do with it. He had not figured on that. He got rid of some of it in the city market, but most of it he had to sell at a sacrifice in a local market already well supplied. He had no stock to feed it to, as the rest of us had; and I do not believe it netted him fifteen dollars an acre. I figure it easily cost him thirty.

Now it was not until then that Mathews began to use any business sense. It was not until he came to figure his loss that he did any figuring at all. Shortly after this he advertised his farm for sale.

I had not seen very much of Mathews during the summer, because I had my hands full; but just before Fair-time he came over to see me one evening, thinking I might know of some customer for his place.

"I'll sell it cheap," he said. "Hanged if I can afford to run it! Farming is too much of a luxury for me."

Now I hate to see a man lose out of sheer ignorance; and, furthermore, I had an idea that as soon as Mathews sobered down he would make a good citizen.

"I suppose you've come to the conclusion that farming doesn't pay," I said.

"I've proved it!" he declared.

"Now look here!" I said. "Suppose you hired an expensive office downtown, put in a staff of clerks to do all your work for you, and tried to sell insurance just as a means of regaining your health; it would probably cost you more than you made, wouldn't it?"

"But that isn't the way a man sells insurance," he said.

"Of course it isn't. And if you found that your expenses amounted to five per cent more than your income, what would you do?"

Elizabeth Used to Drift Over to Our House a Lot

"Cut down expenses, increase my income, or get out!"

"Right! But if you got out you couldn't blame the business because you didn't succeed, could you?"

"No."

"That's all I want you to see," I said. "I'd like you to see that the reason your twenty acres haven't paid is not the fault of farming, but of *your* farming! If you think this is none of my business tell me so. My excuse is that we have a certain pride in our town."

"Go ahead!" he laughed. "I've done everything I was told to do by your agricultural experts."

"Everything except work!" I said.

"Eh? What's that?"

"There's no use beating about the bush," I said. "What you've done is to hire an expensive suite of offices, a staff of clerks, and failed! The profits have gone to the other fellow. Your twenty acres paid a profit, but they paid it to some one else—the man who did your plowing, the man who sold you dressing, the man who did the work, and Hadley."

"Wait a minute! How do you figure out those profits?"

The Farmer's Fiscal Year

"AS YOU would do in any other business. The profits of farming don't come in the final crop. The final crop doesn't do anything but collect for you. The profits are made or lost all along the line. If the farmer's fiscal year ends in the fall he collects then, not for the summer's work alone but for the work of the whole year."

"I don't see how. I plant my crop in May and harvest it in September. That represents about five months' work."

"So it does. That's all it does represent. So when you collect in September you find there's nothing due you; in fact you find there's something due your investment, covering the other seven months."

"And that's where I kick! I plant and I reap—and find in the end that I owe myself money. I don't wonder men leave the farm!"

"I don't, either, when they try to beat the game that way! In most cases they have no choice, for the farm leaves them by the quick route of a foreclosed mortgage or forced sale. A shoe factory run by the same methods wouldn't last half so long. What you forget is that a fiscal year is twelve months long in the country just as anywhere else. It's from January to January; from May to May; from September to September. It doesn't make any difference where you begin, only you can't stop until you've finished the cycle."

"That sounds all right," said Mathews; "but, as a matter of fact, you have in this climate only about five months in which to work your land."

"Right! But you have twelve months in which you *must* work your farm! Your land isn't all your farm. If you end your fiscal year in September all your land does is to collect for you the result of your labor for one year. All land does is to release energy and convert it into marketable form. It turns energy into corn or beans or potatoes or hay. It doesn't create energy. It's up to you, the farmer, to create the energy."

"Did you get that from one of those agricultural-school graybeards?" he asked with a puzzled look.

"It's nothing but horse sense," I said. "Let me put it concretely and you'll get it. The whole trick of modern manufacturing is to keep the factory running in dull times. Any one can keep the wheels going on rush orders, but it takes a sharp business man to keep going between seasons, so that he won't lose all he's made. A farm is only a manufacturing plant, like any other. We farmers manufacture foodstuffs. Hay, corn, oats and potatoes represent your finished product—if you stop at that point."

"Well?"

"You can't stop there, though, unless it completes your cycle—your fiscal year. You have to go on and feed your hay and corn to cattle and hens and pigs. Then your finished product is represented by milk, eggs, pork, and dressing for your next crop. You can sell any one of the finished products or you can sell parts of all of them, but you can't sell all of them."

"Eh?"

"What you have been trying to do is to sell your entire plant after running it five months. You can't do that at a profit—except as a piece of luck."

He thought a moment and then said: "Jove, you're right! I didn't figure on the winter."

Storage-Battery Months

"YOU didn't figure at all!" I said. "The winter months are storage-battery months. In live-stock the farmer has a natural storage battery that beats anything Edison ever invented. It takes land products and converts them into two kinds of stored energy—food products and dressing. The food products you sell to man; the by-product, dressing, you sell to your land. You can't sell either of them twice, but on either one you can make a profit once. You neglected to manufacture your dressing and had to pay six dollars a cord for it. It was worth it too. But right there you placed a mortgage on your crop!"

"Then you hired labor—another mortgage on your crop! Then you put too much money into your house—another mortgage on your crop! Now you quit after running your plant only six months—the biggest mortgage of all on your crop! Good Lord! You wouldn't expect any other business to stand up under those handicaps, would you?"

"Why, no," he said, thinking hard. "But, say, that is something new, taking farming as seriously as that, isn't it?"

"It is treating farming as a business," I said.

"But that is something new, isn't it?"

"Maybe," I said; "but it has come to stay. With the exception of the business of the United States Government, farming is the biggest business in this country; and, with the exception of the business of the United States Government, it is the worst-managed. A million immigrants a year are pouring into this country and lying as low as Brer Fox, waiting for us to reform or lose that business. I want you to help us keep it—if you can!"

"Hanged if I don't!" said Mathews.

III

NOW there was the making of a countryman in Mathews. His first year in Brewster had improved his health if it had not his pocketbook. He had taken on weight, his face did not twitch any more, and he slept nights.

A more important detail even than this, however, was the fact that he was beginning to get used to living in the country. He was readjusting his point of view. He was going to bed early and getting up in the morning. He was finding his amusement out-of-doors and was getting out of the habit of depending upon some outside amusement for entertainment. He did not miss the card parties and the theater and concerts and grillrooms as much as he had done.

What was true of him was true to a more or less degree of the rest of the family. The wife was beginning to potter round the kitchen on the cook's day off and make some of Mathews' favorite dishes, which he had not tasted since a year after the honeymoon. Mathews told me this; and he said he now looked forward to the cook's day off with as much pleasure as he used to dread it.

"I'd plumb forgotten the madam could cook at all!" he told me.

Elizabeth, the daughter, used to drift over to our house a lot and follow Ruth round the kitchen. Sturgis, the boy, came over, too, and played round the barn with Billy, Jr., who was not yet six, but who had his own chickens.

And the Boy Had No Time for Deviltry

Now these may seem like trivial details, but they roused in me a real interest in Mathews and his problem. I have seen a lot of back-to-the-land tyros land on their backs, and I have not cared, for I knew they would not make farmers if they lived with us a thousand years; but I saw favorable symptoms in Mathews and knew that these details were important. Farming is not only a method of earning a livelihood from the land—it is a scheme of life.

The business details of farming must be put on a business basis, as in any other modern industry; but, unlike any other modern industry, the business details of a farm cannot be treated as something separate and distinct from the farmer's home life.

In the city a man conducts his business or his profession outside his home. It has nothing to do with his home. He prides himself on being able to leave it behind when he returns to his home. Many times it does not influence his home even indirectly. His income does in a fashion, but his business does not. Whether he runs a grocery store, an automobile business, a factory; whether he is a lawyer, a broker or an architect—does not matter once he steps aboard the suburban train at night.

A farmer's home, on the other hand, is part of his plant. His daily life is part of his business. His way of living is part of his income. Aside from his bookkeeping he must reckon into his returns his kinship with the freemen of the earth, his pride of ownership, his opportunity for simpler living, his more intimate association with his fellows, his freedom to establish his own standards—even the songs of the brooks and the birds, and the sweet green of his acres. A farmer's home, instead of being a liability, is a tangible asset.

A farmer's work is a living, intimate feature of his life. In all its details it is intimate. A farmer's land is a living organism, which he comes to know as he knows his live-stock. A farmer's livestock cannot be treated as a man treats machinery. I have two workhorses—Dan and Bob—part of my factory; but I have come to know them as intimately as I know my neighbors. I have half a dozen Jerseys that I know by name and call by name.

A farmer's business is discussed in the home—is part of the home. He is always conscious of his acres. They furnish him directly with food for his table. They furnish him with conversation, as his children do.

The farmer is part of his farm and the farm is part of the farmer. You cannot separate them as you can a man from his factory or a man from his profession. Therefore I say again that farming is not purely an abstract business proposition, but a scheme of life. Out of all our experiments and all our experience we have come down to that as the most fundamental truth of successful small farming.

In the West, where farming is conducted on a much larger scale, it may be different; but even there I have a notion that back of the business man you must have a real farmer and that this real farmer must, as in the East, make farming a scheme of life.

This is why—in Brewster our daily life is so important. Our attitude toward life, toward our neighbors, toward our home, toward our work, is a vital element of our success. We try to live as we go along. We are not waiting for our pleasures until we are so many dollars ahead. Incidentally we are getting dollars ahead, but that is due more to the fact that we spend less than we earn than to the nerve-racking alternative of earning more than we spend.

Though we have brought our marketing into more direct contact with our fellows of the city, we have admitted that in every other way we are separate and distinct. We have different standards, different ideals, a different definition of success. Mind you, that does not mean that we boast we are any better or admit we are one whit worse. It means only that we are different. The nature of our business is different, and we are using only horse sense in declaring that, therefore, it must be handled in a different way.

It would be surprising that horse sense was not more generally applied to farming problems if it were not for the fact that, in the confusion and glamour resulting from a more intimate contact with the city, this quality seems to be dying out among farming folks. In trying to ape city standards, city customs, city conventions, they forget their own individuality and the entirely different set of conditions that lie at the bottom of their lives.

Mathews was getting the right point of view, which is just as valuable a farming asset as the right farming methods. Our annual Fair, which is a great event with us, also helped stir up him and his whole family. We used to give away on this day a thousand dollars in cash as prizes for the best results in different lines of farming, but for the last year or two we have substituted ribbons. We did it as a matter of principle to start with, and were rather doubtful about results; but we find that these trophies are just as eagerly sought as the dollars. Winning a blue ribbon means a lot to our folks.

On Fair Day Mathews, his wife and both his children were right in the thick of things. I will venture to say he got better acquainted with his neighbors on that one day than he had during the whole previous year. And his neighbors became better acquainted with him and his family. He cheered the blue-ribbon winners as loudly as any one, and afterward went round and shook hands with each one of them and introduced them to his wife.

The Less Help the Better

AND the wife herself hung round the town hall, where the womenfolk exhibit their preserves and bread and cake and bedquilts and fancy work; and she helped Ruth all she could.

That night Ruth said to me:

"I'm going to 'fess up: I haven't liked Mrs. Mathews at all until today."

"You didn't really get acquainted with her until to-day," I said.

"I guess you're right, Billy," she said. "And maybe she's just getting acquainted with herself."

"What makes you think that?"

"She looked so wistfully at all the things the other women have done. And once she said to me: 'I used to do those things, but I suppose I've lost the knack now.' And it was just as though she felt she had lost some great thing she couldn't get back again."

"Has she?" I said.

"Women aren't like men," said Ruth. "They never lose anything. It's a pity they are going to sell."

"Sell?" I said. "Mathews—after today—wouldn't sell that place for ten thousand dollars! He bought four Jerseys, a couple of pigs and a hundred dollars' worth of chickens today."

"But, Billy ——"

"Yep?"

"Will he make them pay?"

"If he fires Hadley and uses a little horse sense," I said.

"I hope he does; and you must help him, Billy."

"He must help himself," I said. "The less help a farmer has the better, on general principles. Running a farm is like raising a family—a matter largely of individual effort. If Mathews learns to live on a farm he'll learn to run it. I'm not worrying about that."

"And if Mrs. Mathews learns to live on a farm Mr. Mathews will," said Ruth.

"I don't know but what you're right. He is putting his children into the village school this fall."

"Good!" said Ruth. "And now there is one other big thing left for Mrs. Mathews to do."

"What's that?"

"Discharge the cook and housemaid!" she said, laughing.

Ruth was right. It was not only a question of saving wages, though that was no inconsiderable item, but a matter of making herself a good farmer's wife—an integral part of the business. A farmer's wife cannot safely leave her duties as housewife to a servant any more than she can leave the care of her children to a servant. It is done—more's the pity!—but it is not, in my opinion, good business or good ethics.

IV

MATHEWS now put some money into the remodeling of his barn—opening it up so that air and sunlight could get in. Many country barns are as barbarous as the oldtime prisons. They are more like cattle dungeons than cattle shelters.

The oldtime farmer and his descendants did not treat cattle like living organisms, but like dead refuse. They seemed to think that cattle did not need light or warmth or cleanliness. Why, even swine need those elements! Even the earth needs them! The keynote to modern farming methods lies in the treatment of stock and land as living things—not as dead matter!

Mathews this time did not consult Hadley, but the authorities of the State Agricultural School. He made wide stalls for his cattle and put in a good floor, with a cement drain that led to a cement reservoir beneath the barn. Every bit of the valuable drainage the oldtime farmer allowed to run to waste was in this way preserved.

Waste—there is the explanation of half the failures in farming! It is more than half the explanation of the high cost of living. Ours is the most extravagant nation on the face of the earth and we are the most extravagant people! We squander as a nation and we squander as a people. We waste as a nation and waste as a people.

The fact that Mathews builds a cement reservoir to save his barn drainage concerns more than Mathews himself—it concerns the whole nation. That Hadley throws his dressing outdoors under a half-screened shed, and lets it lie there all winter to be drained off into the useless land of the barnyard, is a waste for which Hadley alone does not pay. We all help pay that loss. We are closer knit than we used to be when men played lone games.

A good barn today is built like a good factory. It is clean and dry and warm and flooded with sunlight. Mathews built a good barn. Even the pigpen was so clean that when Mrs. Mathews tiptoed out to inspect it and the three or four little porkers she did not have to hold a handkerchief over her nose. And the cows smelled like new milk.

Then two little things happened that in themselves almost insured Mathews' success. He bought a calico apron for his wife and another for Elizabeth, and he bought a pair of blue denim overalls for himself and another pair for Sturgis. Almost simultaneously the cook and housemaid sent in their resignations. They could not stand this. They informed Mathews that they worked only for the families of ladies and gentlemen.

Right there and then Mathews saved in wages the output of two of his Jerseys. From that moment he became a real farmer and gave some meaning to the stock phrases: The simple life! and Back to the Land! From that moment he began to see straight.

Mrs. Mathews, with the help of Elizabeth, did the cooking and all the housework. It did not kill her. It did not do any more than utilize spare time that had until then hung heavy upon her hands in the country. And it made a wife again of the mother and made a future wife of the daughter.

Incidentally they saved money, which on the farm more than anywhere else is the equivalent of earning money. They did not save by scrimping either. They never lived so well in their lives.

And as yet they had only begun. They still had to look forward to the time when they would smoke their own bacon, try out their own lard, put down their own salt pork. Those happy days were all before them. But they had fresh eggs, milk and cream such as they had never tasted. And, though it was pretty late, Mrs. Mathews put up many things in glass jars for winter use.

As for Mathews and his boy, they were born again! The father had no more time for wildcat schemes and the boy had no more time for deviltry.

It is a surprising fact that when you get up at daylight you do not have so much idle time on your hands as when you get up in the middle of the forenoon. The day is gone in a jiffy, and with the coming of dark again you begin to think about bed. I have never heard of a farmer who was troubled with insomnia.

And farmers do not get uneasy right after supper wondering how they are going to kill an evening—the way

(Continued on Page 52)

BEATING BACK

The End of the Trail—By Al J. Jennings

ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. RUSSELL

I Made Him Ride Beside Me as We Galloped Down the Right of Way

AFTER my brother Frank and I returned to Texas from our South American trip with our money belts flat, we knocked about the Mexican border for a few weeks, trying to find just how things stood in Oklahoma and watching for a chance to make a little travel money. We were staying at the Southern Hotel, between the two plazas in San Antonio, where we met an old outlaw friend then in the cattle business but willing to turn a trick. He told us that the general store at a German settlement some fifteen or twenty miles away did a banking business among the farmers. On Saturday the safe was always full of money; and the storekeeper took none of the usual banking precautions.

We laid our plans. We found that the place never kept open in the evening. As we were robbers, not burglars, it must be a daylight job. The next Saturday morning we three rode over there on horses which the rancher furnished. Frank and I hitched our horses and knocked round, getting the lay of the land. The rancher kept out of sight in the outskirts of the settlement. When the crowd had thinned out a little we drifted over to the main store. There were a good many people buying at the counter when the storekeeper opened the safe.

On my signal the rancher began to shoot into the air. That made the crowd rush outside to see what was going on. Frank and I proceeded immediately to business. There were three or four Germans left in the place. We had some trouble in convincing them of our sincerity. One big German in particular was talking about what ought to be done to those shooters in the street when Frank put a blue-barreled forty-five under his nose. He wanted to argue the question, and Frank had to jab him in the stomach with the muzzle before he would keep still and hoist his hands. Then we ran through the safe, tucked the bills into our pockets and walked quietly out of the store, locking the door behind us. The crowd outside was still talking over those mysterious shots. We brushed through them unobtrusively, reached our horses and rode. The rancher was waiting for us out in the open country.

He was a man well known in the community and no suspicion ever attached to him. As for Frank and me, we made a clean and safe escape by doing the unexpected. Once away from the settlement we gave our horses to the rancher, who led them home, and we took a train into San Antonio. The Germans had seen us arrive and depart on horseback, so the posse searched the roads and hills. No one thought of watching the trains.

On that job we cleaned up about $16,000—or more than $5000 apiece. As I have said elsewhere Frank and I had planned to make one last campaign and leave the road. To salt a little money down appealed to us as a good idea. So, holding out a few hundreds for expenses, we invested the remainder in cattle with the rancher, our accomplice. We never saw that roll again. He promptly sold out his property, pocketed our money and moved to Mexico.

The posse was still scouring the plains and sandhills round the German settlement when Frank and I took the train from San Antonio to Oklahoma. In the house of a horse-thief on the Washita we looked over the situation. Our old crowd had changed. Arizona had been killed by the vigilantes and Elmer lynched. Mex had pulled out for other fields. He was wiser than we; he understood that the law was coming into the territory and that our hand was about played.

Where Webb had gone I have never found even to this day. Bud, Bill and Little Dick were still in the territory. We found them at last; we five met, first at the Spike-S and later at a ranch near Shawnee.

The other boys had already planned a job—to rob a bank at Shawnee. I saw at once that I couldn't let this go

through, for two reasons. First, the cashier of that bank—Cash Cade by name—had been a warm personal friend in the old days. Second, and more important, my father was now judge of that county. In case of capture we should embarrass him terribly. He was troubled enough as it stood. Although we kept writing home to tell him that we were doing nothing illegal, he knew better and so did his enemies.

I kept the second objection out of sight, but I did argue that Cash Cade was my friend and I couldn't rob him. Bud, Bill and Little Dick said that I talked like a fool—men in our business had no friends. The argument grew warm and personal. Finally I saw a line of escape.

"He's so good a friend," I said, "that I can always borrow money from him."

"Just you try it!" said the others.

"All right, I will," I said. So I wrote to Cash Cade as follows:

DEAR CASH: I am here in the vicinity of Shawnee. Rather hard up. Would like to have as much as fifty dollars. Will return it to you some time.

I didn't sign it; but I gave it to a certain boy who was friendly with our gang, telling him to deliver it to Mr. Cade in person and to say that Al Jennings sent it. The boy came back with the fifty dollars. Then my comrades threw up their hands.

That ready generosity of Cash Cade saved the Citizens' National Bank.

Soon afterward two propositions came out of the air. They were among the many tips given to us from time to time by certain men in business or public life, who had no hesitation about sharing the profits of robbery provided they themselves ran no risk. The first concerned a ninety-thousand-dollar shipment of currency on the Rock Island line. That was the job that afterward got us into trouble.

Owing to circumstances over which we had no control, the second never matured. A deputy marshal, a man of considerable influence in the territory, knew all about a certain payment of a hundred thousand dollars made regularly to one of the Five Tribes. He sent us a blind message. We rode to town by night for a conference. While the rest of the crowd stayed in the hills to watch the horses, Bud and I went to his house on foot. His wife answered our knock. We had been roughing it for some days and our appearance was not prepossessing. She gave a little scream and closed the door. Bud, who knew her, laughed, opened it again and told her not to worry; that we only wanted to see her husband on a business matter. "I think he's in the back yard milking," she said. "I'll go fetch him."

"Don't bother," I said; "we'll go ourselves." And we hurried to the back yard to forestall any treachery—he was formerly a friend, but friends change, and we didn't want to run against a cannon. At the back door we met her making for the barnyard. She laughed and looked foolish. There was plenty of suspicion on both sides, yet he had a straight business proposition.

The Rock Island Job

HE GRASPED our hands effusively and nervously, and explained at once that he had alias warrants for our arrest, but never intended serving them. In fact, the day before he had led a posse down to Hominy Post, looking for us and expecting not to find us. Then he sent his wife inside, and we squatted down on our spurs among the cows while we talked business.

The Government, knowing that the Jennings gang was operating again, intended to take no chances with this Indian payment. The agent who usually carried the money was to follow the regular route—our friend the deputy marshal guarding him—with an empty box. Meanwhile a lone messenger in a buckboard was to go by a new and unfrequented route with the money. The deputy marshal described the line of travel minutely. To get that hundred thousand dollars would be like falling into the river and coming out with a bucket of fish.

Declining the deputy marshal's invitation to stay all night, we rode back and laid our plans for my final campaign as a long rider. The Rock Island money was coming through about the first of October. We would pull off that robbery, scatter, and meet again at the Spike-S on December first to mature plans for the robbery of the Indian payment. By that time, if everything went well, we should have taken in a hundred and ninety thousand dollars. Deducting the tips to our informants, that meant more than thirty thousand dollars apiece. Then, keeping my promise to Frank, I should give up the trail. But God disposes.

Those two big jobs had blinded us to the state of the country. If it sizzled when we left for New Orleans, it boiled now. The rewards for us—dead or alive—were so large as to tempt our best friends. I began to notice that people in our debt, people on whom we could always count, had become distant. Nevertheless we cut straight across that hostile country, making for a point near El Reno where the Rock Island track crosses the Choctaw. That seemed to us the best place for our hold-up; and we wanted to spy out the country in advance. My sister Mary, who was married to a farmer, lived in that region. For the first time in my outlaw days I lodged with her; and from her house Bud and I rode by night to the Choctaw crossing, leaving the rest of the gang camped near Mary's house.

The place looked desirable. There was no settlement in the immediate vicinity, only Indian allotment land. The roads were good and open. All trains had by law to stop before they made that crossing. Picking out a good place to hide our horses, we secreted ourselves in the willows to see the Rock Island express come through and watch the ways of the trainmen.

Just before train time we were astonished to see a lone engine sweep down the track without whistling, without even slowing up at the crossing. This disturbed us greatly. We made up our minds that some settler, seeing us in the region, had informed the railroad; and we called the turn. When the train passed, nearly two hours late, events confirmed our fears. The coaches were all dark—not a light anywhere except the locomotive headlight—and the train ran straight past the crossing at forty miles an hour.

We mounted and got away, feeling uneasy. We were eight miles from my sister's house when it occurred to me that we should be foolish to ride there after night. The marshal might be already holding the house, waiting for us. I discussed matters with Bud. He shared my suspicion. I then and there made up my mind never again to stay with my relatives. We dared not approach in the darkness, and the rest of that night we hid in a strawstack.

At dawn we approached Mary's farm by a side road, hitched our horses under cover, and sneaked to the place in the willows where the boys had been camped. They were gone. Three hundred yards away a man was plowing. By his motions I recognized my brother-in-law. We crawled to a point where we could survey the creek. The boys and their horses were nowhere in sight, but we saw innumerable horse tracks. The marshal had certainly been there; yet the sight of my brother-in-law peaceably plowing reassured me. I crossed to the high bank of the creek and started toward the house. I'd no sooner poked up my head than my brother-in-law came dodging through the corn patch, half bent. When he got within speaking distance he said:

"Get out! The orchard is filled with marshals."

"Where are the boys?" I asked.

"They skipped during the night," he said. "Our neighbor to the north was fishing in the creek yesterday. He saw them and tipped off Pat Nagle at Kingfisher." Nagle was the marshal for that district.

"Where have the boys gone?" I asked.

"They didn't tell me—Mary knows," he answered. I went back to Bud. He was getting pretty ringy—said we were going to be shot down like rats in a trap. Thinking as fast as I could, I realized that I must get information about the other boys. Besides, I was terribly worried over Mary. So when we reached the horses I told Bud to go down the section line and turn west. He said, surprised:

"Aren't you coming?" I said:

"No, I am going to the house."

"You'll commit suicide!" he said.

"Makes no difference, I'm going to see Mary and find where the boys are. If you hear anything don't stop, but ride!"

I mounted Roan Dick, a big splendid thoroughbred, and started for the house on the dead run. By luck the gates were open. As I approached, my sister came out of the kitchen door, waving her apron to make me go back. I can't describe now I felt at that moment. Tired, hungry, hunted and surrounded, I was in such a white heat of desperation that an army couldn't have stopped me. I must see her and talk to her for the last time. I put steel to Roan Dick and went up in a clatter. As I dismounted, her baby ran to me with his arms out. I took him up. Then I thought of the danger.

I was about to put him down when it occurred to me that no one would shoot at a man with a baby in his arms.

"They're in the wheat fields just beyond the orchard. They've been there all night!" she cried. Then she told me that Frank and the rest had gone to a friend's house near El Reno.

I bade her good-by and swung into the saddle. She was crying bitterly. To ease her mind and to make her think I had abandoned all sentiment, I laughed and quoted the lines of the popular song:

"Just tell them that you saw me, and they will know the rest."

Sure enough, that put her in a better humor. She laughed through her tears. But she was crying again a moment later when she begged me to give up that life, and wondered if she would ever see me again. I said: "Sure! I'll be back in a few days. Tell Pat Nagle if he doesn't treat you right I'll ride into Kingfisher and kill him." I mounted, stretched out over Roan Dick's neck and gave him all his thoroughbred speed, expecting to draw a volley. None came. Whether the posse had knocked off for breakfast, whether they were expecting me to approach from the north and didn't think to watch the house, or whether they had an attack of nerves, I don't know yet.

I Felt a Slap in the Face

Queer Fishing Tackle

BUD was waiting for me on the section line. We turned west, intending to make a wide circle round that orchard where the marshals were waiting. Out of the brush came a man in soldier leggings. He carried a 38-caliber revolver in a cartridge belt.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I'm going fishing on John's Creek," he said. He was a sight more astonished than I.

"Where's your pole?" I asked. "Expect to shoot the fish? You're a rat of a marshal!" A plowed field lay in the other direction from the orchard. I ripped out a gun and told him to hit that field quick; if he looked back I'd cut him in two. When I saw him last he was making very fair time, considering the going. I was in a devilish humor that morning.

The sense of being hunted, of having no place to turn, had combed up the worst in me. Hurried as we were, I stopped to make a visit of discourtesy at the house of a preacher who had been roasting me. He wasn't at home, so I left word with his wife that he'd better shut up or I'd visit him again. By now teams and pedestrians began to appear on the roads. All the people we met just pulled up when they saw us. I had never known a country so thoroughly suspicious.

Further, we were almost in sight of El Reno—the place where I'd served as county attorney. I stood every chance of being recognized. It seemed best to lie low for the day. We entered the farmhouse of a German family where we got breakfast and feed for our horses. The Germans talked little, but the farmer and his two sons sized us up in their stolid way. By-and-by they went to plowing. We climbed to the roof of a small shed and stayed there all day, watching both the plowmen and the approaches to the farm. No one bothered us. At dusk we had supper with the Germans, paid our shot and rode on. We rode round El Reno that night and joined the rest of the gang.

From there we got in touch with our source of information. As we thought, the Rock Island people had been informed of our presence in the country. Unknown to us there was quite a sum of money on the very train that Bud and I had chosen for observation. Upon receiving the tip the conductor had stopped at Wellington to put off the money and take on marshals. The posse was waiting

behind dark windows to open fire at the first sign of trouble. However, so our informant said, the big consignment of ninety thousand dollars would come through according to program at about noon of October first. That meant a daylight job. If you remember that date—October 1, 1897—it will save much future explanation.

We decided to make the real attempt in another district, and we camped in the timber along the Canadian, while we spied out the land forty or fifty miles from El Reno. On the line between Minco and Chickasha runs a high divide. The town of Pocasset stands there now, but in those days the only human signs were the track, a section house and a siding. There the train could be stopped by signal and forced to turn on to the siding; and there we could watch the track in both directions against a surprise.

On the night of September thirtieth we moved camp to a point near Minco, and at eleven o'clock on the morning of October first we rode to the section house and proceeded to business. We had determined to disguise ourselves. Among my things I had an old bearskin saddle pocket. I cut eyeholes in it, and before we approached the section house I tied it over my face and lower hair—my hair is so red that a glimpse of it serves for an identification. The other boys intended to use their handkerchiefs as masks. They were not so particular as I, for they hadn't lived in this region.

Slipping the mask down to my neck I waited at the section house with Bill and Dick, while Bud and Frank went to capture the section foreman, who was bossing a gang of laborers some distance down the track. There were no men at the section house, only two women and two children. The younger of these, just a baby really, came toddling out on the porch. I picked her up and began playing with her. We were having a good time when I heard some one coming through the house. I slipped up the mask as a woman stepped out to the porch. She screamed; the baby broke and ran. I explained that she need have no fear; she wasn't going to be harmed, only she'd better go inside and sit down. She grabbed up the child and flew.

"She was foolish to run that way," I said to the boys. "A violent man might have taken a shot at her."

Waiting for the Treasure Train

"WELL, what do you expect?" said Little Dick. "You'd better keep that mask hid when the engine comes along or it'll run and hide." So we joked along until Frank and Bud arrived with the foreman. He had been informed of what we intended to do and he took it coolly—said he didn't care if we left his folks alone.

"Well, just stay in the house," I said, "and don't poke your head out. In the excitement of these moments something might happen." Just then the baby, who had broken away from his mother, came running out to me. Frank picked him up and swung him about until he cackled with delight. Then he wanted me to take that thing off my face—showed symptoms of crying about it. To appease him I gave him a quarter—the last I had in the world. We certainly needed that ninety thousand dollars.

It lacked only a few minutes to train time when a man came down the track on foot—a stockily built fellow of the laboring type. Frank slipped out, had a few words with him and led him inside. When he saw me in that mask he began to paw the air. He was an Irishman and excitable. We told him to stand by the section house and keep his head in, and he followed program all the way.

Now it was train time. We had taken the keys from the section foreman. Frank unlocked the switch and threw it on to the siding where stood two or three sandcars. This operation, of course, set the automatic signal which showed the engineer that he was headed on to the siding and must stop. The track began to ring and the train came in sight. As it approached the switch it showed no sign of slowing down. Frank sprang to his feet, waved his arms and pointed to the signal. If the engineer had ignored that, Frank would have thrown the switch on to the main track and let the train go past rather than have a wreck. But we heard the wheels begin to grind and saw the sand fly. The train took the siding and stopped just short of the sandcars.

Then we turned loose, as usual shooting at the roof and smashing a few windows over the heads of the people who looked out. Rushing down the line with my rifle I commanded the engineer to hit the dirt. He landed on all fours beside the track, rose up and offered me his watch. I told him to keep his old clock—all I wanted of him was quiet. On the other side Bill was attending to the fireman. I turned the engineer over to Bill. Just then firing commenced far down the line. Some of the passengers had started to escape by the rear platform and Frank was keeping them in. As I ran back to see about this, the door of the express car opened and the messenger appeared with a sawed-off shotgun. Raising my rifle, I tore loose just above his head and split from the doorjamb a sliver that nearly slapped him in the face. He jumped to the other side, got the same reception from Bud, and shuttlecocked over to my side again. By now he had dropped his shotgun. I covered him and ordered him to jump. He landed flat, rolled into the gutter and ran at me yelling: "Don't! Don't!"

I never saw such terror in a human face. I was afraid he'd run over me, and I poked my rifle square into his chest. He stopped like a cowpony. I said:

"You're greatly excited. Stand there by the engineer and await orders." He obeyed as though he were in a trance, and started to walk straight over Bill. We grabbed him and threw him into the line.

By now the passengers were tamed and Frank had "killed" the engine by turning water into the fire-box. I proceeded to the business of the afternoon. There was a big safe in the corner of the express car, fastened to the floor by steel bands. It had no combination in sight. How it opened I couldn't see. Beside it stood a little ordinary "way safe," used to transport express packages that came aboard along the line. Without question that big safe contained the ninety thousand dollars. Dynamite was the only way. I had brought along five sticks of giant powder, with caps and fuses, for that very emergency. I called for the messenger and I had to help him climb in. He began yelling:

"I can't open it! Don't kill me. I can't open it!"

"Shut up," I said; "I know you can't. You aren't going to get hurt. Quiet down now! Open that way safe." He couldn't even take the keys out of his pocket. I had to reach in and get them myself, which I remember because the operation was very obnoxious to me. We opened the way safe and dumped all the contents into a canvas bag, not stopping to look over the haul. I took two sticks of dynamite, cut a fuse about three inches long, and put it on the upper edge of the big safe. Then I ordered the messenger to help me lift the little way safe on top of that, so as to blow the explosion downward. As we heaved it up I dropped my end, for it was very heavy. The messenger almost fainted. Bud kicked him out of the car and himself helped me up with the safe. I lit the fuse and we jumped. Almost immediately there came an explosion so heavy that it puzzled me. It blew off the whole top of the car. It covered the right-of-way with splinters. It scattered the way safe into a thousand pieces. I jumped back through the door. The atmosphere was choking—why I didn't understand until I got the smell of tobacco. A cigar shipment in the corner had been blown into dust. There was a hole in one corner of the big safe, large enough so that I could see down to the money, but not large enough to reach the inside. The door still held. I looked about for the rest of my dynamite, and turned sick.

A Costly Mistake

I'D MADE my slip—I'd played the fool. When I jumped I'd left my three sticks of dynamite on the floor of the car. They'd gone off in the general explosion, tearing a great hole in the flooring. I was out of material.

I grabbed an ax and hacked with all my strength at the hole in the safe. It was a puny effort. I didn't make a dent. My little mistake had cost us ninety thousand dollars.

There was no time to cry over spilt milk. I jumped down and broke the news to the boys. We hadn't a cent, as I have said, and we'd forgotten about the contents of the way safe. We determined to rob the passengers for expense money. That was a reckless thing to do—how reckless I didn't realize fully at the time. I had been county attorney at El Reno. The day coach was full of El Reno people. For a man of my peculiar stature, build, complexion and color of hair a bearskin mask is no great disguise. Up to that time only the trainmen had seen me.

Nevertheless I called the engineer and told him to line up the passengers on the right-of-way. Bud asked:

"What's the idea?"

"There are two towns in sight," I said. "We can't afford to be inside making a slow search with the possibility of some one's surprising us." Before I got forward the passengers were piling out and lining up against the wire fence. I glanced down the line and it looked like Old Home Week. There were Hon. W. I. Gilbert, Dudley Brown, Father Hall, the Catholic priest at El Reno, Rev. Dr. Hamilton, a Protestant clergyman, and a dozen others whom I could call by name. As I started along their front in that bearskin mask their hands rose automatically.

It took some time to get them all off. Just as we were ready to begin I saw a woman hesitating at the car door. I told her to hurry. She said:

"If you please, sir, my husband is sick. I can hardly get him off."

"Then go back inside and no one will trouble you," I said.

"I'd much rather get off if you will let me," she said. But she staggered so that I helped her into line.

Everything seemed ready, when I heard a whoop behind me. A negro woman, very fat and very frightened, had started to get off backward after the fashion of her sex. It was two or three feet from the last step to the bank. She had one foot on the step and was reaching with the other. Her face was turned over her shoulder and her

Whenever We Let the Rope Go Slack We'd Take a Few Shots in the Direction of His Heels

eyes looked like moons. I said: "Jar loose, mudhen!" She saw me and my mask for the first time. She let out a screech, loosed her hold and tumbled over on the bank. And no one laughed except Bill. It surely was a serious moment on both sides.

The passengers, still reaching toward Heaven, were squirming this way and that, trying to rest their arms, which had got tired from keeping the same position. I told them that they might lower their hands. Some accepted the permission, some felt safer as they were, and some would jerk up their hands like mechanical toys whenever I looked their way. Bill, Dick and I watched the approaches and kept order, while Bud and Frank took up the collection. By now the sick man had crawled out and joined his wife. He was lying on the ground. Bud ordered him to his feet. I interfered, and his wife, reaching toward the bosom of her dress, said:

"I'll give you freely all I have." I shook my head at her and ordered Bud down the line. I learned afterward that she had four hundred dollars.

We had nearly finished when Little Dick came along, carrying a bunch of bananas in one hand and a jug in the other. He was a peculiar man, this Little Dick. He'd ride for days without speaking to a comrade. He was addicted to drink, and when he got a little of the stuff in him he'd stay where he was, regardless of consequences.

"I got some bananas for our dinner," said Dick, "and this smells like good old stuff. I haven't tasted it yet."

"Let me smell it," said I. It was whisky. I gave the jug a swinging lick and broke it against a car wheel. I wanted no liquor in the gang then or afterward. The danger of a train robbery is not the act itself; it is the events of the next few days.

"You think you're damn smart!" said Dick. For a moment I thought he'd shoot, he was so mad.

"Get to the horses!" I said. Away off in the distance I'd seen some men on horseback. The situation was growing ticklish and I hurried the collectors along. Frank had just reached Father Hall, who had only fifty cents, which he handed over, saying: "I am only a poor priest." Frank gave it back, and five dollars more. The next man in line was Dr. Hamilton, the Protestant clergyman at El Reno.

"I am a minister of the gospel too!" he said. Frank looked him over. "You look more like a tin-horn gambler!" he said. "Shell out!" Dr. Hamilton and I have laughed over this since. The fact that he doesn't look like a clergyman cost him seven dollars and his watch.

Taking Stock of the Loot

AS SOON as Frank finished, I got the passengers back into the train and gave them some parting advice; then we broke for the horses. After we were gone, I understand, the train crew and Bill Gilbert chopped up a platform to start a fire in the engine.

We ran past the section house. I was still carrying the bananas. The mistress of the house stood at the window with the child in her arms. I passed a cluster of bananas to the baby. The woman cried:

"Don't you touch those nasty, stolen bananas! They'll choke you!"

"My good woman," I said, "you're excited. He'll never know the difference!" I peeled one and handed it to the baby. He sank it into his face. The last I saw of him he was eating and waving good-by.

As we mounted a man came riding full speed over a rise. I threw my revolver down on him, commanded him to halt, and made him ride beside me as we galloped down the right of way. He was an old cattleman named Black whom I'd known at El Reno.

We five masked men and our captive passed the section gang, which had been resting not more than four hundred yards away all during the robbery. When they saw me they began digging very assiduously. We cut a fence with our wire nippers and crossed into a pasture. What with the heat and the fumes of tobacco I was really suffering from that bearskin mask. I took the risk of removing it. Here the cattleman began begging us not to kill him. I said:

"You're in no danger. We're keeping you with us so you won't give any information."

"You're perfectly welcome to my money," he said.

"We don't want your money," I said. Then, sizing him up, I decided to take a chance. "I know you," I said. "If I let you go now will you forget the day's transaction?" He promised and rode away to Chickasha. He kept his promise, as the old-time cattleman had a way of doing. In the subsequent proceedings his testimony would have saved the territorial authorities a great deal of trouble.

Within an hour the whole county was in pursuit. The details of that afternoon's riding would be only repetitions of escape after escape. The first thing we did, when we crossed out of the thickly inhabited country, was to drop a match into the dry grass. This started a prairie fire, which obliterated our tracks and checked pursuit from one side. In Cold Springs Cañon I called a halt to water the horses and look over the loot. When we went through the contents of the way safe we found seventy-five hundred dollars in express packages. We hadn't counted on that; it put new heart into us. Twice, as we lay there in the cañon, bodies of officers approached so close that we could hear their voices. We waited until dark and then made our way to a friendly house. We had just finished supper when our host was called to the gate. Fifteen or twenty marshals stood there asking the way to Bob Moore's place on the Washita.

"What's the trouble?" asked our host.

"The Jennings gang has held up a train. We hear they're making for Moore's," said the leader. We waited under the windows, prepared for trouble in case they came in; but they rode on. And then after a conference we split up. Frank and I doubled back through the cordon to El Reno, figuring that they would never look for us there. And a little after ten o'clock I put into operation a plan which had been growing in my mind all day.

As soon as the town lights went out, Frank and I mounted and rode due west to Shawnee—nearly eighty miles, as the road goes, between ten o'clock on the night of October first and daylight of October second. Waiting in the outskirts until the county officials should be settled in their offices, I rode into town and called on Mr. Pittman, the district attorney of the county. His mouth flew open with surprise when he saw me.

"Pittman," I said, "I've been hearing a lot of fool talk about my robbing trains and going on the dodge. I'm tired of it. I intend to surrender, face the music and clear myself. I've a few things to settle up first; then I'm coming in. This is October first; two weeks from today, October fifteenth, I'll return. Have your officers ready." And as I left his office I repeated:

"Make a note of it—this is October first and I'm coming back on October fifteenth."

According to expectation, Pittman was so excited at seeing me and hearing of my intentions that the date impressed itself on his mind only as an inconsequential detail. He never thought to look it up at the time, and when I had use for him it was fixed in his mind—wrong.

Frank, who had been showing himself to friends about town, joined me, and we rode a few miles by unfrequented roads to Tecumseh, the county seat. Going to the saloon of Ike Renfrew, I got him to send for Bob Motley, the sheriff, my father and my brother John. Motley was my friend; I knew he wouldn't arrest me without a warrant. To them I talked just as I had to Pittman, getting the false date—October first—into their minds. Every one was delighted and no one thought to verify my statement of the date. This made a perfect alibi, for the robbery had occurred eighty miles away at noon of October first.

When I returned to Indian Territory I found the country still boiling. The pursuit hadn't died out after two or three days, as it used to when I first went on the road. Again and again in those last few months this fact impressed itself on me, and I continued to ignore it. Frank had split off by himself as usual, but Bud, Bill, Little Dick and I were soon forced together for mutual protection. From the 22 Ranch, which was under surveillance and unsafe, we rode into the Osage Nation. Passing ourselves off as marshals we got a night's lodging from a member of the Indian police named Freeman. In the morning we dodged a cordon of marshals and reached a friendly cow camp. Every one was out. We were just getting dinner when a nester knocked at the door. At the gate three others were watering their horses. They had rifles tied to the saddle-horn with strings, nester fashion. You could have riddled them before they got those guns loose.

We were making ourselves at home—Bill and I reading, Bud taking a nap on the bed, Little Dick cooking dinner. The nester, never suspecting us, asked if we'd seen any hard-looking characters.

"The Jennings outlaws are round here somewhere," he said, "and we've took the road to clean 'em up."

The thought of these men hunting us without warrant of law raised one of my old, desperate rages. I walked over to him.

"Do you know these outlaws?" I asked.

"No," he said, "but we're sure going to take them in if we find 'em."

"Then here's your chance!" I said. "We're the outlaws."

He acted as I thought he would—staggered back with one hand before his face.

"I didn't mean you no harm," he said when he got his tongue. "I didn't know you was the fellows."

"Have you a wife and children?" I said; "then get back to them and thank God I've got a little mercy on them. You aren't worth killing—going out for people who don't bother you." The posse ran like sheep. The leader was keeping his eye on me as he mounted, and he missed the stirrup with his foot five or six times.

The Sign in the Road

THIS was no place for us. We hurried dinner and started down the road on the lookout for everything. I saw a mark across the wagon track where a man had evidently dragged his foot. In my circus days, I remembered, the advance crowd, when they wished to notify the main caravan of a bad road, used to mark it in such a manner. I spoke to the boys about this. They laughed at me, but I insisted on turning into the prairie. A long time afterward I learned that I was right. The marshals were riding ahead. They had taken with them a horse thief who didn't dare refuse for fear of giving himself away. He had managed to dismount and leave that sign. Otherwise we should have ridden into an ambush.

For the next few days it was ride and dodge, ride and dodge. We were tired from continual travel and loss of sleep, often hungry, always in a high state of irritation. The posses of citizens, each commanded by a deputy marshal, had spread fanshape over the whole county. Bud Ledbetter, the famous marshal from Muskogee, had gone out after us; and when Ledbetter started a hunt he was after the man, not the mileage. Once a settler, with whom we risked staying over night, almost betrayed us. Once we rode straight into a camp in the darkness. While we debated whether to run, to attack or to wait, I saw by certain signs that these were hunters, not marshals. They turned out to be highbrows from Massachusetts—one a Harvard professor. I rode in among them, impersonating a deputy marshal, and demanded their hunting permit. When they'd dug that up from the wagon I asked severely:

"Have you any whisky among your effects?"

The Harvard professor stammered as he declared that he hadn't—to bring whisky into Indian Territory was a violation of the law.

"Don't you lie to me, young man," I said, and out came the jug. I lifted it.

"Here's to you," I said. "We aren't marshals. We're outlaws!" At first they were scared. Then their manners, which were distant, reserved and Yankee, thawed out. They asked us to supper. We accepted, and every one had a good time.

We tried to put up again at the 22 Ranch and found that country still dangerous. We tried to escape toward Arkansas and were beaten back. By now we looked like scarecrows. No one had shaved for a fortnight. The brush and rocks had torn our clothes into rags. My trousers had

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We Wanted to Spy Out the Country in Advance

Sergeant Jimmy Bagby's Feet

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

SERGEANT JIMMY BAGBY sat on the front porch of the First Presbyterian parsonage with an arched framing of green vines above his head. His broad form reposed in a yet broader porch chair—his bare feet in a foot-tub of cold water.

The sergeant wore his reunion regalia, consisting, in the main, of an ancient fatigue jacket with an absurdly high collar and an even more absurdly short and peaked tail. About his generous middle was girthed a venerable leather belt that snaffled at the front with a broad buckle of age-darkened brass and supported an old cartridge box, which perched jauntily upon a fold of the wearer's plump hip like a birdbox on a crotch.

Badges of resplendent new satin, striped in alternate bars of red and white, flowed down over his foreshortened bosom, partly obscuring the scraps of rotted and faded braid and the big round ball buttons of dulled brass, which adhered intermittently to the decayed front of his uniform coat.

Against a veranda post leaned the sergeant's rusted rifle, the same he had carried to the war and through the war and home again after the war, and now reserved for occasions of high state, such as the present one.

The sergeant's trousers were turned high up on his shanks; his shoes reposed side by side alongside him on the floor, each with a white yarn sock crammed into and overflowing it. They were new shoes, but excessively dusty and seamed with young wrinkles; and they bore that look of total disrepute which anything new in leather always bears after its first wearing. With his elbows on his thighs and his hands clasped loosely between his knees, Sergeant Bagby bent forward, looking first up the wide street and then down it.

Looking this way he saw four old men, three of them dressed in gray and one in black, straggle limpingly across the road; and one of them carried at a droopy angle a flag upon which were white-scrolled letters to tell the world that here was Lyon's Battery, or what might be left of it.

Looking that way he saw a group of ten or fifteen gray heads riding through a cross street upon bay horses; and at a glance he knew them for a detachment of Forrest's men, who always came mounted to reunions. Once they rode like centaurs; now, with one or two exceptions, they rode like sacks or racks. It depended on whether, with age, the rider had grown stout or stayed thin.

Having looked both ways, the sergeant addressed himself to a sight nearer home. He considered his feet. Viewed through sundry magnifying and misleading inches of water they seemed pinky white; but when, groaning gently, he lifted one foot clear it showed an angry chafed red upon toe and heel, with large blistery patches running across the instep. With a plop he lowered it back into the laving depths. Then, bending over sideways, he picked up one of his shoes, shaking the crumpled sock out of it and peering down its white-lined gullet to read the maker's tag:

"Fall River, Mass.," the sergeant spelled out the stamped letters—"Reliance Shoe Company, Fall River, Mass."

He dropped the shoe and in tones of reluctant admiration addressed empty space:

"Well, now, ain't them Yankees the persistent devils! Waitin' forty-odd years for a chance to cripple me up! But they done it!"

Judge Priest turned in at the front gate and came up the yard walk. He was in white linens, severely and comfortably civilian in cut, but with a commandant's badge upon his lapel and a short, bobby, black ostrich feather in the brim of his hat. He advanced slowly, with a slight outward skew to his short, round legs.

"Aha!" he said understandingly. "What did I tell you, Jimmy Bagby, about tryin' to parade in new shoes? But no, you wouldn't listen—you would be one of these here young dudes!"

"Jedge," pleaded the sergeant, "don't rub it in! I'm about ruint—I'm ruint for life with these here feet of mine."

The Smartest Young Lady, as Well as the Prettiest, He Had Met in a Coon's Age

Still at a somewhat stiff and straddle-legged gait, the judge mounted the porch, and after a quick appraisal of all the chairs in sight eased his frame into one that had a cushioned seat. A small involuntary moan escaped him. It was the sergeant's time to gloat.

"I'm wearin' my blisters on my feet," he exulted, "and you're wearin' yourn—elsewhere. That's what you git at your age for tryin' to ride a strange horse in a strange town."

"Jimmy," protested the judge, "age ain't got nothin' at all to do with it; but that certainly was a mighty hard-rackin' animal they conferred on me. I feel like I've been straddlin' a hip roof durin' an earthquake. How did you make out to git back here?"

"That last half mile or so I shore did think I was trampin' along on red-hot plowshears. If there'd been one more mile to walk I reckon I'd 'a' been listed amongst the wounded and missing. I jest did about manage to hobble back here. And Mizz Grundy fetched me this here piggin of cold water out on the porch, so's I could favor my feet and watch the boys passin' at the same time."

Judge Priest undertook to cross one leg over the other, but uncrossed it again with a wince of sudden concern on his pink face.

"How do you aim, then, to git to the big doin's this evenin'?" he asked, and shifted his position slightly where he sat.

"I ain't aimin' to git there," said Sergeant Bagby. "I aim to stay right here and take my ease. Besides, if I don't git these feet of mine shrunk down some by milkin' time, I'm shore goin' to have to pull my pants off over my head this night."

"Well, now, ain't that too bad!" commiserated his friend and commander. "I wouldn't miss hearin' General Gracey's speech for a purty."

"Don't you worry about me," the sergeant was prompt to tell him. "You and Lew Lake and Colonel Woodward and the other boys kin represent Gideon K. Irons Camp without me for oncet anyway. And say, listen, jedge," he added with malice aforethought, "you'd better borrow a goosehair cushion, or a feather tick, or somethin' soft, to set on out yonder. Them plain pine benches are liable to make a purty hard roostin' place, even for an old seasoned cavalryman."

Judge Priest's retort, if he had one in stock, remained unbroached, because just then their hostess bustled out to announce dinner was on the table. It was to be an early dinner and a hurried one, because, of course, everybody wanted to start early, to be sure of getting good seats for the speaking. The sergeant ate his right where he was, his feet in his tub, like a Foot-washing Baptist.

There were servants aplenty within, but the younger Miss Grundy elected to serve him; a pretty girl, all in snowy white except for touches of red at her throat and her slender belted waist, and upon her wrist was a bracelet of black velvet with old soldiers' buttons strung thickly upon it. On a tray, daintily tricked out, she brought the sergeant fried chicken and corn pudding and butter beans, and the like, with corn pones hot-buttered in the kitchen; and finally a slice carved from the blushing red heart of the first home-grown watermelon of the season. Disdaining the false conventions of knife and fork the sergeant bit into this, full face.

Upon the tub bottom his inflamed toes overlapped and waggled in a gentle ecstasy; and between bites, while black seeds trickled from the corners of his lips, he told the younger Miss Grundy his story of a certain memorable passage of words upon a certain memorable occasion, between General John C. Breckinridge and General Simon Bolivar Buckner. The young lady had already heard this story thrice, the sergeant having been a guest under the parental roof since noon of the day before, but she listened with unabated interest and laughed at exactly the right place, whereupon the gratified narrator mentally catalogued her as about the smartest young lady, as well as the prettiest, he had met in a coon's age.

All good things must have an end, however—even a watermelon dessert and a story by Sergeant Jimmy Bagby; and so a little later, rejecting all spoken and implied sympathy with a jaunty indifference that may have been slightly forced, the sergeant remained, like another Diogenes, in the company of his tub, while the rest of the household, including the gray-haired Reverend Doctor Grundy, his white-haired wife, Judge Priest and the two Misses Grundy, departed in a livery-stable carryall for a given point half a mile up the street, where a certain large skating rink stretched its open doors hospitably, so disguised in bunting and flags it hardly knew itself by its grand yet transient title of Reunion Colosseum. Following this desertion, there was for a while in all directions a pleasurable bustle to keep the foot-fast watcher bright as to eye and stirred as to pulse.

"Why, shuckins, there ain't a chance for me to git lonely," he bade himself—"not with all this excitement goin' on and these here hoofs of mine to keep me company!"

Crowds streamed by afoot, asaddle and awheel, all bound for a common destination. Every house within sight gave up its separate group of dwellers and guests; for during reunion week everybody takes in somebody. Under the threshing feet the winnowed dust mounted up in scrolls from the roadway, sifting down on the grass and powdering the chinaberry trees overhead. No less than eight brass bands passed within sight or hearing. And one of them played Maryland, My Maryland; and one of them played The Bonnie Blue Flag—but the other six played Dixie, as was fitting.

A mounted staff in uniform clattered grandly by, escorting the commanding general of some division or other, and an open carriage came along, overflowing with a dainty freightage of state sponsors and maids-of-honor. As it rolled grandly past behind its four white horses, a saucy girl on the back seat saw an old man sitting alone on the Grundy porch, with his feet in a tub, and she blew a kiss at

him off the tips of her fingers; and Sergeant Bagby, half rising, waved back most gallantly, and God-blessed her and called her Honey!

Soon, though, the crowds thinned away. Where multitudes had been, only an occasional straggler was to be seen. The harried and fretted dust settled back. A locust in a tree began to exercise his talents in song, and against the green warp of the shrubbery on the lawn a little blue bobbin of an indigo bird went vividly back and forth. Lonesome? No, nothing like that; but the sergeant confessed to himself that possibly he was just a trifle drowsy. His head dropped forward on his badged chest, and as the cool wetness drew the fever out of his feet his toes, under water, curled up in comfort and content.

Asked about it afterward, Sergeant Bagby would have told you that he had no more than closed his eyelids for a wink or two. But the shadows had appreciably lengthened upon the grass before a voice, lifted in a hail, roused him up. Over the low hedge that separated the parsonage yard from the yard adjoining on the left a man was looking at him—a man somewhere near his own age, he judged, in an instantaneous appraisal.

"Cumrud," said this person, "howdy-do?"

"Which?" inquired Sergeant Bagby.

"I said, Cumrud, howdy?" repeated the other.

"No," said the sergeant; "my name is Bagby."

"I taken it fur granted that you was to home all alone," said the man beyond the hedge. "Be you?"

"At this time of speakin'," said the sergeant, "there's nobody at home exceptin' me and a crop of blisters. Better come over," he added hospitably.

"Well," said the stranger, as though he had been considering the advisability of such a move for quite a period of time, "I mout."

With no further urging he wriggled through a gap in the hedge and stood at the foot of the steps, revealing himself as a small, wiry, rust-colored man. Anybody with an eye to see could tell that in his youth he must have been as redheaded as a pochard drake. Despite abundant streakings of gray in his hair he was still redheaded, with plentiful whiskers to match, and on his nose a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, and on his face and neck a close sowing of the biggest, intensest freckles Sergeant Bagby had ever beheld. They spangled his skin as with red asterisks, and the gnarled hand he extended in greeting as he mounted the porch looked as though in its time it had mixed at least one million bran mashes.

Achieving a somewhat wabbly standing posture in his keeler, the sergeant welcomed him in due form.

"I don't live here myself," he explained, "but I reckin you might say I'm in full charge, seein' as I crippled myself up this mornin' and had to stay behind this evenin'. Come in and take a chair and rest yourself."

"Thanky!" said the freckly one. "I mout do that too." He did. His voice had a nasal smack to it which struck the sergeant as being alien. "I didn't ketch the name," he said. "Mine's Bloomfield—Christian name, Ezra H."

"Mine's Bagby," stated the sergeant—"late of King's Hell Hounds. You've probably heard of that command—purty nigh everybody in these parts has."

"Veteran myself," said Mr. Bloomfield briskly. "Served four years and two months. Enlisted at fust call for volunteers."

"Started in kind of early myself," said the sergeant, mechanically catching for the moment the other's quality of quick, clipped speech. "But say, look here, pardner," he added, resuming his own natural tone, "what's the reason you ain't out yonder at that there Colosseum with all the other boys this evenin'?"

A whimsical squint brought the red eyelashes close together.

"Well," stated Mr. Bloomfield, rummaging with a deliberate hand in the remote inner fastnesses of his whiskers, "I couldn't scursely say that I b'long out there." Then he halted, as if there was no more to be said.

"You told me you served all the way through, didn't you?" asked the sergeant, puzzled.

"So I told you and so I did," said Mr. Bloomfield; "but I didn't tell you which side it was I happened to be a-serving on. Twentieth Indiana Infantry—that's my regiment, and a good smart one it was too."

"Oh!" said Sergeant Bagby, slightly shocked by the suddenness of this enlightenment—"Oh! Well, set down anyway, Mr. Bloomfield. Excuse me—you're already settin', ain't you?"

For a fraction of a minute they contemplated each other, Sergeant Bagby being slightly flustered and Mr. Bloomfield to all appearances perfectly calm. The sergeant cleared his throat, but it was the visitor who spoke first:

"I've got a fust-rate memory for faces, and the like; and when I fust seen you setting here you had a kind of familiar cut to your jib someway. That's one reason why I hailed you. I wonder now if we didn't meet up with one another acrost the smoke back yonder in those former days? I'd take my oath I seen you somewheres."

"I shouldn't be surprised," answered Sergeant Bagby. "All during that war I was almost constantly somewhere."

"First Bull Run—I wonder could it 'a' been there?" suggested Mr. Bloomfield.

"First Manassas, you mean," corrected the sergeant gently, but none the less firmly. "Was you there or thereabout by any chance?" Mr. Bloomfield nodded. "Me too," said Sergeant Bagby—"on detached service. Maybe—maybe if you'd turn round I'd know you by your back."

If the blow went home Mr. Bloomfield, like a Spartan of the Hoosiers, hid his wounds. Outwardly he gave no sign.

"P'raps so," he assented mildly; then: "How 'bout Gettysburg?"

The sergeant fell into the trap that was digged for him. The sergeant was proud of his services in the East.

"You bet your bottom dollar I was there!" he proclaimed—"all three days."

"Then p'raps you'd better turn round too," said Mr. Bloomfield in honeyed accents, "and mebbe it mout be I'd be able to reckernize you by the shape of your spinal colyum."

Up rose Sergeant Bagby, his face puckering in a grin and his hand outstretched. High up his back his coat peaked out behind like the tail of a he-mallard.

"Pardner," he announced, "I'm right glad I didn't kill you when I had all them chances."

"Cumrud," replied Mr. Bloomfield, "on the whole and considering everything, I don't regret now that I spared you."

If Sergeant Bagby had but worn a Confederate goatee, which he didn't, being smooth-shaved; and if he hadn't been standing mid-shin-deep in a foot-tub; and if only Mr. Bloomfield's left shirtsleeve, instead of being comfortably full of freckled arm, had been empty and pinned to the bosom of his waistcoat—they might have posed just as they stood then for the popular picture entitled North and South United which you will find on the outer cover of the Memorial Day edition of every well-conducted Sunday newspaper in the land. But that is ever the way with real life—it so often departs from its traditional aspects. After a bit the sergeant spoke.

"We've Got the License. Harvey's Got It in His Pocket"

"I was jest thinkin'," he said dreamily.

"So was I," assented Mr. Bloomfield. "I wonder now if it could be so that we both of us had our minds on the same pleasing subject?"

"I was jest thinkin'," repeated the sergeant, "that merely because the Bloody Chasm is bridged over ain't no fittin' reason why it shouldn't be slightly irrigated from time to time."

"My idee to a jot," agreed Mr. Bloomfield heartily. "Seems as if the dust of conflict has been a-floating round loose long enough to stand a little damping down."

"If only I was at home now," continued Sergeant Bagby, "I'd be able to put my hand on something handy for moistenin' purposes; but, seein' as I'm a visitor here, I ain't in no position to extend the hospitalities suitable to the occasion."

"Sho, now! Don't let that worry you," soothed Mr. Bloomfield—"not with me living next door." He nimbly descended the steps, but halted at the bottom: "Cumrud, how do you take yours—straight or toddy?"

"Sugar and water don't hurt none—in moderation," replied the sergeant. "But look here, pardner, this here is a preacher's front porch. We don't want to be puttin' any scandal on him."

"I'd already figured that out too," said the provident Mr. Bloomfield. "I'll bring her over in a couple of chiny teacups."

The smile which, starting from the center, spread over the sergeant's face like ripples over a pond had not entirely faded away when in a miraculously short time Mr. Bloomfield returned, a precious votive offering poised accurately in either hand. "Bagby," he said, "that's something extry prime in the line of York-state rye!"

"Is it?" said the sergeant. "Well, I reckin the sugar comes from Newerleans and that oughter take the curse off. Bloomfield, here's lookin' toward you!"

"Same to you, Bagby!"

China clicked pleasantly on china as teacup bottom touched teacup brim, this sound being succeeded instantly by a series of soft sipping sounds. Sitting thus, his eyes beaming softly over the bulge of his upturned cup and his lips drawing in the last lingering drops of sirupy sweetness, the sergeant became aware of a man clumping noisily along the sidewalk—an old man in a collarless hickory shirt, with a mouse-gray coat dangling over one arm and mouse-gray trousers upheld by home-made braces.

He was a tall, sparse, sinewy old man, slightly withered, yet erect, of a build to remind one of a blasted pine; his brow was very stormy and he talked to himself as he walked. His voice but not his words came to the sergeant in a rolling, thundery mutter.

"I Up With My Cheer and Chunked It Right Through Their Dad-Burned, Lyin' Sheet—That's What I Done!"

"Hey, pardner!" called Sergeant Bagby, holding his emptied cup breast-high. "Goin' somewheres or jest travelin' round?"

The passer-by halted and regarded him gloomily over the low palings of the Reverend Doctor Grundy's fence.

"Well," he made slow answer, "I don't know as it's anybody's business; but, since you ast me, I ain't headin' fur no place in particular—I'm tryin' to walk a mad off."

"Come right on in here then," advised the sergeant, "we've got the cure for that complaint." He glanced sideways toward his companion. "Bloomfield, this here love feast looks mighty like she might grow a little. Do you reckin you've got another one of them teacups over at your place, right where you could put your hands on it easy?"

"That's a chore which won't be no trouble whatsoever," agreed Mr. Bloomfield; and he made as if to go on the errand, but stopped at the porch edge just inside the vines as the lone pedestrian, having opened the gate, came slowly toward them. The newcomer put his feet down hard on the bricks; slashes of angry color like red flares burned under the skin over his high and narrow cheekbones.

"Tobe Ezell—Cherokee Rifles," he said abruptly as he mounted the steps; "that's my name and my command."

"I'm Sergeant Bagby, of King's Hell Hounds, and monstrous glad to make your acquaintance," vouchsafed, for his part, the sergeant. "This gentleman here is my friend, Major Bloomfield. Take a chair and set down, pardner, and rest your face and hands a spell. You look like you might be a little bit put out about something?"

The stranger uttered a grunt that might mean anything at all or nothing at all. He lowered himself into a chair and tugged at the collarless band of his shirt as though it choked him. The sergeant, pleasingly warmed to the core of his being, was not to be daunted. He put another question:

"What's the reason you ain't out to the speakin'? I'm sort of lamed up myself—made the fatal mistake of tryin' to break in a pair of Dam-Yankee shoes on a couple of Southern-Rights feet. I'm purty well reconciled, I reckin; but my feet appear to be still unreconstructed, from what I kin gather." Chuckling, he glanced downward at the stubborn members. "But there don't seem to be nothin' wrong with you—without it's your feelin's."

"I was figgerin' some on goin' out there," began the tall old man, "but I couldn't git there on time—I've been at the calaboose." He finished the confession in a sort of defiant blurt.

"You don't say so!" said the sergeant wonderingly, and commiseratingly too; and from where he stood on the top step the newly brevetted major evidenced his sympathy in a series of deprecatory clucks. The third man glared from one to the other of them.

"Oh, I ain't ashamed of it none," he went on stormily. "Ef I had it to do over agin I'd do it agin the very same way. I may not be so young as I was oncet, but anybody that insults the late Southern Confederacy to my face is breedin' trouble for hisse'f—I don't care ef he's as big as a mountain!"

From the depths of the foot-tub came small splashing sounds, and little wavelets rose over its sides and plopped upon the porch floor.

"I reckin such a thing as that might pester me a little bit my own self," stated the sergeant softly. "Yes, suh; you might safely venture that under them circumstances I would become kind of irritated myself. Who done it?"

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Ezell, "and let you boys be the jedges of whether I done the right thing. After the parade was through with this mornin' me and some of the other boys from down my way was knockin' round. I got separated from the rest of 'em someway and down yond' on that main street—I'm a stranger in this town and I don't rightly recall its name, but it's the main street, whar all them stores is—well, anyway, down there I come past whar one of these here movin'-picture to-dos was located. It had a lot of war pictures stuck up out in front of it and a big sign that said on it: At the Cannon's Mouth! So, not havin' nothin' else to do, I paid my ten cents to a young lady at the door and went on in. They gimme a seat right down in frontlike, and purty soon after that they started throwin' them pictures on a big white sheet—a screen, I think they calls it.

"Well, suhs, at the fust go-off it was purty good. I got consider'bly interested—I did so. There was a house come on the sheet that looked powerful like several places that I knows of down in Middle Georgia, whar I come from; and there was several young ladies dressed up like they used to dress up back in the old days when we was all young fellows together. Right off, though, one of the young ladies—the purtiest one of the lot and the spryest-actin'—she fell in love with a Yankee officer. That jarred me up a little; yet, after all, it mout 'a' happened and, besides, he wasn't such a bad young fellow—for a Yankee. He saved the young lady's brother when the brother came home from the army to see his sick baby and was about to be ketched for a spy. Yes, suhs; I've got to admit that there Yankee behaved very decently in the matter.

"Well, purty soon after the lovin' part was over they come to the fightin' part, and a string band began to play war pieces. I must say I got right smartly worked up 'long about there. Them fellows that was dressed up as soldiers looked too tony and slick to be real natchel—there didn't seem to be nary one of 'em wearin' a shirt that needed searchin', the way it was when we-all was out soldierin'—but af you'd shet your eyes 'bout halfway you could mighty nigh imagine it was the real thing agin. A battery of our boys went into action on the aidge of a plowed field and you could see the smoke bustin' out of the muzzles of the

"Did I Mention to You Before That I Belonged to King's Hell Hounds?"

pieces, and you could hear the pieces go off, kerboom!—I don't know how they worked that part of it, but they did; and 'way over yond' in a piece of woods you could see the Yankees jest a-droppin'. I seem to recollect standin' up long about there and givin' a yell or two myself; but in a minute or so a whole lot more Yankees come chargin' out of the timber, and they began to drive our boys back.

"That didn't seem right to me—that didn't seem no way to have it. I reckin, though, I might 'a' stood that, only in less'n no time a-tall our boys was throwin' away their guns and some of 'em was runnin' away, and some of 'em was throwin' up their hands and surrenderin'! And the Yankees was chargin' in amongst 'em, a-cuttin' and slashin' and shootin', and takin' prisoners right and left. It was a scandalous thing—and a lie besides! It couldn't never 'a' happened noway."

His voice, deep and grumbling before, became sharply edged with mounting emotion.

Mr. Bloomfield looked away to avoid exposing a happy grin, new-born among his whiskers. It was Sergeant Bagby who spoke, the intention on his part being to soothe rather than to inflame.

"Pardner," he said, "you've got to remember it wasn't nothin' but jest play-actin'—just hired hands makin' believe that it was so."

"I don't care none ef it was," snapped Mr. Ezell. "And, besides, what's that got to do with it—with the principle of the thing? It was a deliberate insult flung right in the face of the late Southern Confederacy—that and nothin' short of it. Well, I stood it jest as long as I natchelly could—and that wasn't very long, neither, lemme tell you, gentlemen."

"Then what!" inquired Sergeant Bagby, bending forward in his seat.

"Then I up with my cheer and chunked it right through their dad-burned, lyin' sheet—that's what I done! I busted a big hole in her right whar there was a smart-alecky Yankee colonel sailin' acrost on a horse. I says: 'Here's a few reënforcements from the free state of Georgia!' And I let him have it with the cheer, kerblim! That there battle broke up right then and there. And that's how I come to go to the calaboose."

Mr. Bloomfield, now rigidly erect, and with no grin on his face, opened his lips to say something: but Sergeant Bagby beat him to it.

"Pardner," he asked incredulously, "did they lock you up jest for doin' that?"

"No," said the heated Mr. Ezell, "they didn't really lock me up a-tall. But the secont I throwed that cheer there was a lot of yellin' and scrabblin' round, and the lights went up, and the string band quit playin' its piece and here come a-runnin' an uppidy-lookin' man—he was the one that run the show, I take it—bleatin' out somethin' about me havin' broke up his show and him wantin' damages. He made the mistake of grabbin' holt of me and callin' me a name that I don't purpose to have nobody usin' on me. He wanted damages. Well, right there he got 'em!"

He raised a bony fist, on which the knuckles were all barked and raw, and gazed at it fondly, as though he thought these were honorable scars.

"So then, after that, a couple of them other show people they drug him away from whar he was layin' on the floor a-yellin'," he went on, "and a town policeman come in and taken me off to the calaboose in a hack, with a crowd followin' 'long behind. But when we got there the gentleman that was runnin' the place—he wore blue clothes and I jedge from his costume and deportment he must 'a' been the town marshal—he listened to what we-all had to say, and he taken a look at that there showman's busted jaw and sort of grinned to hisse'f; then he said that, seein' as all us old soldiers had the freedom of the city for the time bein', he 'lowed he'd let the whole matter drop right whar it was providin' I'd give him my solemn promise not to go projectin' round no more movin'-picture places endurin' of my stay in their midst. Well, ef they're all like the one I seen today it's goin' to be a powerful easy promise for me to keep—I know that! But that's how I come to miss the doin's this evenin'—I missed my dinner too—and that's how I come to be walkin' way out here all by myse'f."

In the pause that followed Mr. Bloomfield saw his chance. Mr. Bloomfield's voice had a crackling tone in it, like fire running through broom-sedge.

"Lookyhere, my friend!" he demanded crisply. "Ain't you been kind of flying in the face of history as well as the moving-picture industry? Seems to me I recall that you pleg-taked Rebs got a blamed good licking about ever' once in so often, or even more frequently than that. If my memory serves me right it seems to me you did indeed!"

Mr. Ezell swung in his chair and the spots in his cheeks had spread until his whole face burned a brick-dust red. Sergeant Jimmy Bagby threw himself into the breach. Figuratively speaking, he had both arms full of heartsease and rosemary.

"In regards to the major here"—he indicated Mr. Bloomfield with a gracious gesture of amity—"I forgot to

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Throes of Building Committees

By BENJAMIN A. HOWES

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead who has not served on, or helped to choose, or at least with noble ire inveighed against, the building committee of his club, church, library, hospital or schoolhouse? If such there be, go, mark him well. Certain lines of care will be absent from his brow. The wretch, concentered all in self, as the poet says, will have saved time, money, work and temper—but he will have missed an experience educative in character, diplomatic skill, and the business of building.

You probably know at least one old parish all but disrupted over its new church; at least one club whose most energetic spirits have gone down one by one before the problem of building; at least one charitable society whose new quarters are being completed out of the pockets of too sanguine trustees. A building committee can get into hot water in more ways than a growing boy.

To trace from the beginning some of those devious ways the anxious members have to tread, let us suppose our committee with sufficient funds on hand or in sight to ensure the completion of their building. They are ready to take the first step: the plans. If they are wise they will spend plenty of study on their needs before interviewing any architect whatever—in the way of program, I mean, rather than layout. One of the commonest errors is to assume that an architect knows by instinct, as it were, the requirements of a public or semi-public building. A committee will say to him offhand: "We want you to plan us a town library. We don't know much about libraries, but of course you will be able to tell us what we want."

"Not at all," responds the architect, if he is a tried and truthful man. "I know something about libraries, but I don't know in the least what you want." A library or a church must be calculated for capacity and use, and the committee will pave the way to their own success as well as their architect's if they can tell him of exactly what their building must be capable. He must know, and only they can tell him, the needed number of rooms of each type, the required hall space, the approximate number of servants.

I remember that the building committee of a club that had to count every penny could not decide on the relative proportions of bedrooms and restaurant until, with the help of bookkeeper and house committee, they had found out whether permanent residents, lodgers, or mere visitors to the restaurant, brought most profit to the club. One well-known club of men and women is now running its café at a yearly loss of some $5000, for lack of a thoroughgoing analysis of the habits of its members.

In a recent college building devoted to a single science the laboratories are dark, low pockets; the principal lecture room an echoing tomb, down to which one tumbles by unexpected steps; the library is dark and cold with deep embrasured windows to the north only. Vast useless spaces are given to empty corridors, and the only really light and encouraging apartments are seminar rooms, seldom tenanted. Who has not heard of the speech of the famous architect on his colleague's plan for a memorial library? "Superb, my dear fellow—a masterpiece! But—where are you going to put the books?"

Looking Before You Leap

SO LET the librarians, the teachers, the laboratory men, the internes and nurses, the cooks and bottlewashers, the club stewards and club members, tell what they want, *first*. They may not talk the language of the architect, but they can express themselves to the committee; whereas confronted with a complete set of plans to criticise they are likely to be congealed into silence.

The most famous technical school, probably, in the world, in preparing for its great new educational plant, has for months sent emissaries and scouts over two continents, to study the best layouts of like institutions, and has taken testimony with no less pains from all its own instructors, with the result that there has doubtless never been prepared so complete a preliminary program for a superb creation of academic efficiency.

The first overt step, the choice of an architect, is to the chairman, at least, not a problem so much as a bugbear.

A Building Committee Can Get Into Hot Water in More Ways Than a Growing Boy

From the first rumors of the remote intention to build he has been pursued by letters and interviewers in behalf of relatives and friends of members, favorite sons and famous strangers. Happy the committee whose parent organization has a long history of building, for in that case there is usually a pet architect and contractor too in the offing, whose performances are so well known that they will be accepted without question. It is the unique problem that is the difficult one. If an architect in whose character, talent and executive ability every one had confidence could be selected out of hand, and he could then sit down to work out with the committee the solution of their problem, all might be well. But human nature being what it is, the architect into whose hands half of the committee is ready to cast itself blindfold is set down by the other half as a wolf in sheep's clothing. "Suppose we don't like his plans after all!" "Suppose he lets us in for something we can't possibly pay for!" "So-and-So was to build Saint Polycarp's for fifty thousand dollars, and I hear it cost over a hundred thousand in the end!"

The natural clamor of a committee as individuals is to "be shown." "Let a number of architects submit sketches then," says one. Unfortunately many architects will not do this without substantial compensation, and for members of the American Institute of Architects, in any case, submission of sketches for comparison is not sanctioned, except in a regular competition conducted on lines laid down by the Institute. It is certainly not true, as I have heard it said in committee, that "the best architects will not submit sketches," since it is often the only way for young men of ability and experience to break into independent practice. Nor is it true that the Institute contains all the strong men. Nevertheless among a dozen reputable architects whose names are before the committee enough are likely to follow Institute ideas to make a comparison of sketches a very difficult matter.

Shall there then be a formal competition? It is on this rock that the inexperienced committee is likely to split, especially when they find out all that a formal competition involves. For a formal competition requires an architectural adviser, and a jury with a majority of architects of known ability, who are paid; the preparation by "owner" and adviser of a program containing the conditions of the competition and the requirements of the building. The competing architects are either paid the cost of their drawings or prizes are offered—sometimes both. The committee binds itself to accept the decision of the jury and to employ one of the competitors. It takes anywhere from two to six months to hold such a competition and the minimum cost may be put at $1500, unless the adviser and jury give their services gratuitously.

In the case of a certain schoolhouse for which the committee held an open competition the number of plans submitted was so great—about thirty—that the committee couldn't find their way about among them. They therefore resorted to the simple expedient of looking up the contestants' histories. Having found one man who had built a large number of schoolhouses, they incontinently turned the award over to him.

Protecting the Architect

IT IS such incidents as this, involving complete loss of time on the part of the contestants who have prepared plans in good faith, that have led to the sharp rules. It is extraordinary how careless the layman is of property in ideas or in expert knowledge generally; and a building committee in its efforts to further its good cause will often, with a clear conscience, put to the blush the most rapacious directors of a soulless corporation. "This design of X's is best on the whole, but not superior in every point," I have heard such a committeeman say. "But we can give him the commission, and get him to change this left wing to the much better arrangement in this sketch of Y's."

The difficulty of properly policing such competitions, and the expense and delay involved, have led the American Institute of Architects to put itself on record as opposed to competitions when they can be avoided.

The besetting temptation of building committees is to come to rest on a famous name since, whatever the outcome, they are then immune from criticism. But the truly conscientious know that they ought to go deeper. A problem requiring painstaking study, where the sum involved is not great, is far more likely to get that study in a smaller office of moderate reputation. In a large establishment "a mere bagatelle," as one of the principals with unwonted frankness once expressed it, is likely to be cursorily dealt with. The "big job" is another matter. But it is the first duty of the building committee, having regard to the sum at their disposal, the relative importance of beauty and practical uses for their building, to thrash out thoroughly the type of architect that will be most useful to them; and here is where an architectural adviser is invaluable.

Next to the personality of the architect, as occasion for dispute, is the question of his payment and his financial responsibility. Most people know that the minimum commission under Institute rules is six per cent on the total cost of building.

"But Adam & Inigo have been doing Government work for three per cent, we hear," interpolates a committee member. True; but you do not know what part of the customary professional services has been dispensed with. The professional services of architects vary from the preparation of working drawings and specifications alone, to all degrees of personal oversight and participation. In truth only the architectural adviser can measure the service the committee needs to pay for.

Hardest for a committee of laymen to understand is that the architect has no financial responsibility in the premises. I have even heard it argued against a firm of rising architects that they had no financial backing. The architect

often submits a guaranteed bid with his plans; but if they are accepted, and that particular contractor chosen, the contract is between trustees or committee and builder, no other interest entering. The architect should refuse to accept poor work, but a recalcitrant builder must be fought, if it comes to that point, by the owner himself. The architect is in no way liable.

If the contractor turns out to be a desperado it is the committee, and not their architect, who must pull the gun. Until the kind of contract has been decided on, no forward step is possible. Now the kind of contract is the last thing that untried committees naturally think about; they mostly suppose there is only one kind. This is in spite of the fact that certain objections to the timeworn competitive lump sum contract have become proverbial. If I restate some of these dangers it is because this type of contract is probably still as desirable as any of the three usual types for a committee without experience and strictly limited as to money.

By this method the architect prepares complete drawings and specifications and lets the contract on the basis of competitive bids. Only look out for loopholes! For an operation of considerable size and semi-public nature many firms will make application to bid, and unless a very careful weeding-out of all speculative or inexperienced candidates is done by the architect, there are likely to be very low bids by people who will not give a good job. Even when the list is boiled down to a number of responsible firms there still remain the two types of builders, both perfectly well rated: one type which bids a good fair price for a good job, and is therefore high, trusting to its reputation to get work; the other type which bids as close as possible, trusting to technicalities, some oversight of the architect, and to necessary extras for its profit. As matters go in the building trade there is usually plenty of information floating by various underground channels as to which type is likely to prevail with the committee. Therefore it behooves committees to get as many sidelights as possible on the record and reputation of their candidates, by visiting buildings they have constructed, and interviewing past clients.

Foresight That Pays

MOST important, of course, is the completeness and broad scope of specifications, because here are the first great loopholes for extras. Here the committee is as responsible as the architect, and will find one of the most exhausting of its functions in deciding on the kinds and grades of trim, flooring, plumbing, hardware and windows, to say nothing of heating and lighting and service equipment. Too rigidly minute specifications are a mistake, since they may bring alleged inconsistencies into the building. One wide-awake committee, after burning midnight oil over the specifications, engaged a consulting engineer to go over them and decide whether they completely covered the ground in the most economical way. As an instance of how special information will help, a club of women was, under the best professional advice, preparing to install a filter at a cost of some fifteen hundred dollars. They happened to hear, however, the remark of a well-known bacteriologist that after a few months no filter of any kind would be necessary, for a superb city filtering plant would soon be installed.

With all conscientiousness on the part of architect and committee, and perfectly legitimate action on the part of the contractor, there are other pitfalls in the way of extras and subcontracts. Here is what happened in the case of a large memorial dormitory for an Eastern college: The work of the committee and specifications of the architect were so clear that the bids from eight responsible firms varied within only a few thousand dollars. There was reason to think, however, that there might be some rock in the site, and the bidders had, as customary, all appended a clause calling for extra payment for any necessary rock excavation. The committee naturally closed with the lowest bidder for the building. They did not notice that he had put the unit cost of rock excavation at nearly twice the sum named by the highest bidder. When work was started the site was found to be indeed mostly rock, and the extra ate up all and much more than the difference between the high and the low bids. This plan is perfectly familiar to the trade under the technical name of unbalanced bids. It is especially common in public work.

A club building was planned for lighting, heating, plumbing and kitchen equipment of the very best quality, and it seemed desirable to both architect and committee that the contracts for these should be let separately. They didn't wish to pay the general contractor a profit on them, and more especially they wished to look round and compare qualities and prices. They had six of these separate contracts covering some twenty thousand dollars, and after putting in a great deal of hard work they were satisfied that they had found the ideal equipment at excellent value.

But when building reached the stage of installing some of this equipment, disputes arose. The electrical men and the heating men had to cut through walls in some places; the hardware men had to displace plastering and woodwork. Some of the fixtures came all right, but were mislaid or injured before the shell was ready for them. Who was to do the patching and refinishing, replace the lost and broken fixtures? "Why, you are," said the chairman to the general contractor. "Not by a jugful," coarsely responded that worthy. The subcontractors were able to show that they had fulfilled the letter of their contracts, and the result was a series of extras which mounted well beyond the hundreds.

Now it so happened that almost this same situation was repeated in a club-house in a large city. The general building situation was such that the contractors were eager for work. Here, too, the committee found their own subcontractors; but they made it a stipulation before letting the contract that the general contractor should include all these "subs" by simply adding their prices to his own, and assuming responsibility for dovetailing their operations. There were no disputes and no extras from those subcontracts, or if there were disputes they were the general contractor's burden. Very few persons who have not themselves been in the business realize that the general contractor earns his profit to the full in steering around infinitely numerous troubles of just this kind.

In spite of the natural wish to avoid paying contractor's profits it may be laid down as a general rule that the most prolific source of misunderstandings and extras is separate subcontracts, and that they should when possible be avoided. It is probable that even in the most favorable case the owner does not save money by them, as he will never get prices so low as those quoted to the general contractor. For private work the owner may enjoy doing a part of his own managing; but it is fatal for a committee.

These are matters to take into account before signing any contracts; but long before the day of signing comes the day of cuts. There was never yet a committee that did not plan too much for its money. It always balks at the first set of bids and the architect is set to revising his plans for a selected group of bidders. The committee vacillates between cutting down qualities and cutting down accommodations. Never change a lot of details to something just inferior to what you want, in the hope of saving. Better give up one big thing and trust to the future to provide it. People will forgive you for the big gaps, but they never forget the minor faults.

Another word of caution may not be wasted here: Don't cut your construction. I heard only lately of a college building for which bids ran over the appropriation, and, with the consent of the architect, a cheaper system of beam construction was substituted. The building has settled and cracked a good deal and, whether justly or not, the architect is usually blamed for it.

One Club is Running its Café at a Yearly Loss of Some Five Thousand Dollars, for Lack of a Thoroughgoing Analysis of the Habits of its Members

Pitfalls of Percentage

THE problems of cutting your coat to fit your cloth are, of course, not peculiar to the competitive lump sum contract, but since in this respect the committee is more or less in the dark as to costs and margin of profit, these considerations seem fitting here. In general the moderate-sized undertaking rather large for its means will do best under either the first or the last of the contract types I shall discuss. For the more liberal situation other kinds of contracts may be preferable, and should, at least, be carefully studied by the building committee before a choice is made.

Ostensibly more open, but really offering many chances for misunderstanding, is the percentage type of contract. As a humble member of an organization, I have heard a building committee trustfully report: "A will build for seven per cent on the cost, B asks ten per cent, and C actually demands twelve and one-half per cent. We have, therefore, voted to give the contract to A, as he is a well-known and well-rated builder." Now before comparing these offers on the basis of the alleged percentage, cautious men would have found out (1) whether traveling expenses of members of the firms, clerical work, preparation of blue prints, telegrams, and so forth, were to be listed as cost of the job on which percentage was figured, or not to be so reckoned, but paid for by the contractors out of their percentage; (2) whether builders' discounts and cash discounts were to accrue to owner or contractor; (3) whether percentage was to be figured on retail or trade prices; and (4) whether percentage was to be figured on net cost to the builder or gross cost to the owner. Unfortunately there is no fixed standard for these practices, at least as regards (1), and well-rated firms may follow one method of bookkeeping or the other. "Smith & Smith positively charged us every five-cent fare!" was the shocked report of the committee. Of course the matter is

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BEATING THE GAME

II

By JOHN W. CHURCH

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

MILLWOOD is a wealthy little city in the heart of the long-staple country. Clustering about it for a radius of many miles lie the finest cotton plantations in the state, the social life of the planters centering in the clubs, offices and stores of the town. Here in a splendid old mansion now falling into decay lived the treasurer of the Planters', Rufus Corson. He was a bachelor, and his few and simple wants were attended to by an old negro couple who had been for many years in his service.

Corson's place of business was the Bank of Millwood. For more than thirty years he had transacted his affairs in a small, meagerly furnished room in the rear of this dirty, unpretentious brick building, the grimy windows of which overlooked the public square. The stone steps outside the door were worn and broken by the shambling, reluctant, but steady stream of humanity that daily passed into the office of the wily lawyer and banker, leaving it again lighter of pocket and heavier of heart.

The street lounger whom I asked to direct me to the bank looked after me with apathetic interest, probably tinged with curiosity as to how much of my wealth I would leave behind me there.

A gray-bearded, spectacled cashier peered frowningly at me through his wicket, informing me grumpily that Mr. Corson was in his office. My chance had come! Upon this interview and its outcome largely depended my business career. I drew in a deep breath, forced an expression of cordiality and enthusiasm, and walked briskly to the door of Corson's office.

A thin, sharp voice bade me enter, and I stood face to face with the man accredited with being the financial vampire of his state. A long library table stood in the center of the carpetless room, and upon it in utter disorder were piled thousands of letters and documents. At the far end a little free space had been cleared, surrounded by a barricade of dusty papers two feet high. Above this rose the head and shoulders of Rufus Corson. He was tall and gaunt, his narrow head bald save for a few unkempt, straggling gray locks that fell over his ears. The face beneath the dome of yellow skin bore close resemblance to that of a mummy, so tightly was the parchment flesh drawn over the high cheekbones, hawklike nose and square outstanding chin. The searching, almost colorless eyes, devoid of brows or lashes, stared icily upon me. Altogether it was an unbelievably repellent, disconcerting countenance.

His Wife, Without a Glance in My Direction, Drew Him On

In the Lion's Den

BY A TREMENDOUS effort I forced back the smile I had lost in contemplation of the man, and advanced with outstretched hand.

"I'm delighted to see you, Mr. Corson!" I exclaimed. "My name is Thorpe. I have recently assumed charge of the Planters' Mutual, as you are probably aware, and I naturally want to make the acquaintance of our treasurer as speedily as possible."

A talonlike hand was held reluctantly out. "Yes, I've heard of you." The voice was low, but sharp as a knife blade. "'Twas your scheme took twenty-seven thousand dollars out of my bank, wasn't it?"

"Not quite so bad as that, sir," I smiled. "We put over seven thousand back, and now with your assistance it ought to shoot up quickly to two hundred thousand."

"I hope so." The bright, colorless eyes bored keenly into me. "What do you mean by my assistance?"

"Oh, nothing of much inconvenience to you. You see it's this way. We've practically wiped out our list of stockholders, and now, with that absurd hundred-dollar limit killed, we can get some real money. It's unfortunate you were not at the reorganization meeting. However, we can easily remedy that. My idea is that here in Millwood, where there is a great deal of money, you can introduce me, and by your influence we ought to get at least fifty thousand in a few days. Of course you can head the list with a good block—say ten thousand or more if you want it. The bars are down now, and on a corking good thing like this I suppose you will want all you can reasonably take."

Corson eyed me as though I were a new species of idiot worthy of study. A dry, cackling laugh revealed a perfect set of snow-white teeth, in strange contrast to the leathern skin through which they gleamed. "Ten thousand dollars, eh? Heh! Heh! Heh!"

"Well, you can decide the amount," I smiled back. "I merely put it at what I considered a reasonable figure." I drew out a subscription blank and my pen. "Shall it be ten thousand?"

"Not this morning, young man. Money don't come that easy. I sent you two hundred dollars, and that's enough for me."

"But, Mr. Corson," I expostulated, "how can you introduce me and ask these gentlemen to invest without first showing your confidence? And you're our treasurer!"

"I haven't said I was going to introduce you to anybody, have I? I'll give you the names of some men here who've got money, if that'll do you any good." Without inviting me to do likewise, Corson seated himself and stared at me, his face expressionless.

"That will not serve my purpose, sir," I demurred. "I have plenty of names. It's your influence and aid to this company, of which you are an officer, that I want."

"Then I can't help you." The clawlike hands began to burrow in a pile of letters. "I never advise any man how to invest his money."

"You absolutely refuse, then, to increase your holdings or to stand sponsor for me in Millwood?" I asked in apparent surprise.

"Exactly that!" Corson snapped back. "And I'm a busy man, sir."

"That being the case I can at least be of some little assistance to you," I said calmly, drawing a paper from my wallet. "Your signature here will relieve you a trifle of duties that may become onerous, and in which you appear to have little interest." I unfolded the paper and laid it before him.

Corson looked at the paper without touching it. "What's this? What sort of a trick is this?" he exclaimed shrilly.

"No trick at all, sir; merely a request for your resignation from a company in which you have no confidence."

Corson sprang to his feet. His eyes were not colorless now. The glint in them resembled points of steel. "Who are you?" he snarled. "What did you come here for? Do you want to be treasurer?"

"I do not." I answered his last question first. "I have my hands full now. But the people of this state want an honest man as treasurer of the Planters' Mutual Life Insurance Company, and I came here to make it possible for them to have one."

Trembling with rage, Corson pointed a long, skinny finger at me. "Get out of my office!" he barked. "You—you—blackmailer! You can't drive me out of this company!"

"Don't say anything you will be sorry for afterward," I warned him. "I won't leave your office until we thoroughly understand each other. You've bluffed and buncoed a lot of people down here, Mr. Corson, but either you sign that resignation and take your hands off the Planters' or I'll get you! Now listen: I've got your record, and I've got it pat. There are a thousand men in this state who for good reasons would like to see you dancing at the end of a rope or behind the bars. The only reason their wish hasn't been realized is that they lacked a leader. Well, I'm it, and if I don't get that little document from you today I'll start tomorrow to change your name to a number, and I'll do it, too, before I quit."

Corson stood with twitching fingers, his thin lips drawn back, wolflike, the steely eyes glaring a challenge at me; but he did not reply, and I pressed my advantage home.

"Don't get the false idea in your mind that I am bluffing," I continued. "Here are two lists." I threw a couple of papers on the table. "One of them contains the names of men who will finance my campaign against you. To their misfortune you are well acquainted with them all, and can judge how far they'll back me up. The other is a list of men you do not know, but who know me, and whether I'll finish anything I start. I think if you will keep the wires hot for the next few hours it will eradicate any doubt you may have about who will come out of this little séance ahead."

Corson in a Corner

HIS hands trembling with suppressed anger, Corson picked up the lists I had laid on the table and studied them carefully. Presently he began to pace up and down the room. It may have been—probably was—only for a minute or two, but the nervous tension made the time seem interminable.

Finally he paused in front of me.

"Who's goin' to pay back the thousand dollars I loaned the company?" he asked querulously.

The question was so unexpected, his manner so childish, that I almost laughed. I took out two certified checks, one for a thousand dollars, the other for two hundred, and handed them to him. "One covers your loan, the other the price of your stock," I explained.

"Clayton, eh?" he sneered, glancing at the signatures on the checks. "I see the game now. Clayton wants those deposits himself!"

"Major Clayton signed those checks as president of the Planters'. No one else has that authority, Mr. Corson. The depositories of the company will be decided by the state insurance commissioner. I am very certain that in any case you would have lost the use of the money."

"Young man, you are pretty shrewd, but you have a nasty, dangerous way of doing business. If that's true, why didn't you say so at first?"

I laughed outright. "To be perfectly frank, I didn't think of it," I confessed.

Studying me a while as if still in doubt, Corson picked up the papers I had given him and walked into the bank. In a few minutes he returned, bringing with him the Planters' stock certificate. This, with the signed resignation, he handed me silently.

"Thank you, Mr. Corson." I tried hard to keep the exultation I felt from creeping into my voice. "You understand there is no personal feeling in this, nor will there be unless you force my hand."

The strange old man cackled out that unpleasant laugh of his. "Young man, I don't deal in personalities; it doesn't pay. You are a very unpleasant person, and I hope I've seen the last of you." The steely glitter sprang to his eyes again.

"You can thank Jim Clayton for me. I reckon I know whom to thank for this."

"You are entirely wrong, sir," I replied. "I am wholly responsible. Major Clayton tried every way he knew how to dissuade me."

"He did, eh?" scoffed Corson. "Well, mebbe he'll wish he had succeeded. Good morning, sir; I'm a busy man."

I went out of that dingy office almost walking on air. It was not yet ten o'clock, and my battle had been won quickly, easily. The aged cashier peered curiously at me as I passed, and I gave him a smile and a cheery "Goodby" that made him gasp with astonishment. I imagine few men ever left Corson's presence in a mood conducive to pleasant greetings.

A Sharp Selling Campaign

"ALL over. Have resignation and stock. Did not use letter"—I wired Clayton from the station. Catching the noon train I reached Emory late that afternoon, and going to the bank I gave the major a detailed account of the interview.

"Permit me to say you are a marvel, sir, a marvel!" congratulated the banker. "I didn't believe it could be done, sir. As for Corson's threat concerning me, do not give yourself the slightest uneasiness. I admit I was mightily worried, Thorpe, mightily worried. Not knowing exactly what might happen I thought it all out last night, and this morning I arranged to cancel on an hour's notice every obligation Rufe Corson holds against this bank. It has occasioned a slight financial sacrifice, but the relief is worth it, sir; and I consider myself in your debt for making it necessary."

"I am delighted to have you take that view of it, major," I said, immensely relieved at his attitude. "The only fear I had was of the possible consequences to you. Now what about a new treasurer? I want to strike while the iron is hot."

"My boy, I'm going to let you run this train on your own rails," announced the banker positively. "Who's your candidate?"

"Bassett or Hilliard," I replied promptly, "with Bassett as first choice."

Major Clayton drummed thoughtfully on his desk. "I'm afraid you can't rope Bassett; he's mighty busy, and I doubt if you will be able to get him. But Hilliard is one of the cleanest, most popular fellows in the state and will make a splendid treasurer."

"Hilliard it is then. I'll leave you to take care of that. Have the committee appoint him temporarily until the next election, and I'll get right after the stock tomorrow morning."

As was to be expected, every one connected with the company knew the result of my trip before I reached the office next morning. Miss Whitredge gave me an odd little glance in response to my greeting.

"I'm still alive and I have what I went after," I informed her.

"So I hear. I presume I should congratulate you?" A quaint, three-cornered smile played on her lips.

"I think the Planters' is to be congratulated," I could not help retorting, although I knew the effect it would have. She flushed and turned silently back to her work.

"Do You—Do You Ask Me Not to Go?"

Laying a copy of Corson's resignation on her desk, I asked her to make thirty copies of it at once. "I shall have to dictate a lot of letters to men who have conditionally subscribed for stock, Miss Whitredge, and in each of these I must refer more or less to Mr. Corson. If you prefer I will secure another stenographer to write them."

I could have sworn there was a fleeting laugh in her eyes as she looked up, but it was gone instantly. Her voice was cool and impersonal as she replied: "I have no objection to taking any dictation you may give me on matters of business."

Hilliard was elected temporary treasurer that afternoon, and much to my surprise the resolution offered by Bassett approving my action was passed unanimously. I had fully expected a peroration from Rennels, but he took no part in the session beyond voting with the others.

The letters were completed late that night, Miss Whitredge insisting on returning after supper to finish them, and were at once mailed to my prospects. If these men stood by their word more than one-fourth of the entire capital would be subscribed. Whether Corson would really attempt a reprisal I could not guess, but my judgment was that he would let me alone for a while, and that was all I could ask. I intended to make all the capital possible out of his resignation, for it was the strongest talking point I possessed. I know that to Northern or Western minds this does not sound like a strictly business proceeding, but down here the modern idea of business for business' sake has been slow to enter, and though the change is being wrought by the influx of outside capital and progressive methods, it will be a long time before the old-fashioned way, based almost entirely upon the personal equation, will pass.

In studying up the business side of insurance I had been startled by the discovery that the "moral hazard" in the section of the country in which Emory was located was held to be greater than in any other part of the United States. So much so, in fact, that for many years only a few Northern companies would solicit business here. I might say for the benefit of the laymen that the term "moral hazard" means death by violence or abuse, as against the ordinary risk of accident or disease.

I had spent ten years on the frontier in a service where gunplays were frequently a part of the day's work, but for a long time my shooting iron had lain undisturbed, and it was with a smile at the rather paradoxical situation of carrying it in an effort to establish an enterprise whose theory is the protection of human life that I again strapped on a holster. The necessity for its use might never arise, but I felt that in the circumstances I could not afford to go unprepared.

What with work and planning, the next two weeks slipped by quickly, bringing a greater meed of success than I dared hope. Nearly every one of my prospects kept his word, the total amount subscribed reaching over seventy thousand dollars. Once more I took to the road, feeling that the balance would be comparatively easy to raise.

I was mistaken. I think the succeeding seven weeks' work was the hardest I ever tackled in my life. Everywhere almost without exception I was received courteously, given a hearing and oftentimes more of hospitality than the occasion really warranted; but money was scarce. I had drained the richest sections, and after a few weeks only the lumber and hill country was left to canvass. There are no greater gamblers in the South than the lumbermen, and had pine been at the top of the market instead of the bottom my trip would have been many days shorter. As it was I finally returned to Emory still forty thousand dollars short of my goal. Had it been any other sort of corporation, we could have gone ahead on what we had, but I was facing a stringent new law and an insurance commissioner who, though interested in the home venture, was of necessity all the more anxious that no legal weakness should militate against our chance for success.

Major Clayton, Bassett and Hilliard had worked like Trojans to aid me, and were directly responsible for a lot of the stock sold, but their prospects were exhausted too. On my return to Emory a little unofficial conference was held in the major's room to discuss ways and means.

The Last Forty Thousand

"I CAN raise the money, gentlemen," I stated, after thoroughly going over the situation for them; "but right now is the time to begin writing business, while the people all over the state realize our success in getting started. If I have to peddle this remaining stock from door to door for months I'll eventually sell it, but at an awful loss of time and prestige. Surely we ought to find some way to handle it here."

"Forty thousand dollars is a heap of money, Mr. Thorpe," said Bassett thoughtfully. "And it's got to be cash."

"Or real estate acceptable to the commissioner," I added quickly.

"Well, young man, I ain't goin' to mortgage my house or give it to the company even for you," growled the planter.

"By Jingo, I am!" announced Hilliard. "Thorpe, dern your hide, I'll do just that if you can raise the balance. My place'll stand five thousand, and it needs a plaster on it anyway!"

"You're a trump, Hilliard!" I exclaimed. "I'll hold you to it if I can get the other thirty-five. Gentlemen, I'm

"Get Out of My Office! You—You—Blackmailer!"

desperate. I'll take your cuffbuttons or your lot in Evergreen Cemetery. This thing has got to go through. How about Longworth? He's got money, hasn't he?"

"Yes, but you won't get any of it," drawled Major Clayton. "Mr. Thorpe, this confounded molehill is becoming considerable of a mountain under your system of management. Do you know, sir, that I'm in over ten thousand dollars now?"

"Is that all, major?" I asked in mock surprise. "I'm astonished! I thought I had let you in for twenty at least."

"If you had I'd bust that contract of yours at my own expense," blustered the banker. "I reckon you'll drive me into bankruptcy yet as it is."

"Thorpe, have you seen Nixon of Marston?" It was Bassett asking.

"Never heard of him. Has he got any money?"

"Only about a million," volunteered Hilliard, his eyes twinkling. "Why, he's just your man! Wonder how we happened to overlook him?"

I was instantly suspicious. "Is this another Corson proposition?" I demanded.

"No, it ain't," said Bassett. "Nixon's peculiar, but he's clean as a whistle. Tell you what I'll do, Thorpe: If you can get Nixon for twenty-five thousand, I'll take five and so will Clayton. I'll tell you something I happen to know too. Nixon's got sixty thousand in his bank awaiting investment."

I could not repress a look of incredulity.

"Bassett's right, sir. He's got it, but I reckon he'll keep it too. Time's too valuable to waste on a wild-goose chase like that, Bassett," demurred Clayton.

I had a hunch, and the major's remark fell on deaf ears, so far as I was concerned. "Hilliard, you'd better get ready for that mortgage. Major, are you going to make good with five thousand if I land Nixon for twenty-five?"

"I wouldn't say yes if I thought you had a ghost of a show of holding me to it, and I can read Sim Bassett like a book. He thinks just as I do and is sparring for time. Ain't I right, Bassett?" demanded the major with a chuckle.

"All right, major," I assented. "I've got all to gain and nothing to lose. I'm headed for Marston on the first train, if a train goes there. It's one town in this state I've never heard of. Which one of you knows Nixon best? I want a strong letter of introduction to him."

The Story of Phil Nixon

I WAS about to say a grin went round the table, but that would not properly express it. Even Bassett, whom I had never seen smile, chuckled. Hilliard and Major Clayton tried to choke back their merriment, with poor success.

"More mystery, eh?" I exclaimed. "This isn't a state, gentlemen, it's a geographical detective story. Do I get that letter?"

"I reckon not, Mr. Thorpe," said the major, sobering down. "None of us knows Phil Nixon. Or, to be accurate, we haven't seen him for many years. There isn't much mystery, and I shouldn't wonder if you'd make out better not knowing what little there is. I can do this: Doctor Abbott, an old friend of mine, lives at Marston and is Nixon's physician. I'll give you a letter to him, sir."

"Write it. Never mind the mystery; I'm getting used to them. Where's Marston and when is the next train?"

The railroad wasn't sufficiently interested in Marston to diverge from its straight-away line to enter the town. Marston was equally indifferent. So a gap of nearly two miles of winding, sparsely settled road separated the station from the village post-office.

A discarded family carriage drawn by a team of decrepit horses was the only vehicle in sight when I arrived. With many bows and flourishes a white-wooled old darkey informed me that he "done driv de bus," assisted me in, and eventually landed me at Doctor Abbott's office.

The doctor received me cordially, thanks to Major Clayton's letter, and we were soon on easy terms. Presently I got down to business and acquainted him with the reason for my visit to Marston. Incidentally I mentioned the peculiar reluctance shown by my friends when I wanted a letter of introduction. "I hope the same feeling doesn't extend to you, doctor?" I inquired smilingly.

"Mr. Thorpe," replied Doctor Abbott seriously, "I have known Phil Nixon, boy and man, for nearly fifty years, and I wouldn't introduce you to him on your present mission for five thousand dollars, sir."

I sank wearily back in my chair. "All right, doctor," I said resignedly. "Now tell me about it. Does he eat his victims raw or boil them first?"

Doctor Abbott ignored my sarcastic levity. "Clayton knows all about Nixon and he ought to have kept you from wasting your time," he remarked. "However, you are here, and though I don't like the task of repeating Nixon's story, you had better hear it from me; then perhaps you'll understand." Doctor Abbott lighted his pipe and sat silent in evident retrospection for a few moments.

"Twenty-five years ago," he began slowly and with effort, "Phil Nixon was the richest, handsomest young fellow in this county. He owned eight hundred acres of long-staple cotton, the only bank in the county and a neat list of outside securities. He was a quiet, unassuming chap, and lived alone with the niggers at Nixondale, about two miles out of Marston on the Alfred Road.

"There were a good many girls in this neck of the woods who couldn't see anybody but Phil Nixon; but, sir, he didn't seem to know they were on earth. Always pleasant and courteous, but he'd show more real interest in a sample of cotton or a loan than in all the girls in the county lumped together.

"Then Heloise Descannes came to visit my aunt." The physician paused, turning toward his desk. "I shan't try to describe her." He was fumbling through some papers in a drawer as he spoke and finally drew out an old photograph. "She was the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. That picture resembles her as much as a dead print can portray a girl radiating with the spirit of a wild songbird, in love with life, untamed, and happy in a restless, vivacious way.

"Well, sir, Phil Nixon married her. He gave a great wedding feast, filled the big house at Nixondale with niggers to wait on her, and was happy. But a man's ways and a woman's ways are different. Heloise grew tired of the plantation. Phil worshiped her and I reckon would have taken her anywhere, but she got an odd freak in that beautiful, whimsical head of hers.

"The railroad had just come through. We had built a big, new hotel, and Marston being a sort of distributing point for all this section had a good many transients from New Orleans and other cities. Heloise concluded she wanted to live in the hotel for a while, so Phil closed Nixondale, bought the hotel, and fitted up some nice rooms for her on the second floor. At her suggestion he put a piano in the public parlor, and night after night Heloise would be there, singing and playing with the drummers or whoever happened to be lively enough to go her gait. We-all round here, who knew and loved them both, began to be mighty afraid, but Phil only smiled and didn't seem to mind.

"There was one fellow, a chap named LeVigne from New Orleans, who got to stopping by pretty regular; more, sir, than his business—he was a shoe salesman—seemed to require. He was handsome enough in a sort of self-satisfied way, and had a tenor voice. He and Heloise used to stay up every night whenever he was here, and I could hear them—my office was just across from the hotel then—many a time until past midnight. Then they took to driving out to the country stores round about here together. I happen to know Phil tried to show her it wasn't just proper, but she flew into a passion and he let the matter drop. But I had seen some things it ain't necessary to tell. I knew there was a reckoning of some sort near at hand, and I tried to avert it. Heloise and I had always been friends, mighty good friends, but she laughed at me and wouldn't listen.

"The thing had been going on for nearly a year. Le Vigne was coming to Marston mighty often by that time, and once while LeVigne was here Phil told Heloise he was going to New Orleans for a few days. She drove him to the train." Doctor Abbott passed his hand slowly over his eyes, as though to shut out some sight brought back by the story he was telling. Then he reached over, took the photograph from my lap and replaced it in the drawer, taking up the thread of the story again.

"There used to be a train through here at two in the morning. Phil came back on it. I reckon he knew more than any of us. Anyway he went right to his wife's room, covered them with his gun, made her strip her fingers of her rings—her wedding ring too—and empty her jewel-cases on the floor. They say he had given her nearly a hundred thousand dollars' worth of trinkets, and I reckon maybe he had. Then he handed that sniveling cur Le Vigne ten thousand dollars in new, crisp bills, and told him and Heloise to get out, with his sworn promise to kill either of them if they ever set foot south of Mason and Dixon's line again."

The doctor paused, looking at me but not seeing me.

"Well?" I asked. "And since then?"

"That's more than twenty years ago," he said slowly, "and since then Phil Nixon has never spoken to a mortal soul!"

I was genuinely startled! "Do you mean that literally, doctor?" I exclaimed.

Doctor Abbott pulled himself back into the present. "I do, sir. He still conducts his plantation and bank, and does it remarkably well. You will find him this minute in his office in the bank. He'll listen to you, but he transacts no business of any kind with any one, except selling cotton and approving loans for the Marston Bank. Now, sir, you understand why I won't introduce you and how futile it would be."

An Hour With the Silent Banker

"I THINK I appreciate your position, doctor, and I want to thank you for your courtesy and for a wonderfully interesting, dramatic story. But I'm going to see Mr. Nixon."

Doctor Abbott smiled indulgently. "Scores of other men have tried it, sir. I know of no reason why you should not."

Leaving Doctor Abbott, I went to the hotel to think things over. I had absolutely nothing to lose by going to call on Mr. Nixon and I felt a consuming desire to see this man of silence. It was still early in the afternoon, so I decided to go at once. The Bank of Marston was a splendid white-pillared colonial structure, almost ludicrously out of keeping with the tumble-down old shops about it. I entered and, on pleading personal business with Mr. Nixon, was courteously and silently shown the way down a narrow passage to the president's office. "Do not knock. Enter and state your business, sir," was all my guide, the cashier, said to me.

I opened the door. Seated at a desk near by was a man, neatly, almost stylishly dressed, a soft gray hat on his head, beneath which I could see a thick mass of wavy, iron-gray hair. The profile of his face was almost classic in its purity, his skin firm and clear. Only a few lines, deep as scars, marked him for the man of sorrow he was. Bent slightly forward, Nixon was slowly rubbing the palm of one hand with the thumb of the other. Of my entrance he took not the slightest notice.

Forewarned, I introduced myself, and then took place the strangest effort at stock selling I ever attempted. Of course it was a monologue, and though ten minutes of that sort of thing was a novelty, an hour and a half of it became the dreariest monotony. I had the field

(Continued on Page 65)

"I Don't Want to Kill You, But You are Going to Sign That Apology!"

IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

XIII

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

"Well, Can You Still Go the Pace?"

THIS desire for a change was the beginning of a long struggle between father and Francis. I do not think there is anything so strong as the whimpering persistence of a weakness. The hardest man must finally yield to its everlasting importunity if he cannot escape it. This is why so many women have their way. And it also accounts for the tyranny old people sometimes exercise over the younger members of their family. The family cannot get rid of them and it cannot reason with their childishness. There is no cessation of the plaintive demand and no peace until they get the thing they desire.

Father exercised all the cunning of paresis in this matter. We heard nothing morning, noon and night but Atlantic City. He praised the air, the sea, the sky, the everlasting life and diversion to be found on the Boardwalk. He thought even the fog was good, stimulating like the mist of wine in the nostrils. He remembered a certain casino where the music was very fine. He supposed, with a sigh, that the music was even better there now. He recalled a palm garden. He had heard that this place now had a cabaret in it where there was some exceptionally good dancing. He remembered the gay Bohemian atmosphere of this place. He called to mind a good many things that he should have forgotten—a girl with feathers in her hair and a mere frill round her waist, who used to dance somewhere in a little place on the Boardwalk twenty years ago. He considered her the finest artist he had ever seen.

Then his mood would change and he would think only of the sea: how noble it was, how it affected his soul, emblem of the great Eternity. You might have supposed, to hear him, that the ocean never appeared anywhere else off the shores of this continent except at Atlantic City. He would sit at the dinner-table in the evening with folded hands, his head bowed, his chin upon his breast, knife and fork crossed idly upon his plate. He had no appetite, but he remembered how hearty his had been at Atlantic City. The food was very fine—the best he had ever tasted. He was sure that if he could only eat he would feel stronger, take more interest in his business. He knew that his practice was going. Buckhaulter had never understood law. Still, feeling as he did now, he could do nothing with it.

He sent a letter to his old friend Morgan, and by the devil's own luck, according to Francis, Morgan received it. He wrote in reply that he always spent the month of August at Atlantic City and that nothing would give him more pleasure than to meet father there. They would revive old times. They would do a thing or two. Father read excerpts from this letter to us one evening after dinner; then with a sigh he folded it and put it back in his pocket.

But every time Francis came in after that father would take it out and cast his eye silently over it.

He began to sit all day in his chair. No, he would not come with me into the garden. No, he did not feel strong enough to go to church that Sabbath. He did not remember ever having attended divine services in Atlantic City, but he thought he would like to do so. Where were the Isle of Patmos and the seven candlesticks? Would Joy kindly get his Bible for him. He believed he would read about the Isle of Patmos instead of going to church. The rector was a fool anyhow! Last time he had been to hear him he preached from the text: "And Samson went out and shook himself." There was no gospel in a man's going out and shaking himself and no sense in that discourse. He was himself a poor old star revolving in the dust. He had seen better days, when he could go where he pleased; when he was beholden to no man for his comfort, much less to his own children. Sharper than a serpent's tooth was an ungrateful child—Francis would live to regret his parsimony to his old father, and so forth and so on.

Francis had his own notions about who should be grateful in his family, but Nature had placed him in the wrong relation to the situation for him to defend himself. At the end of three weeks he yielded the point. One evening, after a particularly trying day with father, he called me into the library, looking angrily defeated.

"Joy, I can't afford this trip to Atlantic City father wants, but I can't stand his puling importunities any longer. I have told him he can go. Make your plans to accompany him." He hesitated, frowning. I could almost see his pockets shrinking as he added:

"I suppose you will need some—things!"

"I suppose I shall," I answered coolly.

"Get them. I wish I had a son in college—some excuse to offer against this outrageous extravagance!"

The next morning father put on his hat, a trifle to one side, and started out, walking jauntily. He was going downtown. He was himself again. He must give Buckhaulter some instructions about the case of Brown versus Smith. Buckhaulter was a fool and he might bungle the whole thing in his absence.

I went the same day to Madame Prince, feeling strangely elated. For two years now I had been reduced to choosing sensible, even durable, things to wear, made by a sewing woman. Cupid despises a sewing woman. And the girl who pins her faith to a bodice designed by one need not look for love in the high places. The thing may fit, but it does not endear her to a man, because sewing women come from a class where virtue and thrift predominate over the lace and the frilled Frenchiness of real sweetheart toggery. The seamstress I employed was a poor, dreary-eyed, hard-working person, who sewed for me as if she were making penitential sackcloth garments for a little beanpole of salvation. I never could recognize myself in the frocks she made.

And Madame did not know me either at first when I entered her establishment that morning. Naturally she would not recognize Joy Marr, the girl whom she had helped to become the belle of Millidge seven years before, in this tight shirtwaist and mournful skirt. It is a mistake to suppose that the belles and grandes dames who move in society are the real creators of it. The dressmaker who designs and makes their gowns comes nearer doing it. The most brilliant woman in the world could not hold her own in society if a mere seamstress made her clothes.

Madame received me haughtily in a little room with a raised platform in the middle of the floor.

"I think perhaps you have made a mistake," she said, looking at me as if I had been a remnant.

"Madame," I exclaimed, "don't you know me, Joy Marr! Don't you remember the Hallowe'en gown you ordered for me from Paris?"

"Oh!" she answered dryly. "What can I do for you, Miss Marr?"

"I came in to see if you could make "

"Something serviceable, I suppose," she interrupted, still regarding me coldly over her noseglasses, with her little fat hands crossed in her lap.

It was difficult to explain. She was accustomed to lose her belle customers after they married or retired into spinsterhood, but she was not accustomed to having one come back in this manner and demand to bloom again. Besides, she was one of those proudest of all beings, an aristocrat who had come down in the world, and she continued to make the richest women feel this like a thorn in the side every time she condescended to take up with her own fingers their under-arm darts. She positively would not do it either until she was sure her bill would be paid. Also it was beneath the dignity of a true artist to be limited in the price. She recalled that she had had some difficulty with Mr. Francis Marr about the last bill. She had been offended, wounded in her artistic sensibilities.

I hastened to explain, and to assure her that if I got of her what I wanted she might charge what she pleased.

But, beg pardon, what did I want?

That also I made clear with some embarrassment.

"Oh, to be a rose again, to bloom in another place."

Good! very good—and wise. So many girls did not think of the advantage of transplanting their charms!

"I know exactly what you require, my dear. Now will you stand here upon the form? It is a divine moment when the true artist looks for the right inspiration."

I mounted the platform. Madame inspected me, humming a little tune. She laid a critical finger upon my former waistline. What in Heaven's name had I done with my zone? There was no proper curve here—a frightful error, a concession that should never have been made! She divested me of the shirtwaist. I felt the tug of my corset laces and a yielding of my anatomy to the spirit. For the first time in two years I felt the spirit in me rise above the waistline. A happy sensation. I understood how a swan feels when it curves its neck—does it because it cannot curve its breastbone. I had the swan feeling. I began to use my neck properly. Madame tried this color and that. She draped me in mauve and pink. She believed what I needed was green. She knew exactly how to make a pale girl look like an anemone and a florid one look like a languorous rose. Whatever your fault was, she exaggerated that, enhanced it and called it your charm, your distinction. Mine, she said, was abounding vitality, health, fairness—therefore green, the resurrection color of life in Nature. At the end of an hour I went away comforted, as if I had been born again and in the right place. My whole mind was changed.

I spent the next two weeks in outward preparation, and in preparations within that were even more remarkable. I was once more the adventuress, a woman bent upon the everlasting quest. To have all one's virtues, but no husband, that of course was not so bad as to have no virtues, but it was not good. I was deliberately planning a campaign for matrimony at Atlantic City. I concentrated upon that. When a woman of twenty-seven begins to look for a husband she is looking for an anticlimax. Not that all husbands are anticlimaxes, but the metamorphosis in the maiden's mind to that of this shrewder woman who has put aside mere lovers for a matrimonial commodity is in the nature of bad prosody. But I accomplished it. I had had lovers, and I had entertained the ambition to marry a rich man. The difference now was that I was ready to look just

for some one to marry. Women do come to that. Those who achieve husbands know what a trial they are, but those who have not them do mightily crave this natural exasperation.

Mrs. Buckhaulter was astonished at the change in me. She wondered what it meant. She came over one day and called my attention to the fact that I was neglecting the garden. Lilies required watering during July if they were to bloom properly in August. She was surprised that I did not know that. I did know it, but I did not care whether a single lily bloomed in August.

It is true, we are made by environment. But occasionally that which we really are escapes—and it is not what we are made by environment. Two years of frightful discipline had not changed me. I reverted joyfully to type, and practiced prettiness before my mirror with the same ardor with which a bird flirts with its shadow in a pool.

I went to see Alice, startled her out of a trance with the news of what was afoot—not the real thing, but merely that father and I were going away. She was reclining upon the sofa in her tiny parlor, reading The Voice of the Silence.

"Joy, darling, when will you learn that one may get away, may ascend without ever going anywhere at all?"

"I don't want to ascend. I just want a change, and father must have it. He is much better already even at the prospect," I laughed.

She thought it was foolish; still she loaned me her pearls and a lace scarf, and she hoped I'd enjoy myself. I left her listless, preoccupied. I wondered if she ever thought of David now.

David! I would not think of him. Yet that night, as I lay with my eyes wide in the dark trying to plan what I should do, how I should look, straining to imagine where and how I should meet this next man—the face of David arose before me, a dear and distant reality. It was as if far away, beyond my knowledge of where he was, he appeared like a vision. He searched me with mournful eyes, not accusing, as if he knew of me what I did not know of myself. I was irritated. I tried to sleep, and wept instead. Love, real love, is an awful faithfulness that may survive even in the least faithful. It is a divine integrity we sometimes suffer against our wills.

The first week in August found father and me established in one of the quieter hotels in Atlantic City. Twenty years before it had been the gayest hostelry there. Now it was sedate, had acquired a pedigree for respectability, and a hold upon a strand of guests reaching from New York to San Francisco, who came season after season as birds migrate.

The meeting between father and Mr. Morgan was pathetic, with an element of comedy in it. They were both very old, dragging their hindlegs, so to speak, with all the strength they had in the opposite direction from the waiting grave.

They stood in the lobby, each reared back, two old blades regarding each other with whimsical inquisitiveness; as if the one asked the other:

"Well, can you still go the pace? How is your stroke? Play billiards yet? Know a pretty ankle when you see one? Good Lord, man, don't tell me you have lost your interest in the fair sex. And your health? Good, I hope! Mine never was better. Feel today just as I used to feel when we came here together—like a three-year-old with the bridle off."

I stood aside watching the inventory they made of each other, astonished that father denied his gout, perfectly sure by Morgan's slipshod tenderness of foot that he suffered from the same malady.

"I want you to meet my daughter," said father, turning and beckoning to me.

"Joy, this is Mr. Mortimer Morgan, of whom you have heard me speak so often."

"My dear young lady, this is one of the happiest days of my life," exclaimed the old gentleman, struggling with his short body to bring it down in a proper bow and to get it up again. "Marr, she flatters you. Never knew before that a bird of paradise could resemble an old cock!" he went on, regarding me with open admiration.

"She is just like me," father affirmed with serene satisfaction.

Then they both began to fidget, to shift from one foot to the other and strain at the leash of politeness. They were anxious to be gone. They fumbled in their lying old heads for an excuse to get away. Father had the expression of a lame old war horse with his head over the bar sniffing the wind.

"Joy," he said presently, "I have something to show Morgan—most extraordinary development of this place. Be back in five minutes."

They linked arms and went out, each striking a pace, a slight and painful strut, and going in the direction of the bar.

This happened in the evening after dinner upon the day of our arrival. The orchestra was playing a selection from Madama Butterfly. The guests were gathering round little tables in the green room below, smoking and drinking coffee—beautifully gowned women, hard-looking, well-groomed men. I went up and chose a seat beside the wall

"Fate is at This Moment Standing Behind You"

near the door. I wore a white embroidered marquisette over satin, with Alice's scarf merely outlining my shoulders. I felt very much at home, very sure of myself. This is a courage the most timid woman acquires when she knows she is making as good an appearance as, or even a better one than, any other woman in sight. Female courage is largely a matter of clothes. The boldest woman in society would become modest, retiring, if she were suddenly reduced to wearing a plain high-necked muslin that had been laundered and darned.

Among the guests there was a man seated at one of the tables near the center of the room smoking a cigarette. He was tall and extremely well dressed. He had a large head with thick black hair sprinkled with gray; a mouth which in spite of the thickness of the lips he kept drawn close in, in a tight red line. His chin was deeply notched, his cheeks were full. He had large, heavy, slowly moving eyes with which he searched the room.

From the moment he discovered me he fixed his gaze appraisingly upon me. It was such a look as no woman likes—no admiration in it, merely calculation. She feels that there is an error in the man's point of view; that his gaze is directed to her person, not to her. She feels that he has a knowledge of her sex that is not complimentary, and that he is estimating her according to this knowledge. There is no greater mistake to be made than to endure it. You make exactly the concession he has in mind.

Feeling this, I arose and went to my room. Father must have gone to his some time during the night, but I had every reason to believe that he and Morgan tried each other to the limit of their endurance. The next morning they were only two sulky old men willing to take the Boardwalk in a rolling chair. Before the end of the day they had both admitted their afflictions, and they now spent their time exchanging sympathy and symptoms and pains. They could not understand how they came to have certain troubles. Neither of them would have admitted that gout is a kind of logic based upon the premises of a certain way of living. Father said he inherited his from his mother, who developed rheumatism in the little finger of her left hand when she was about his age. Morgan refused to accuse his mother. He said every one in the East had it; that it came from the climate. The very wind there had swollen joints.

I spent much of my time attending these two old invalids the first week, listening to their eloquent and sometimes comically veiled reminiscences, accompanying them upon the Boardwalk when they could not by any means get rid of me. I was astonished and fascinated by the appearance and significance of this famous promenade. It was like a bargain counter of humanity, five miles long, covered so thick that one could never see the boards beneath the moving throng of every imaginable kind of man or woman, from every nation and every country, from all the alleys and byways and Broadways of the cities of the world. Long strands of rolling chairs wound back and forth through it like adult baby carriages. Thousands of women with horribly sad faces painted to represent joy and health tripped over it; thousands of young ones looking this way and that, always apparently looking for something, somebody; and men coming and going, to match the sorrow in those that were painted, and the expectation of those who were searching; now and then a poor old remnant, like father or Mr. Morgan, limping along like an answer to the whole thing.

This was the year when fashion passed from the realism of outrageously narrow skirts, of straight revealing lines, back into the romanticism of folds and draperies, but still showing its stockings within the slit skirts. You may always know when fashion is going back to the prettier charm of sentimentality by the fact that it begins to puff out its sleeves and to catch up its folds with knots of ribbon or flowers, and to draw in its waistline, and to say in every conscionable way that there is somewhere concealed in these folds and draperies a far more entrancing form than could possibly reveal itself in the narrow integrity of the recent ugly fashion.

And, I admit it here, I may have had a bad mind, but I had the feeling that one had only to get into this moving stream, so silent, yet so animated, to have the sensation that one really was a commodity. The very place hawked you. The surf was full of bathers, every pier was full of spectators. But whatever you did, whether you appeared in your abbreviated sea togs or your tailored clothes, you seemed to demonstrate what you were worth. This, I say, may have been largely due to the state of my own mind at the time, which was undoubtedly willing to consider a transaction in matrimony.

And that which afforded a significance to the situation for me was the stranger I had seen the first night in the green room. I could not go out or come in without being aware of this man in my immediate neighborhood. I was not acquainted with the species. In the South we do have silent, moon-eyed lovers who stand and gaze sometimes before they are really introduced, but always with a kind of humility, never impudently appraising.

I began at last to feel as if I were being stalked patiently and persistently by a large and dangerous animal of a kind that was entirely unknown to me.

XIV

ONE evening after dinner father and I were seated upon the veranda of the hotel. A rain had fallen, but now the sky was clearing. The moon shone like a bright shepherdess in a wandering flock of little clouds. The Boardwalk glistened wet beneath the arclights. Guests were pouring out of the hotel, ascending the incline and mingling with the ever-increasing throng. The air was filled with the music of near and distant orchestras, with faint peals of laughter and the sound of many voices, all gay, all filled with the raptures of the sea.

Father was smoking. I was wondering if after all nothing was going to happen for me. This place, so suggestive of intrigue, of love's adventures, remained somehow beyond my capacity. I was like a poor mariner becalmed—water everywhere and none to drink. Men everywhere and not one to pay court to me; no one to whom I could speak except these two blades with their legs squeezed up in rubber stockings.

I thought of Millidge, a mere pin-point in the distance, with its life going on in the summer heat like the droning of bees in a garden. I thought of David, removed now in consciousness farther than the farthest star shining above this wide expanse of tumbling gray water. I thought of the stranger I had seen so often regarding me, choosing me out of the crowd, silently, persistently, with fine attention. I felt sometimes as if he were carefully numbering the strands of my hair, the two curls that crinkled up on my neck; that he said to himself:

"All golden!"

I knew that he studied my face; I had felt him make a note of my brows, of the color of my eyes. I had sometimes seen him draw nearer when I was speaking to father or to Mr. Morgan, and understood that he was trying to catch the tones of my voice. Once when I laughed at some limping witticism of father's I caught a fleeting applause in his quickening eye, as if he said to himself:

"That laugh—it matches her eyes and her golden hair."

As I considered all these tokens of his interest I began to be irritated at the fact that he sought no means of meeting me. I was sure he could have accomplished this if he desired to do so.

Father straightened up in his chair, looked over his shoulder impatiently as if he was weary of waiting to keep an appointment. At this moment Mr. Morgan came out, hobbling painfully. He was accompanied by some one. Father settled back slyly in his chair. Mr. Morgan hurried forward with his companion. He halted in front of me, the other standing beside him tall and smiling.

"Miss Marr, I want to present my friend, Mr. Roger Collier. This young lady, Collier, is the last and loveliest of a family distinguished in the South for its beautiful women."

He puffed out the introduction, faced it with this glaring compliment and bowed.

"Mr. Collier," I murmured, startled and blushing furiously. I recognized the stranger of whom I had just been thinking. I was confused like a person who has received an immediate answer to prayer and does not know what to do with it.

Mr. Morgan refused to sit down. Father arose with so much alacrity that I perceived they had something afoot that did not include me.

"Fine large night, Mr. Collier," said father. He and Morgan would take a stroll if we would excuse them. Yes, of course, they would return presently.

They made off arm in arm, heads reared back, their sticks clacking upon the floor. Father's "presently" always meant the next morning.

We watched them descend to the pavement; then we looked at each other and exchanged a smile that covered the situation so far as they were concerned. Roger Collier seated himself beside me, and we began one of those prefatory conversations two persons who really know each other sometimes engage in by way of getting through the formality of first acquaintance.

I am unable to recall what we said. It does not matter, for we did not say anything we really thought. I discovered he was entirely different from the men I had known, that he was brilliant, splendidly educated, far and away the most delightful person I had ever heard talk. And I soon perceived that he was not interested in what I said any more than a grown person is interested in reading a primer, but that he was interested in me myself, in the tones of my voice, in my appearance, in merely the femininity of this feminine. He discussed ideas and courted me with his eyes. I whipped up the draperies of my fanciful mind and pretended to follow him, looking demurely out at the stars as if they were first cousins of mine.

At the end of an hour father had not returned. I said I must go in and write some letters. He accompanied me to the door. He hoped he would see me next day, and so forth.

That was the beginning of the affair between us which lasted for two weeks. We seemed to say to each other each evening, "To be continued tomorrow." I did not know if it was a summer flirtation or if he was really in earnest. I was serious enough in my own purpose, however veiled it might be beneath the apparently accidental meetings we accomplished and the apparently aimless diversions of each day. I did not ask myself what manner of husband this man would make. The important thing was to get one. I was not in love with him, but I was absorbed in the determination to win him if I could. I reflected that a woman can always manage the man she marries if she is not in love with him. This was my protection.

There are portions of our lives here and there that we instinctively try to forget; days that do not record our greatest griefs or misfortunes, but that are dreadfully biographical of a life in us that we desire to disown. Looking back, I find this blur over the remaining two weeks of the time father and I spent in Atlantic City. The mind itself refuses to vivify incidents far more definite than many others set down in these pages. I am unwilling to face the truth; I find in myself a disposition to atone for it with explanations and excuses. And when you think of it there is no fault so grave, no crime so wicked that we cannot palliate it in this manner. I may as well put in the excuse, the palliation here. Later I perceived that there was none equal to the transgression I committed.

A good woman has no knowledge of the length and breadth of a certain masculine unscrupulousness. She lacks the terrible, devastating experience for this understanding. She walks safely upon the edge of a precipice because she does not see the depths below. The worst man is often the most fascinating, is often the most attractive to her, provided he conceals his identity beneath the cloak of gallantry and courtesy. He is the most accomplished lover in the world. He is an artist in emotions. She is merely his tambourine. I experienced this pleasure to an extraordinary degree in Collier's company. He made love, not as David had done with the definite avowal of an honest man, not as Emmet had done with the ardor of an angry cynic, not with the boyish exaggerations of my young beaux, but with the discrimination of a fine elegance, as if love were an art, not an emotion, as if this were a little drama written by an excellent playwright not to be bungled, each act, every situation to be worked out with delicacy and a certain fine precision.

The less you love really, the more does this manner of acting love appeal. From the first I entered shrewdly into the spirit of the thing, merely wondering how he would manage the climax. The Boardwalk became a mystic maze through which I came always to meet Collier. The rest of the people there were only supers.

The morning after our talk upon the veranda I bestowed father and Mr. Morgan in their rolling chair and followed afoot. I wore a white cloth suit, a white hat. I was a slim figure in the dense throng, with my face lifted like a semaphore. Presently I saw him, smiling at me over the shoulders of half a hundred people.

"I am Insanely, Madly in Love With You"

"Going somewhere?" he asked, elbowing his way to me.

"Yes, I am the honorary escort of two old gentlemen in a rolling chair," I answered.

"Last seen on the pier half an hour ago," he laughed. "Never could overtake them in this crowd."

We faced about, descended to the sands, found a cool place and spent the morning watching the bathers.

Every day after that we began in this manner. We managed to find corners not invaded by the crowd, freshened and cooled by the spray of the surf. We spent hours considering each other in desultory talk about other matters, wondering what we were going to do about it. At least I wondered. I left the question to him. The dénouement in a play of this kind must be accomplished by the hero. I made no attempt to entertain him.

When a man is thinking of you, of you the woman, it is madness to disturb the concentration of his instincts by appealing to his mind. I left him to carry on these monologues with himself about me, while I sat beside him serenely silent, sure of my appearance, of my nerve and of my patience.

One afternoon we were having tea far down the walk. The place was nearly empty. He looked at me quizzically.

"Joy—is that your title or your name?" he asked.

"My name," I answered, smiling.

"Well, you'll be obliged to remain as you are then. You could never marry and keep it," he said.

I was disagreeably startled by something veiled in his tones.

"Still my name is Joy, and Joy I shall remain," I replied, rising.

We came out upon the Boardwalk. The tide was slipping in over the red horizon, every wave capped with foam.

"Yes," he agreed, "Joy is your label. And it fits you, defines you as the foam defines the nature of the sea. Tomorrow, tonight, when the wind dies down, it will be gone, that lacy lightness of the water. Shall we make the most of Joy while it lasts?" He turned to me gravely.

"You speak a riddle. I do not understand you," I murmured, looking away from him.

"You do not understand love then."

"No? What is love?"

"The tide," he answered.

"That ebbs?"

"Yes!"

"I do not like your definition."

"Because you do not like the truth. Women never do."

"Is this the truth?"

"That I love you? Yes."

"That the tide ebbs?" I retorted quickly.

"We cannot change the laws of Nature by loving. Let us be content with the present hour."

"But I am not content with the tomorrow of your outrageous knowledge!" I replied, looking at him with troubled eyes, seeing in his for the first time a grim passion.

"Very well, tomorrow we shall know more about it. Tomorrow we will go up to the Inlet and question the sea at that place. Since I think of it," he smiled, "the Inlet affects the flow there, guards it into a narrow channel, and I know a quiet place to sit beneath the Walk. Will you come?"

"Yes," I agreed as we ascended the steps of the hotel.

Shadows have a queer effect upon character, like environment. The next day we had scarcely reached the Inlet when the sky was suddenly overcast. We hurriedly descended from the Walk and took refuge from the approaching storm. The place was very dark. The rain began to fall in torrents. The waves, racing in before the wind, threw their spray over us. I looked at him, in the quick alarm a woman always feels when lightning slits the sky and thunder rumbles threateningly overhead.

I looked and drew back. He was no longer the delightful companion or even the lover. He seemed all at once to belong to this darkness. This was his cave, the place in which he really lived.

(Continued on Page 77)

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 4, 1913

The West and South are It

IS THERE no impetuous Sam Adams, no steadfast Ben Franklin, in these degenerate days to inspire a repetition of that memorable assembly which gathered in New York one day in October one hundred and forty-eight years ago for the purpose of affirming the great principle that inhabitants of the Atlantic seaboard of North America can never be taxed, except by a government in which they have a due share?

Eastern Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania contain one-fifth of the population of the United States; but when you come to look them up at Washington you discover that somebody has slipped a decimal point in front of them. It is a significant fact that when the assembled bankers selected a delegation to lay their views before the Administration they carefully refrained from appointing anybody who lived less than eight hundred miles west of the Alleghanies—with the exception of one gentleman who conducts a village bank in Connecticut.

The Empire State alone contains about ten million people; but no citizen of that state other than a duly elected member of Congress now thinks of crossing the Susquehanna without first tucking his trousers into his boots. Of the two great measures that engage the attention of this special session of Congress the complexion of one is Southern, of the other Western. We like the looks of both.

It is a sober fact that the effective political thinking of the country for half a dozen or more years has been done increasingly in the West and South. Roosevelt and Wilson get their inspiration and strength mainly west of Pittsburgh. Oklahoma's indorsement of a proposition signifies more as to its probable success than New York's does. Will the seaboard get up another no-taxation-without-representation revolution?

Laws Against Speculation

THE Senate caucus retained the tax of a tenth of a cent a pound on trades in cotton futures. Senator Cummins proposes to destroy speculation by a tax of ten per cent on all short sales of stock and grain. Legislation against speculation is going to be heard from further at Washington.

Now the facts about speculation were never better expressed than by ex-Governor Hughes' commission: "A real distinction exists between speculation which is carried on by persons of means and experience, and based on an intelligent forecast, and that which is carried on by persons without those qualifications. The former is closely connected with regular business. The latter does but a small amount of good and an almost incalculable amount of evil. Its ramifications extend to all parts of the country. It involves practical certainty of loss to those who engage in it.

"A continuous stream of wealth taken from the actual capital of innumerable persons of relatively small means swells the income of brokers and operators who depend on this class of business; and so far as it is consumed, like most income, it represents a waste of capital. The total amount of this waste is rudely indicated by the obvious cost of the vast mechanism of brokerage and by manipulators' gains. But for a continuous influx of new customers replacing those whose losses force them from the 'street,' this costly mechanism of speculation could not be maintained on anything like its present scale."

Stock exchanges, boards of trade and cotton exchanges have always been far too hospitable to speculation by persons of small means and no experience. Their members' incomes are made up of commissions; and the more trades, the more commissions. But if they do not discourage this class of speculation voluntarily Congress will eventually do it for them.

Wages and Prices

INCREASED cost of living during the last dozen years has been a worldwide phenomenon—as noticeable in Tokio as in New York; and it seems to be a worldwide fact that wages, though advancing almost everywhere, have not kept pace with the rise in commodity prices. This is certainly true of England, for the Board of Trade has lately published a very comprehensive report on the subject, which shows, in a word, that rents and food prices since 1905 have risen about twice as fast as wages.

Unfortunately our Bureau of Labor Statistics has been switched off of several special investigations ordered by Congress, so we have had no comprehensive report on wages in this country for several years; but the available evidence indicates that wages, as a whole, have hardly increased so much as the cost of housing and food. At least there is no reason to suppose they have risen any higher.

Our vast importations of raw foreign labor may have some effect in retarding a rise in wages; but a recent colloquy in the Senate between a New Englander and a Southerner brought out the fact that cotton-mill wages in the South are still decidedly lower than in the North—a condition the Southerner defended on the extraordinary ground that Southern wages, however small they may be, all go to native Americans; whereas Northern mill wages went largely to "foreign cattle."

Of course the native American is welcome to all the comfort he can extract from the circumstance that he is paid less than "foreign cattle"; and in any event he cannot blame immigration for his meager pay-envelope.

No other economic question is more important than the one connoted by this relationship between wages and prices; but other economic questions get more consideration.

Trying it on Our Cousins

SURELY it is very important for any country to know how its judicial system will work under given circumstances. In view of that fact we think it incumbent on the British Government to invite Mr. Rockefeller to come over there and pull the Lord High Chancellor's nose. From tenderest years we have been used to English animadversions on the senile inability of American law to function properly when a man with a bank account starts to tie it into a hard knot.

We have always believed that this humiliating defect was peculiar to our law and that English law was entirely superior to it; but this belief has been pretty thoroughly shattered by the legal events that began to happen with amazing rapidity the moment an American lunatic, with a fortune to draw upon, ran across the Canadian border after having escaped from an asylum here.

Possibly American money possesses some special quality that no legal system can withstand; and if Thaw's millions had been of Canadian origin the British system that obtains there might have seized him firmly by the scruff of the neck and thrust him back into his cell. But his American millions produced the same effect there that we are accustomed to see here. We note that eminent Canadian lawyers are quite as ready to charter special trains, appeal, except, delay, obfuscate and play court against court as ever their American colleagues are when a fat fee is in sight.

We really wish—in the pure interests of legal science—that Mr. Rockefeller would go to London and throw an inkstand at the Court. We should like to see whether they could get him into jail inside of ten years!

A Literary Uplift

WE MOST heartily congratulate our cherished contemporary, the Congressional Record, upon having at length obtained a new leading feature. Summer—when automobile, fishing tackle, canoe, golf links, baseball field, tennis court, and a myriad other powerful attractions rise up in mighty competition with the reading table—is always a trying time for editors at best. And for five open months this year our enterprising contemporary was doomed—with a perverse luck that would have turned any sanctum into a cave of despair—to run a serial that there was not the slightest chance of anybody's reading at any season.

The plot was threadbare. Snow and rain of five consecutive seasons had washed all the dye out of the villain's mustache and splattered it over his shirt-bosom. The heroine's once starry eyes had become as lusterless as two moldy walnuts; two-thirds of her golden tresses had dropped off, exposing the excelsior underneath. The very office boys had read the piece so often that they knew exactly how every chapter was going to end, and case-hardened proofreaders wept from ennui over the prettiest speeches.

For five months, then, the Record has been dull beyond anything in our recollection. This was inevitable, for nobody could say anything about the tariff that had not been said twenty times before in the last five years. Thank goodness, the stupid piece has come to an end at last! May we hear no more of it for another five years!

The new serial—entitled Banking and Currency, by Carter Glass, Robert L. Owen, Woodrow Wilson and many other able authors—starts off promisingly and will no doubt restore our contemporary to its former condition of readableness. We hope the subscription list will grow.

When Bankers Disagree

NO NEW legislation is ever proposed without evoking innumerable cocksure statements as to how it will work; but every modest layman in politics should ever bear in mind that, as to almost any really new legislation, nobody can tell how it actually will work.

The banking bill aptly illustrates this general rule. That bill proposes certain specific changes in bank reserves. You might innocently imagine that any experienced banker, with the provisions of the bill before him and a report of the comptroller of the currency at hand, could easily figure out what the banking position would be if the bill became law; but the melancholy fact is that experienced bankers arrive at diametrically opposite results. Some of them contend that the bill will cause a contraction of credits; others contend that it will cause an inflation.

Now in this problem there are no vague factors of morals and of debatable human motives, such as enter into so many other legislative problems. It is all a hard, concrete affair of dollars and cents; yet the doctors are as far apart as though the workings of the law depended upon a predominance of altruism over selfishness or some such stuff.

Income-Tax Comparisons

AS THE Senate caucus arranged it, the income tax is one per cent on incomes above three thousand dollars and below twenty thousand, with one per cent additional on incomes between twenty thousand and fifty thousand, the progressive surtax rising by steps until it becomes six per cent on incomes above half a million. Senators Lodge, Root and others strongly opposed this progressive surtax as an unjust discrimination against wealth.

We had an income tax during the sixties, the rates being changed several times. The law of 1862 imposed a rate of three per cent on incomes above six hundred dollars and five per cent if the income exceeded ten thousand dollars. The law of 1864 imposed a tax of five per cent on incomes between six hundred dollars and five thousand, seven and a half per cent on incomes between five thousand and ten thousand, and ten per cent on all above ten thousand.

The next year this was changed to ten per cent on all above five thousand dollars, which stood until 1867, when a flat rate of five per cent was imposed on all incomes above one thousand dollars.

In short, the Civil War income tax was far heavier than this one and went much farther in the direction of laying the heavier burden on the larger income. The justice of taxing large incomes at a higher rate than small ones was as earnestly debated as in this year of grace and with substantially the same arguments pro and con.

Some insurgents in the House wanted to tax big incomes twenty-five per cent. Some conservatives in the Senate declared that any progressive tax was mere robbery of the thrifty. It is an old fight and the end of it is not in sight.

Your Expectancy of Life

PASSING a medical examination for life insurance does not raise the least presumption that you will outlive any other man of your age. It means merely that your expectancy of life is not subnormal. Life-insurance premiums are based on the average mortality. The sound actuarial reason for medical examination is that, without it, men would put off insuring themselves until they developed tuberculosis or Bright's disease; consequently the companies would get subnormal risks instead of the average.

The point is illustrated by an amusing little controversy over group risks that now agitates life-insurance circles. Some companies will issue a blanket policy covering, say, a thousand men who are employed in a given plant, without any medical examination. By embracing a large number of men they get the average mortality, which is all they need.

Broadly speaking, your paycheck is the only health certificate you need. If you are holding down a job six days a week you are quite justified—in the absence of specific warnings to the contrary—in taking it for granted that your expectancy of life is as good as the next man's of your age.

Life insurance ought to be universal. No married man who has not a fortune has any business to be without it. We should like to see this group-risk plan elaborated until life insurance and paycheck go together.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

His Destiny Hinged on Two-Sixty

THERE are various reasons why editors do not go to Congress in greater numbers, one being that most editors are so durned busy telling Congress what to do and how to do it that they have no time to run down to Washington and take some of their own advice.

Likewise, I suppose, there are various reasons why editors do go to Congress. These reasons are rather hard to think of on the spur of the moment, but no doubt they can be discovered and card-indexed if one sets his mind to it and has a taste for that sort of thing.

Of course, when you take the editors who are not in Congress, on the one hand, and the editors who are in Congress, on the other hand—separate them into two grand divisions of ins and outs—the ratiocination of the outs as disposed against the concatenation of the ins makes it reasonably plain to see that the kind of editors who do go to Congress is teetotally different from the kind of editors who do not go to Congress. But, for all that, an editor can be a statesman if he tries; and it is a cinch a statesman can be an editor—anybody can—or thinks he can when he has nothing else to do.

It's a curious thing how the editing business of this country has fallen into such incompetent hands—to hear the statesmen tell it—and, as I was saying, when you see the kind of editors who do go to Congress you cease to wonder why so many do not go—which is no slam at General Sherwood, or Charley Smith, or J. K. Vardaman, or E. Fadden Townsend, or Colonel Henry Aristides Barnhart, or any of the rest of them, and is merely a fugitive thought set down in a fugacious manner.

To return to the subject before the house, there are a few reasons why editors go to Congress; but I venture to state, for the information of all concerned, that no editor ever before went to Congress for the same reason Tom Stout did. History contains no parallel for the impelling cause for the advent of Tom Stout, of Montana, in our national forum. I defy all and sundry to dig up another similar consideration, design, rationality or logical basis for the presence of any editor, since time began, in the halls of Congress, drawing down a salary and perquisites, and belonging to the great and unterrified majority—or to the great, and similarly unterrified minority either.

The reason for Tom Stout is unique, and this is it: He is one of Oscar Underwood's faithful followers because the railroad fare from New London, Missouri, is two dollars and sixty cents less to Billings, Montana, than the railroad fare from New London, Missouri, to Boise, Idaho. On such small change does destiny hang! But, at the same time, that two-sixty is responsible for Tom. Suppose he could have spared the two-sixty and had gone to Boise, Idaho! The chances are he would not be in Congress at all—at least, not yet. He could not spare the two-sixty. Hence he is in Congress, as I shall explain.

Tom—that's the way he signs himself; so it smacks of no familiarity with a statesman to speak of him in this informal manner—Tom lived in New London, Missouri, having been born there and unable to get away until a time about twelve years ago when he became seized, as the legal phrase runs, with a certain sum of ready cash.

Why Tom Chose Billings

CASH was the most unready thing, from Tom's viewpoint, of which New London boasted; but he secured a certain sum—the profits from two years of teaching school and other manual labor. Don't laugh now! It is manual labor to teach school in Missouri. Those big boys are mighty hard to maul.

Anyhow, Tom had in his jeans a certain sum of ready cash. He had—not in his jeans, but in his mind—a well-defined desire to go away from New London—to migrate—to step fearlessly out into the world and seek new fields for certain deeds of high emprise he had under consideration, one of which was the getting of more than twenty-five dollars a month for teaching school.

He had no definite idea of where he wanted to go, but he had a most definite and particular idea that he was going; so he counted his money carefully, secured a few railroad folders, read the various excellencies of the trains that ran northward and westward, and consulted the local ticket agent, who had been his friend from boyhood days.

"I desire to go somewhere," Tom said.

"Where?" asked the agent.

"Oh, I dunno; I want to go about thirty-seven-dollars-and-forty-cents' worth."

"Which direction?"

"It's immaterial to me. Pick me out some good place that is thirty-seven-forty from here."

The agent pondered, and consulted schedules.

"I can sell you to Boise, Idaho," he said, "for the whole thirty-seven-forty, or I can land you in Billings, Montana, for thirty-four-eighty."

"Gimme Billings," said Tom. "I may want to eat."

Thus, as I previously remarked, do we discover on what small change does destiny hang! Tom went to Billings, arriving there with about one dollar cash in hand, one suit of clothes, a gait like a cotton-chopper, and a good disposition. He was happy, carefree, and announced to Billings that he had come to stay. This determination created no particular consternation in Billings, where people arrive almost every day; and Tom, after using his dollar prudently, was forced to look about for sustenance.

He accepted a position mixing cement for a local contractor, beginning work at the unseasonable hour of seven A. M. He lasted until fourteen minutes to ten, at which time the contractor told him, with a note of deep regret in his voice, that he was not temperamentally fitted for cement mixing; and, rather than spoil a good hobo, he would not take the responsibility of keeping him there and making a mediocre cement mixer of him.

Tom soon got a job on a newspaper and pursued journalism assiduously, but rarely caught up with it for a long-enough period to get much increment therefrom. After a time he went on the Billings Gazette.

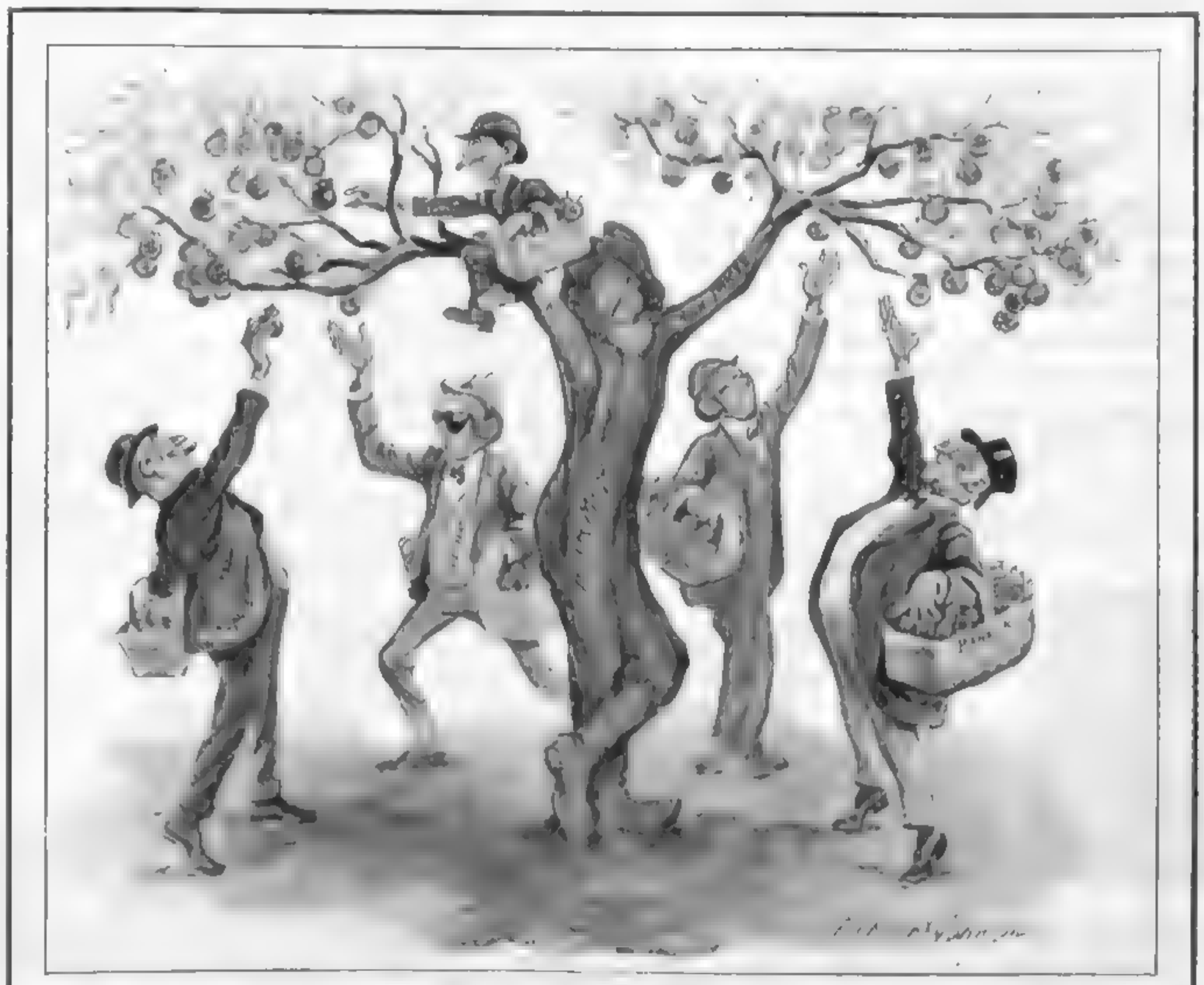
Tom was there for about a year. Then the Fergus County Argus man, over at Lewistown, wired to E. H. Becker, of the Gazette, for a man to come out and help him on the Argus. Maybe Becker wanted to unload Tom and maybe he did not. Anyhow, he did a good thing for Tom, who went out and took the job.

Presently there came litigation over the paper run by Jeffy Johns. Tom got hold of it, backed by a friend, and changed the name of the paper to the Fergus County Democrat, which it still is, and which he still edits—between times, of course, now that he is in Congress.

Tom made a hit in Lewistown, married the prettiest girl in the place, got into Democratic politics, ran for Congress and won. He had one term in the Montana State Senate before that.

He is as good a mixer as Montana has—and that is saying a great deal—an affable, genial, agreeable man, who makes friends everywhere, and has a lot of solid ability to back his faculty for getting on terms with all classes. His paper is a good paper and he is prosperous and popular.

But suppose he had recklessly spent that two-sixty and had gone to Boise as I have said, the chances are he would not be in Congress at all.



No Lack of Help to Save THIS Crop

The New Milk Chocolate Package Price $1.00 East of the Mississippi

Whitman's

Milk Chocolates

THE one store, everywhere, that is our sales agency will show you and sell you this new package of Assorted Milk Chocolates.

The Milk Chocolate coating represents an effort to make the best in the world—you must judge how successfully.

The centres are creams and nuts, no novelties or experiments, just those favorites that everybody likes, but all of them measure up to the Whitman standard.

This 20-ounce package in cream and gold, tied with broad red silk ribbon, makes a gorgeous gift. Where no local agency is convenient, we will mail a package for $1.00, postpaid, or a half-size package for 50 cents.

We will show our thanks in a practical way to anyone who suggests a practicable improvement in this package or its contents.

"Old-Time Favorites"

Another new Whitman package

The Whitman agent in your neighborhood will also supply the new package of Whitman's Old-Time Favorites, containing those simple old-time sweets that old folks talk about and young ones seldom have a chance to taste in their purity—taffies, mints, caramels, stick candy, molasses candy, gum drops, etc. This 20-ounce box retails at 60 cents at all our sales agencies east of the Mississippi.

Write for booklet, "Seventy Sweet Suggestions," with prices of Whitman's packages and name of your local agent.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of Instantaneous Chocolate and Marshmallow Whip.

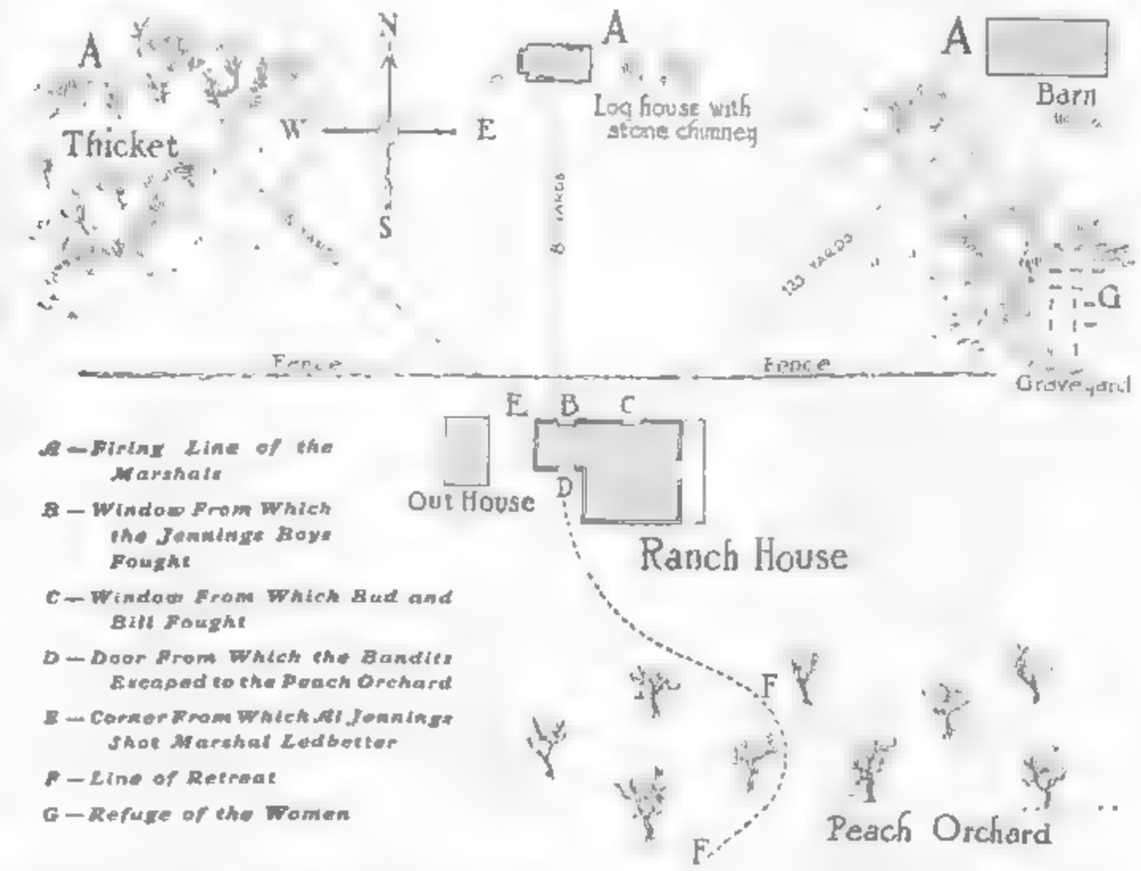
BEATING BACK

(Continued from Page 16.

become so frayed that they wouldn't stay in my boots. That fix was not only uncomfortable, but it marked us for identification. We decided to raid the store at Cushing, now the heart of the oil country, but then a little settlement.

over. He didn't want much, but he wanted it right away, and he'd risk his life to get it.

Before we reached the timber we heard a rifle pumping into the air for a signal to rouse the town. A new pursuit was on; for days it was hide and seek again.



The storekeeper knew Bud and Bill. Therefore they stayed outside in the timber while Dick and I rode into town late at night. The merchant slept in the rear of his store. We knocked at his window, asking him to get up.

"Bob Jones across the river is dead. We want to get some burial clothes for him," I said. He came to the front door half-dressed. When he saw me in my tattered clothes and my Russian anarchist red whiskers, he backed off like a crawfish. I displayed my guns carelessly and said:

"My dear fellow, we want four suits of clothes with chicken-fixings, nothing more. If we get them all right. Otherwise I'll break your neck. Dick, engage this person in conversation while I look round." I was puttering among the shelves and showcases, trying to get an exact fit for all our party, when I happened to glance backward. The storekeeper had his eye on me, and Dick was nowhere in sight. Chagrined and annoyed to think that Dick would desert me while my back was turned, I whirled on the storekeeper, asking:

"Where did that man go?"

"To the other end of the store," he said.

"Let us go down together and seek him," I said, getting sarcastic, for I was mad. There stood Dick rummaging round the shelves and saying pleasantly:

"I can't find 'em anywhere!"

"What are you looking for?" I asked.

"Brown cigareet papers," he said.

I didn't dare begin to express myself, for fear I'd lose my self-control. I only told him to hurry up.

"Soon's I get them cigareet papers!" he said.

The storekeeper found them, and Dick—in the midst of a robbery, mind you—handed the man a quarter, remarking:

"Six bunches for a quarter anywhere in the U. S. A." That was Little Dick all

Once we stopped at a log house and bargained with a woman for dinner. As she started to fry the bacon a "dominicker" rooster ran past the door. My mouth watered. We hadn't eaten fresh meat in a week.

"If you'll cook that for dinner I'll give you a dollar," I said.

"Mister, he's the only chicken I got, but all right," she said. "You uns got to help catch him." He was an athlete of a rooster. We must have chased him half an hour before we began shooting. At that we always missed him, and finally the woman laid him out with a block of wood. We bought him for dinner, but we had him for supper. It took six hours to cook him.

She was alone in the cabin with two small children, a boy and a girl. I asked what had become of her husband.

"Him and me had a fight this mawnin' and he's done gone," she said. "It was over the boy. He p'intedly hates that child. He ain't his'n, he's mine. You see he ain't got'no paw."

We had just sat down to eat the dominicker when the husband came back—a big, stocky fellow with a bull neck and a brutal face. I bade him good day; he didn't answer, but stepped up to the table and roared:

"There's that —— brat eating again!"

The woman fired up and said:

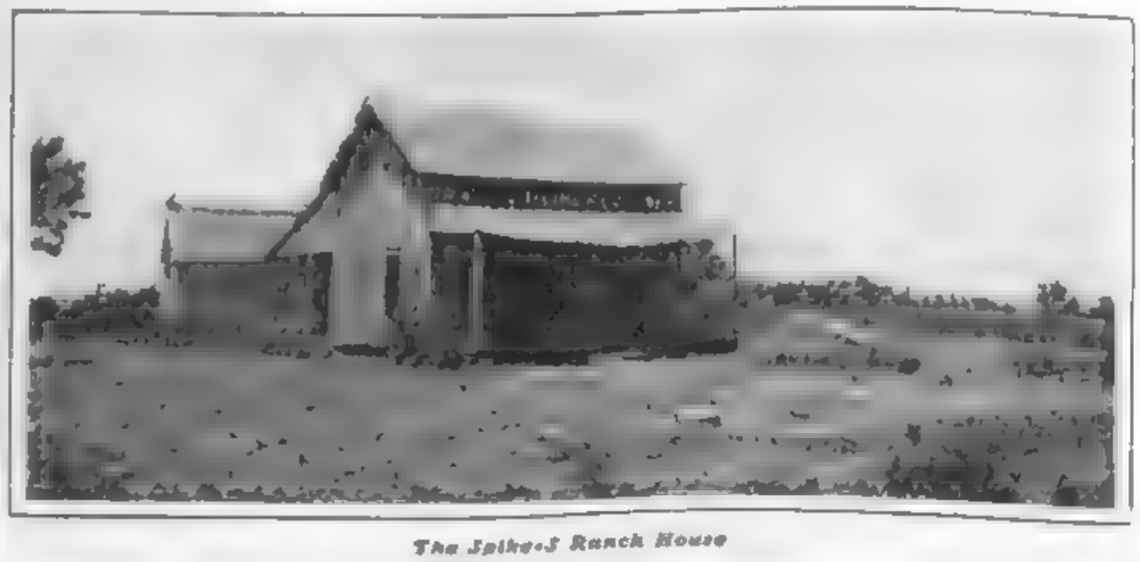
"You just shut your mouth. You told me you was goin' to leave. I don't see why you don't stay leaved."

At that he made to strike her and I interceded. He said:

"This is my place!" and struck again. I pulled my forty-five and knocked him down with the barrel.

"Bill," I said, "take out this critter, hogtie him, and sting him a little with your quirt." While the husband was yelling for mercy outside, I asked the woman:

"Do you care anything about this man?"



The Spike-J Ranch House

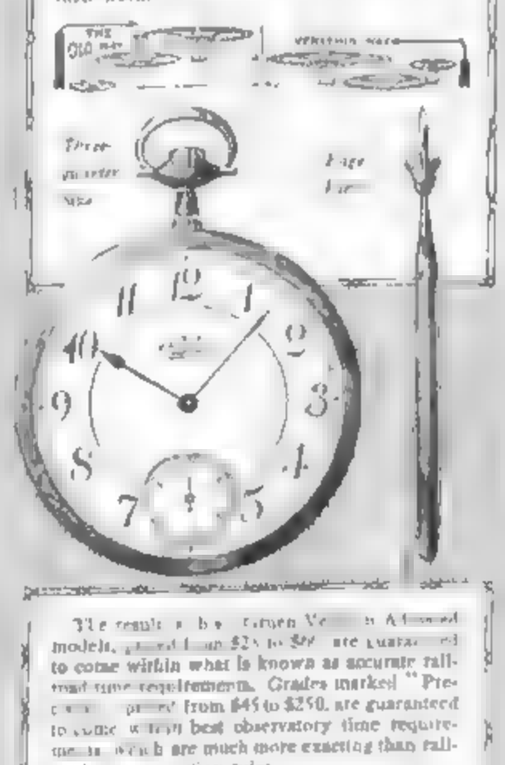
The most admired of timepieces

Only half as thick as the ordinary watch—compact, perfect proportion and finish—a "Style," with accuracy, possessed by no other watch has made the

GRUEN Verithin Watch

"The Most Admired of Timepieces"

How we secured this beautiful and practical thinness, yet retained the highest timekeeping standards is explained by the wheel train illustration below, and by the careful hand finishing and adjusting of skilled Swiss workmen which each part receives after the machines have done their work.



The results obtained by Gruen Verithin Adjusted models, priced from $25 to $60, are guaranteed to come within what is known as accurate railroad time requirements. Grades marked "Precision" priced from $45 to $250, are guaranteed to come within best observatory time requirements which are much more exacting than railroad time inspection rules.

Go to the best jeweler in your town and see this watch. The minute you do you will realize that you, too, would take a world of pride in possessing it. If your jeweler should happen not to have the Gruen Verithin, ask him to get you one.

Words cannot express the interesting story of the Gruen creation. Watch this space for the names of those jewelers who have the Gruen agency in your locality.

Prices Men's and Ladies' sizes $25 to $250.

GRUEN WATCH MANUFACTURING CO.
Makers of the Celebrated Gruen Watches
511 East Fifth Street Cincinnati, Ohio
Factories: Cincinnati and Madre-Biel, Switzerland
Canadian Factory: 156 K. R. Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Duplicate parts always on hand at Gruen agencies everywhere, insuring prompt repairs in case of accident

"No, sir," she said; "I jest p'intedly don't."

"All right," said I; "we'll see he doesn't bother you again."

"I wisht you would," said she.

We passed the hat and left her a few dollars. Then we tied her man's hands together behind him, hitched a rope to him, mounted and drove him ahead of us down the road. Whenever he let the rope go slack we'd take a few shots in the direction of his heels. By the time we'd gone three or four miles he couldn't run any longer to save his life. I let him get his breath; then I gave him a lecture on treating women. And I finished:

"I am going to give you a chance for your life. Take it on the run. If you fall down or look back or show that you aren't going your best, I'll kill you. If you ever go near that woman again I'll hear about it; and I'll bring the boys and hang you to a blackjack limb." He ran, zigzagging like a log wagon, but he beat all records for rough ground.

The hardships began telling on us all, and Bud developed the first symptoms of a sickness that later nearly carried him off. We made Red Hereford's place on Duck Creek, where we saw Bud put to bed. By now the country seemed quieter. We thought the marshals had called off the chase, but we didn't know Bud Ledbetter. He'd changed his tactics, that was all. Nevertheless we managed to scatter in safety, first making an appointment to meet at the Spike-S on December first in order to rob the lone messenger of that Indian payment. For two or three weeks I kept under cover at a friendly ranch, leading a monotonous life for a change.

When I came out again and started for the Spike-S, I had some experiences which should have warned me that the country could never hold us any more. If there were two men in the whole territory on whom I depended they were Sam Baker and Red Hereford. I stopped at Baker's on my way out. His wife told me that he had gone to find us boys. Her manner made me a little suspicious. When presently he came in he seemed cordial enough, but he asked where we were going, approaching the subject indirectly. Curiosity about the other fellow's whereabouts wasn't etiquette in our set.

The next night I made Red Hereford's with Bill, whom I'd met on the road. There also the atmosphere had changed.

The Man Who "Got Lost"

We rode to the Spike-S on the evening of November 30, 1897, a day ahead of the appointment. The weather was a good setting for the drama of the next day. A dry storm had come on. The north wind blew cold, icy, cutting, whirling immense billows of dust across the prairie, befogging earth and heaven with a dun-colored smudge. The sumac bushes and long grasses lashed the ground as though they also wanted to lunge forth into the sweep of sand and dust. The gray tumble weeds went leaping and spinning by like living things. The wind became a voice, calling across incalculable desert wastes. As we approached the Spike-S at twilight we saw the evergreens in the little private ranch graveyard writhing and weaving like giant ghosts of the dead beneath.

But there was smoke in the chimney of the Spike-S and a light in the window. And as we rode up the path Mrs. Harless came running from the front door. The fringed points of her wrap snapped in the gale and her breath caught in the wind as she said:

"Glad to see you. Bud and Frank are here, but Dick hasn't showed up." She had been alone at the ranch with her young brother "Dutch," and a friend, Miss Ida Hurst.

We had a supper which I remember yet. We talked and laughed and joked; Frank sat down at the organ and we all sang. At times the wind became so heavy that we'd keep still for a minute wondering if something wasn't going to give way.

As such a gust died down we heard a noise at the door. We listened and the sound repeated itself. Some one was knocking timidly. We put our rifles within reach and Mrs. Harless opened the door.

A neighbor named Kelly stepped in, his hat pulled down over his face. He stood digging at one eye with a broken thumbnail; then he saw the rifles and started. In stammering words he explained to Mrs. Harless. He had got lost—plumb lost. It was so dark you couldn't see your hand

(Continued on Page 33)

This man owns railroads and steamship lines.

He lives in a palatial home surrounded by every luxury. His table is supplied with the best the world affords. Yet he cannot procure anything better than

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Why? Because no one can obtain choicer materials than we use. No care can exceed that which we devote to their preparation and blending. And no chef can produce a richer or more delicately-balanced combination than the Campbell formula.

Judge for yourself its delicious flavor and wholesome quality. *Your money back if not satisfied.*

"Gracious me!
What can it be
That shadow round and fat?
This soup I know,
Makes youngsters grow
But do I look like that?"

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printaniet
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

A Creative Service That Costs You Nothing

You *buy* the Multigraph—we *give* you business and advertising assistance

THE man who actually has a Multigraph in his office can speak with authority, not only about the machine, but about the free service—for Multigraph users only—given by our Business Aid Department.

How this service helps users to *increase business* as well as save money on printing and typewriting is suggested in the following letters.

But the real business-getting power is in the machine itself. The Business Aid Department was established only because actual Multigraph users had already demonstrated the facts.

What They Asked—and What They Got

Gleason & Knight of Worcester, Mass., one of the largest [illegible] in the world, asked us to [illegible] mail campaign to the [illegible] We sent them the revision the [illegible] had received that day.

[illegible] letter that [illegible] which we contest had not occurred [illegible] We [illegible] preciate these suggestions and [illegible] that [illegible] have sent will prove very helpful.

Sixty-Five New Patrons

The Gilpatrick Hotel, Milwaukee, Wis., asked us for a letter to bring the patronage of business men to their restaurant.

Our letter—sent to a list of only 500—brought them sixty-five new patrons.

Furnished a Sales Plan

The Star Storm Front Co. of Troy, Ohio, [illegible] manufacturers, top makers and owners.

We investigated the business, and submitted a plan worked out in detail.

On receiving this they wrote:

"We certainly believe that your Business Aid Department will prove of valuable assistance to Multigraph users. In fact, we hardly understand yet how you can afford to [illegible] liberal proposition to your customers, but since [illegible] case and the offer is made voluntarily, it certainly is all the more appreciated."

"Absolutely Surprised"

Mr. J. C. Sutherland, Sales Mgr. of the A. S. A. Co., [illegible] asked us for a form-letter to go to pro[illegible] After getting the letter, he wrote:

I say that I am pleased is a joke. I am absolutely surprised. The study and general adaptability which you have put into this sheet has more than surpassed my hopes.

Mr. Sutherland is himself a clever letter-writer and [illegible] advertiser. He says that the Multigraph [illegible] business in four weeks than they had had in the previous six months.

Landed Many Orders

The Pittsburgh Upholstering Co. asked us to help them increase this spring's sales. We gave them a form-letter that landed one order for $450 and many smaller orders within three days after it was mailed.

Secured New Agents

A letter for the Consolidated Marble and Milling Co. of [illegible], landed 350 new agents from the first [illegible] sent out.

The Multigraph Increased Their Business

The Advertising Manager of The Coats Manufacturing Company of Wellsville, N. Y., Mr. H. B. Smith, says:

Since we began direct advertising our general business has increased fully 20%.

After explaining how they advertised, he adds:

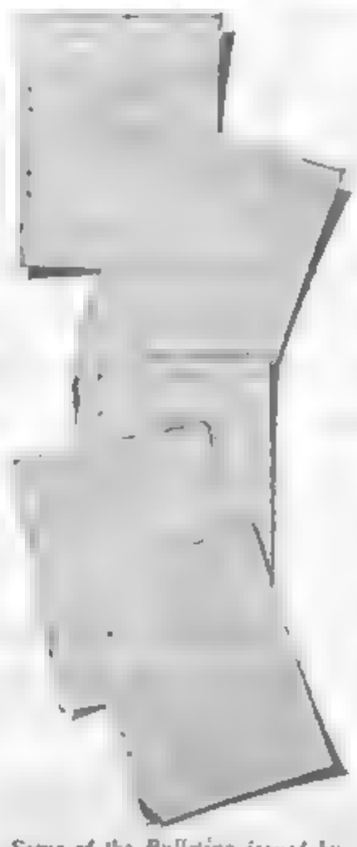
These results could only be obtained from a complete office equipment which permitted us to do the advertising in a neat manner, and we consider the Multigraph the most important item in this equipment.

We Can Tell You of Many Others

We have many letters like those already mentioned. They come from big concerns of world-wide reputation as well as from small retailers. They include manufacturers, brokers, bankers, jobbers, dealers, lumbermen, insurance companies, packers and exporters, institutions, hotels—a bewildering variety of users.

The significant fact with all is that the Multigraph does more than save money for its owners. *It gets new business.*

THE MULTIGRAPH



Some of the Bulletins issued by the Business Aid Department

Valuable Bulletins on Business Problems

At the left are shown some of the Bulletins issued by our Business Aid Department for the benefit of Multigraph users.

Among others already issued are the following:

A Practical Cost System for Multigraph Letters and Forms
Business Building in Export
Enclosures for Form Letters and General Correspondence
[illegible]
How a Promotion Department can Assist a Sales Department.
Imprinting.
Making Collections By Mail.
Organizing and Systematizing an Advertising Department.
Parcel Post Opportunities.
Planning, Editing, Laying Out and Printing a House Organ.
Suggestions for Holiday Greetings.
The Sales Department Management.

Just as an indication of the value of these bulletins, we add a few expressions of opinion.

"I have made a permanent place in my reference files for the 'Service Bulletins.' I feel fortunate in having secured as many of them as I have.
A. E. Howard, The M. A. Winter Co., Wash., D. C.

"We have carefully gone over the contents of your Bulletin No. 11 and find it of very great help to the Collection Department of any merchant."
Retailers Credit Association, San Francisco.

"Would it be too much to ask you to favor us with half a dozen copies of this bulletin, as we should like to pass them on to the Credit Departments of several of our important branches?"
The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Ill.

"I have seen several of these Bulletins and they are all mighty good stuff."
F. E. Locke, Collection Dept.,
The Hydraulic Press Mfg. Co., Mt. Gilead, O.

"The secretary of a very large corporation was in my office yesterday and we read portions of your paper (Bulletin No. 12) together. He is anxious to obtain a copy. I anticipate other requests."
M. J. Graham, Supt. Group Insurance,
The Equitable Life Insurance Society, New York, N. Y.

The Machine That Builds Business

The Multigraph is greater than the service of our Business Aid Department. It made the latter possible, and it does the work which the Department outlines.

Without any suggestions from us, thousands are using Multigraph printing and Multigraph typewriting to increase their sales and establish greater efficiency in organization.

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The Multigraph fits practically every business, large or small. Let us help you find out if it fits yours. If it doesn't, we'll admit it; for you can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it.

Mail the Coupon and we'll send you full data regarding the machine and its uses, and the co-operative service of the Business Aid Department.

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WHAT USES ARE YOU MOST INTERESTED IN?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information, written on *your business stationery*. We'll show you what others are doing.

American Multigraph Sales Co.,
1800 E. Fortieth St., Cleveland

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- [ ] [illegible]
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- [ ] Label Forms
- [ ] [illegible]
- [ ] Letter Heads
- [ ] Bill Heads and Statements
- [ ] Receipts, Checks, etc.
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Typewriting:

- [ ] Circular Letters
- [ ] Booklets
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- [ ] Notices
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- [ ] Inside System-Forms

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 1900 East Fortieth Street, Cleveland

Branches in 60 Cities—Look in your Telephone Directory.

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Company, 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, Eng.; Berlin, W. 8 Kronenstr., 70 Ecke Friedrichstr.; Paris, 24 Boulevard des Capucines.

Billiards
for *Boys* of Sixteen to Sixty

The "Baby Grand"

Cultivate "the play spirit"—it pays in *health* and *efficiency*.

Play billiards or pocket-billiards *at home*—on the matchless "Baby Grand." Billiards is the finest of all indoor games for boys of sixteen to sixty. Good exercise for body and brain. Relief from business *tension*. Pure, unadulterated *fun*, with just enough spice of *rivalry* to give *keen zest* to the game.

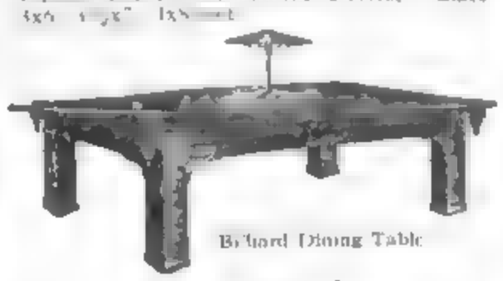
The Brunswick "BABY GRAND"

The Home Billiard Table de Luxe

These superb Billiard and Pocket-Billiard Tables are found in thousands of [illegible] throughout the world.

They are billiard tables for rooms of average size, on which *real billiards* can be played. Made of finest Mahogany, with [illegible] inlay design

[illegible] with genuine Vermont Slate Beds, [illegible] Improved Ball Catch Rubber Cushions, Quick Acting [illegible] Cushions, Genuine [illegible] Rubber Cushions, Brunswick [illegible] playing equipment. [illegible] and scientific construction as Brunswick-Balke-Collender *regulation size* tables which are used exclusively by the billiard experts of the world. Furnished as Carom Billiard Tables, Pocket-Billiard Tables or Combination [illegible] and Pocket-Billiard Tables. Sizes [illegible] to 5x10 feet.



Billiard Dining Table

Brunswick "Convertible" Home Billiard Tables

These ingenious tables make any room available for billiards—dining room, living room, library or den. Three styles. The Convertible Billiard Table, the Quick Billiard Table and the Carom Billiard Table.

[illegible] to the "Baby Grand." When not in use as billiard tables they serve as [illegible] pieces of household furniture.

Over a Year to Pay!

We sell Brunswick Home Billiard Tables *direct from factory* at very moderate prices and exceptionally easy terms.

Playing Outfit Free

With each table, including cues, balls, cue rack, markers, Book of Rules, "How to Play," etc., etc.

Free Color-Illustrated Book "Billiards—The Home Magnet"

This beautiful book describes and illustrates in actual colors the complete line of Brunswick Home Billiard and Pocket-Billiard Tables. Quotes lowest factory prices. Gives details of Easy Purchase Plan and much valuable information.

Write for your copy today. (111)

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. H. D. 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send to the address below, your book

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ *State* _____

(Continued from Page 31)

before your face, till he sighted the light. No, he wouldn't take a cheer. Now he'd found his way he'd better be going. Wasn't it reedic'lous for him to get lost? It was, shore.

As soon as we took him in we had dropped back into careless attitudes. Frank went on fingering the melodeon; the rest of us hummed a song in an undertone; but no one paid Mr. Kelly much outward attention. Inwardly I was thinking hard. That sounded a little like a fish story. Still Mrs. Harless seemed unsuspecting. Only when he had mounted and gone did she turn to me, saying:

"He lost! That Kelly! As if he didn't know this country as well as I know my kitchen!" I jumped to the door. He was gone, and the sound of the hoofs in the distance showed that he was riding like the wind.

It looked terribly suspicious; we all agreed to that, though we joked over it and Frank drew a laugh by imitating Kelly's manner. But an outlaw can't afford to begin worrying. We put it out of mind and went on with our music.

I was wakened that night by the hush and the still insidious cold that followed the death of the storm. It was less night than a black trance of earth and air. I recalled the incident of Kelly, and now that I thought it over alone it looked a little more important. Slumber overcame me again before I determined what to do, and the next thing Mrs. Harless was calling us to breakfast.

I dressed. I found Mrs. Harless in the kitchen wishing that Dutch, her brother, would come back from the well down by the barn with the bucket of water. "I could have gone to Snake River and back by this time," she said. Whatever apprehension I felt the night before had gone with the darkness. It was a bright morning of a Southwestern winter, with a clean tracing of frost on the trees. I remember joking with Mrs. Harless about the absent Dutch. It was no joke to Mrs. Harless and Miss Hurst, with their morning's work waiting for that water. Finally Mrs. Harless threw a shawl over her head and went to find Dutch. Meantime, the rest of the boys came down, and we began breakfast.

The Battle at Spike-S

Suddenly Mrs. Harless burst through the door. Her hair was falling down her face in wisps. She clutched the melodeon for support until she got her breath to shoot out the one word:

"Surrounded!" Then she gasped a few particulars. They were in the barn—they were everywhere to the north of us. They had said that she and Miss Hurst might go to the graveyard before they opened fire.

"How many of them?" I asked.

"Thirty," she said. Then her arms flew up over her head and her fists clenched. "Thirty or forty against four! You poor boys, what is to become of you?"

Frank and Bill had left their rifles upstairs. They stole away to get them. Bud, I remember, was still crunching a piece of bacon between his teeth.

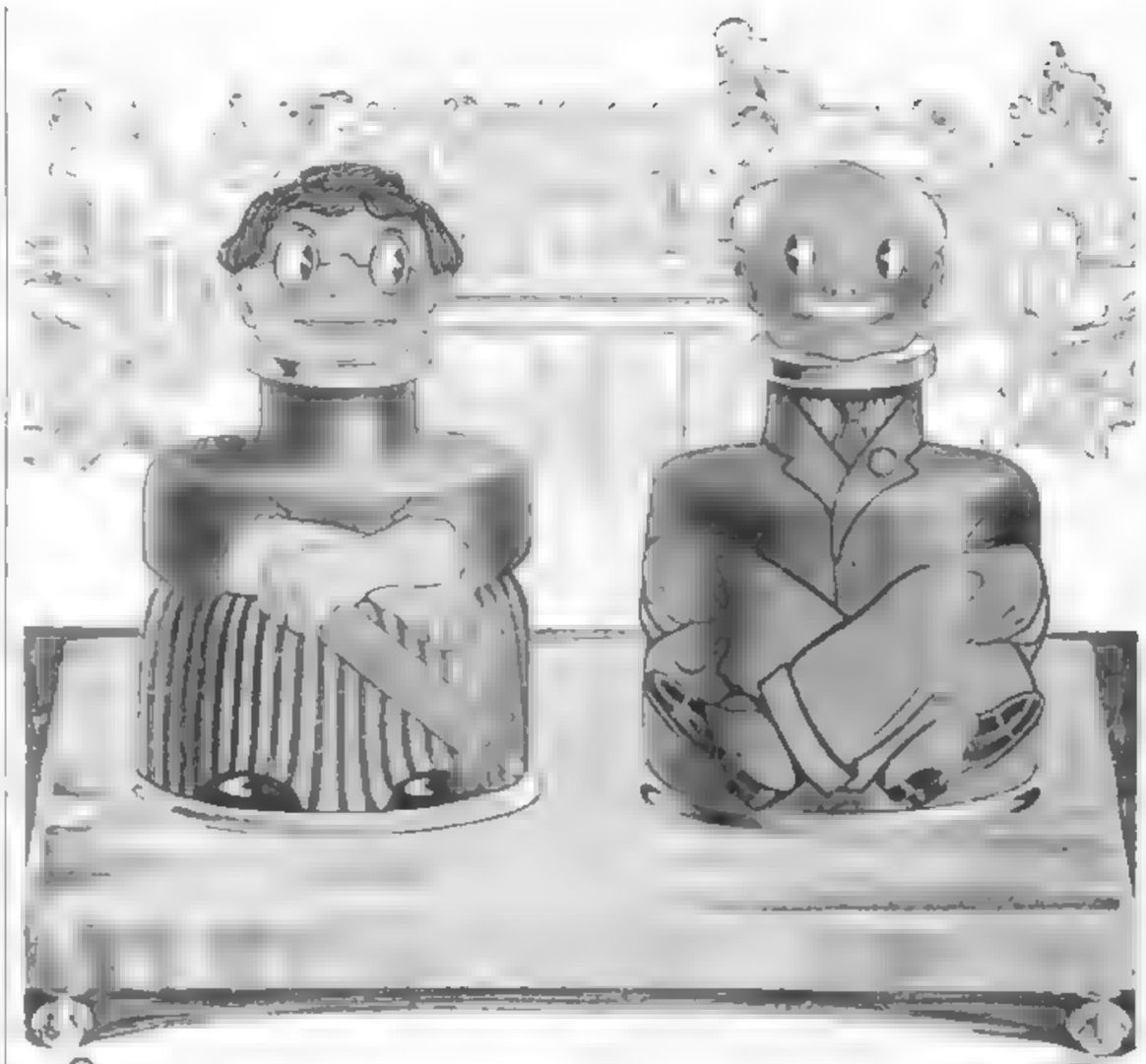
"Ain't this hell?" he said. "No chance to feed!"

The women ran for it. We held a brief council of war. Evidently the attacking forces were all to the north, the only cover. In that direction and to the right stood the big red barn where Mrs. Harless had met the marshals. Directly opposite stood a log house with a stone chimney. To our left was that same thicket that had been our old stronghold at the Spike-S. (See diagram.) All these positions, as we soon found, were occupied by the enemy.

Frank and I decided to hold the kitchen, while Bud and Bill fought from the front room. We had no alternative but to fight. Our horses were with the enemy in the barn. If I had stopped to think I should have realized that the moment had come which I had always expected—the moment of expiation, when I should die with my back to the wall. But in such times one doesn't think. One feels and acts.

I crept to the kitchen window and poked up my head to reconnoiter. Bang! The window smashed in my face, a piece of broken glass laying my cheek open.

Rip! came a volley along the whole line. The insult of that slap in the face raised all my temper. I threw up my rifle and fired at the log house, where an arm and hat had been visible an instant before. I saw the plaster fly. Then the fusillade



Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Inx

To the Overlords of Business:—

Gentlemen,—your signature means something. When you dip your pen in ink something *happens!*

Permit us to introduce the Carter's Inx Family,—exhilarating and inspiriting little brain-joggers and wit-prodders to grace the busy man's desk; fanciful and whimsical little impsies that will chase the office grouch; the happiest, joyfullest little wizards that ever helped to pinion the fleeting, fugitive thought for the man who wields the pen.

Bookkeepers, lawyers, bankers, brokers, business heads, departmental chiefs, purchasing agents, editors, dramatists, critics, physicians, all signers of cheques, orders and vouchers, all men of high degree,—you *particularly* should know the Carter's Inx.

Very uncommon inkstands are these! They are preferred by the men and women "higher up,"—those who think big thoughts and make important records. The pen that dips into Carter's Inx writes something worth *while!*

Dressed in appropriate colors, Mrs. Carter's Inx pilots the red ink, while Mr. Carter's Inx presides over the black or blue, and they are very choice about inks. You lose the "charm" if you use any other than Carter's Inks.

Because the Inx *know* that Carter's Inks are made more especially for overlords—they are more brilliant, more permanent; they flow more freely and gum less easily. The chemicals are more pure, less danger from oxidation and corrosion of the pen.

Ask your stationer to show you Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Inx and tell you how you can secure both—or you can get them by sending us 25 cents to pay for their traveling clothes and transportation. Pin the coupon to your letter head, please.

The CARTER'S INK CO.

Boston, Mass.

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Manufacturers of inks, adhesives, typewriter ribbons and carbon papers.

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25 cents for Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Inx, size A.

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Four to six Dollars

"Best For All Walks of Life"

STEP lively—get a move on—show the other fellow a clean pair of heels. It's Fall and time to put spring into your step and enthusiasm into your being.

But you can't have Punch in your actions and Pinch in your shoes. Get a pair of American Gentleman Shoes.

This pair especially will help the spring in your step, for it has rubber soles and heels—is all style outside and all comfort inside. Built with the knowledge and enthusiasm of over forty years' successful shoemaking.

The Hamilton, Brown dealer, anywhere, can show you the American Gentleman Shoe Look over his line—if he doesn't have the particular style you want he will get it for you in a few days' time. If you have difficulty in locating him, write us and we will tell you the name and address of the Hamilton, Brown dealer in your locality

Send for our Style Portfolio of Shoes. Free.

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company

St. Louis **Boston**

opened in earnest from all three positions on their line. The bullets sang everywhere about us. I remember hearing a tin pan give a "cling" as though a great raindrop had struck it. An instant later the melodeon boomed out a deep note.

"D flat!" said Frank. "She's playing Home, Sweet Home!" And all this time we were fighting methodically—firing to draw a volley—leaping back—jumping forward and firing again to get the enemy before he sought cover. I kept hearing bullets plump into the wood above my head. The posse in the barn was wasting ammunition on the upper story. The woodwork began splintering about our feet. Bud Ledbetter and Peyton Talbert, in the log house, had opened on the edge of the floor under the impression that we were lying down.

I had fired and backed away from the window, so that I could see into the front room, when Bill got his. I saw him jump grotesquely into the air and come down doubled up. I pumped my rifle, jumped forward, fired and looked again. He was up and fighting, but I saw that his boot-top had turned red.

In that instant I happened to glance down. I saw a trail of blood on the floor; a lazy stream was running from my left knee.

"Here too!" they say I responded. I never knew when I got it, and through the rest of the fight I remembered it only at intervals.

As I fired and backed away again there came a heavy metallic clank and a piece flew from the stove.

"That was a 45–90," said Frank, pumping the lever of his gun.

"She wasn't—she was a 30–120 steel jacket," I said. Between shots we debated the matter, ridiculing each other in monosyllables, advancing data to prove our points.

Small débris littered the floor—splinters of wood, fragments of glass, cartridge shells, broken dishes. When I glanced into the front room I could see crisscross trails where Bill had lost blood and he and Bud had trampled in it.

A Break for the Orchard

And then I got mine again. I had fired, standing sidewise, and started to leap away, when a bullet clipped me across both knees with such power that my legs knocked together and I staggered to the back wall. Slight as it was, I felt this wound more than the other. It filled me with a desperate, choking anger. Sixteen years later I revisited the Spike-S for the first time. As I stood by the same old window that sense of illogical but overwhelming rage at being shot down like a caged rat swept across me again. That spirit seemed to infect us all. We fought blindly, desperately, without husbanding our ammunition. As I came out of this mood and recovered my reason, I saw that the fire had grown hotter. They had located us and stopped aiming at the second story. Every shot seemed to plump into the woodwork man-high. Piece after piece jumped from the stove; fragments of broken crockery slapped our faces.

"Gee!" I heard Frank gasp. "We've got to get out of this—we haven't a chance!"

"Try it lying down!" I yelled. We dropped just as a bullet ran the whole length of the floor, tearing up splinters.

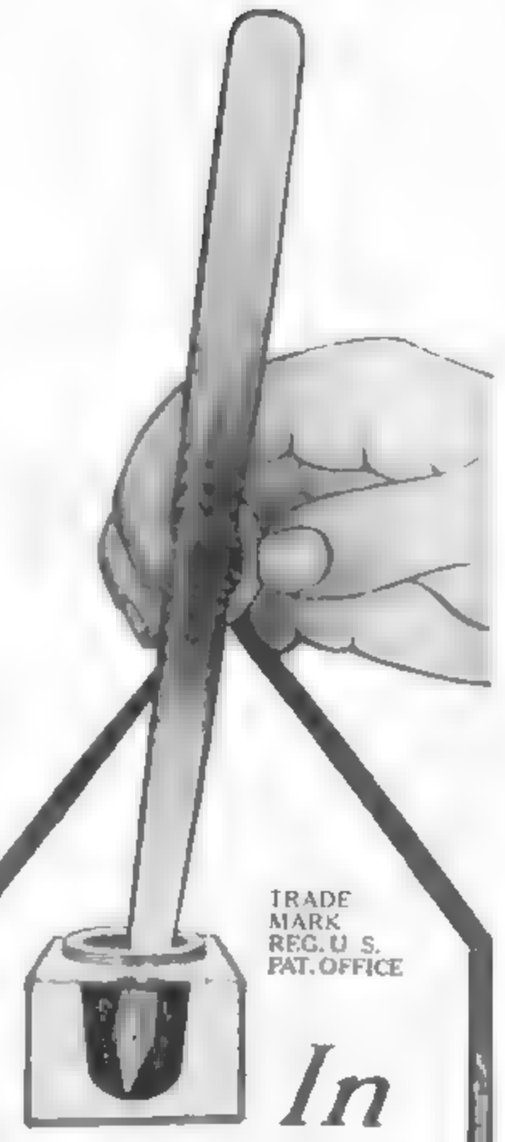
"We'll be killed like rats!" repeated Frank. It was no time for hesitation. I decided at once.

"You and Bill go to the orchard!" I said. "Fog 'em from there, and Bud and I will come." They started. I went to my station at the window and fired to draw the attention of the marshals. When I jumped back to the door, Frank and Bill were streaking across the yard and the bullets were tearing dust round them like hail. I couldn't turn my eyes away—I looked each moment to see Frank go down. Once he stumbled and I thought he was gone, but he came up again, unscratched, dropped to his knee, followed by Bill and began pumping lead into the barn at the left of their firing-line. The log house wasn't within his line of fire. The shooting from the barn died down.

"Come on, Al!" yelled Frank.

Bud and I made our break. It occurred to me that we'd better finish off the barn before we took to the open. We rushed to the front corner of the house. As we whipped up our rifles a hat appeared above the rock foundation of the barn. Bud and I shot together, the hat jumped into the air.

(Continued on Page 37)



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In 4 seconds this pen Fills Itself

THINK what that means! Even filling your Conklin twice a week (which is oftener than usual), at the end of a year you will have spent a total time of but 7 minutes in filling! This is real "scientific management" in the office.

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

has given "fountain pen" a new meaning—a fountain pen minus trouble.

The Conklin is the *original* self-filler—on the market for 15 years and has over a million satisfied users. It is *the recognized leader* in the self-filling type and the self-filling type is supreme today

Sold by Stationers, Jewelers, Druggists, on 30 days' trial. Prices $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up. Write for catalog and two little books of pen wit—all free.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
277 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

CLOTHCRAFT

Why 4130 is the Most Popular Fall Suit

It is all-wool Blue Serge, guaranteed.
It is absolutely fast color, also guaranteed.
It is stylish—ten styles to choose from.
It is well made. It represents 67 years of experience in making good clothes.
It is priced at $18.50.
It carries the strongest guarantee that can be made on a suit of clothes.

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Because it is a Clothcraft Suit and all Clothcraft Suits are always all wool—guaranteed. Wool makes up best, keeps its shape best and longest, holds its color best, looks best, feels best and IS best, in every sense. Everybody knows this.

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Because every man needs a good Blue Serge Suit. 4130 is Special for Fall. Scientific tailoring raises the quality but not the price. You buy it on a guarantee—not on a guess. If 4130, or any other Clothcraft Suit, isn't absolutely right you need not keep it.

CLOTHCRAFT
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No. 4130 GUARANTEED ALL WOOL AND FAST COLOR $18.50

The Photograph *The Drawing*

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No. 4130 is sold in Clothcraft Stores. Write for the address of the nearest one if you don't know it.

Send for the New Style Book

We will mail to your address the new Style Book showing [illegible] 4130 Blue Serge fabric, of which the suit is made.

THE JOSEPH & FEISS COMPANY

Established 1846. Oldest American Manufacturers of Men's Clothes

620 St. Clair Avenue, N. W.

Cleveland Sixth City

Why We Show Two

There are only two ways to show Clothcraft Clothes on paper—the artist's drawing from life, and the actual photograph. We show you both here. We can give you no better demonstration in this advertisement. But you can go to the Clothcraft Store and see the real Clothcraft Clothes—see 4130 Blue Serge Special at $18.50, try it on, wear it home, and at once begin to appreciate the value of an all-wool suit that has all the other qualities that ought to be in a good suit at the same time—style, fit, looks, durability, fast colors, fine trimmings and excellent workmanship, at a moderate price.

Any of the styles below can be obtained in Clothcraft Blue Serge Special No. 4130 or any other Clothcraft Fabric

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TIMKEN AXLES & BEARINGS

What you would see in a Timken-Detroit Rear Axle if the steel housing were transparent

Look Into Your Rear Axle

X-Ray pictures of the human body reveal what the eye cannot see. They gently penetrate skin and muscles and show the wonderful structure of vital organs and bones. Could the X-Ray penetrate the pressed-steel housing (the skin) of a Timken-Detroit Rear Axle it would reveal what is shown in the picture above.

Hidden under the housing are the shining teeth of polished gears that transmit driving power from engine to wheels. Quiet running, full power, satisfaction, depend on the accurate meshing of those polished teeth.

EVERY curve and angle of the teeth has been calculated by expert engineers and has been made an accurate reality by the unique Timken process of grinding every gear to its master pinion, every pinion to its master gear.

But even that accuracy would not avail, except for the labor of many hands and brains, through which it becomes possible to *put the gears together right* and *keep them right* after they are in the axle.

This means conscientious labor in the tool-room, where jigs and gauges are made.

It means exactness in size and alignment of holes, of threads, of adjusting rings. It means firmness of clamping devices that hold the parts almost as solidly together as though they were welded.

It means many men, many operations, constant gauging to the finest limits of accuracy, exhaustive testing.

It means using bearings that show almost *no* wear after thousands of miles of running—yet can be adjusted to correct that small wear perfectly—bearings that meet side pressure as well as direct weight. The one bearing that *does all* these things is the Timken Tapered Roller Bearing—and no other has been used in the Timken-Detroit Axle.

It means, in short, a design built upon long experience with all types of motor cars, under all possible conditions of service, in all parts of the world.

Look Deeper Still

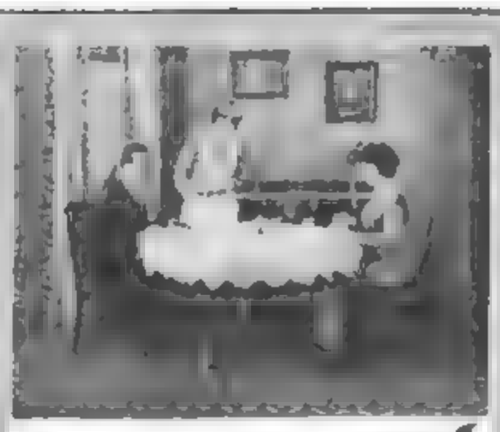
Go deep down below the finished whole, below the operations and materials, even below the design—get down to the very heart and core of Timken Axle Quality.

There you find an organization of men, wholly devoted to one ideal—the building of a perfect axle. Absolute perfection is their goal, and no lesser goal will serve these men. From the day of the first motor-car they have worked together toward that end.

And to this ideal is due the safety, comfort and satisfaction of the man who drives a Timken-equipped car today.

You can catch the X-Ray spirit and look into the interior, important facts by writing today for the Timken Primers A 5 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles" and A-6 "On the Care and Character of Bearings." Sent free, post-paid, from either address below.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO., DETROIT, MICH.
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO



CONGOLEUM Floor Coverings

Every housewife should send for samples of Congoleum Floor Coverings and Rug Borders.

The patterns are beautiful, the quality the very highest, the prices unusually low.

Congoleum is similar to linoleum but *contains no burlap*; instead, it is made with a *waterproof base*. You can wash it freely with soap and water without damaging it.

Congoleum lies flat without fastening. Anyone can lay it. It is rot-proof, damp-proof and vermin-proof. It will not bulge, creep or roll up at the corners.

Congoleum Floor Coverings

are made in 32 patterns. Congoleum comes in rolls, in 2-yard widths, and you can buy any length required.

Congoleum Rug Borders

are made in exact reproduction of highly polished quartered oak. There are four kinds—golden oak, light oak, extra light oak and dull finish.

Congoleum Rug Borders laid next to a rug or carpet defy detection from natural wood. These Rug Borders come in rolls 24 and 36 in. wide.

Colored Pattern Booklet free on request. Don't miss this opportunity to get information about these attractive Floor Coverings and Rug Borders.

UNITED ROOFING AND MANUFACTURING CO.

Department of Barrett Mfg. Co.

Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

(Continued from Page 34)

"Got his head!" I said. At once the fire from the barn stopped. We had shot Deputy Marshal Lewis through the hair—not the head—and the nesters in his force had taken to a corncrib.

A big gun opened from the grove at the other end of the line. Those fellows were in a position to rake our backs as we made toward the peach orchard, and a man who forgets such things in the heat of battle gets killed. I ran to the southwest corner and pumped a few shots at them. My movements stopped all shooting in that quarter—they thought we were charging them, and ran away. Now, I figured, was the time to finish the battle. Both flanks were silenced; there remained only the forces of the log house at the center of the line. I dodged to the northwest corner of the house. As I reached firing position a head and arm shot out from behind the chimney of the log house. I fired and he fired almost as one motion. I felt a slap in the face—his bullet had torn a lath from the corner of the house. I saw his gun and arm go up in the air and drop out of sight.

"Another!" I said to myself. This was hanging now and I didn't care—hadn't time to care. I pumped in a shell as a puff of smoke came from a crack in the log house. I fired at it.

And instantly shooting ceased from that quarter—the enemy was silenced altogether. That log house, it appears, formed the key to their position. In it were only Bud Ledbetter and Peyton Talbert. Those two men had done more execution than all the rest put together. Bill's wound and both of mine came from the steel-jacketed bullets of that 30-caliber rifle Ledbetter carried, and to this day the marks of that little gun in the Spike-S wall show that he landed most of the effective shots.

My first bullet from the corner had wounded Ledbetter in the shoulder; my second had struck the masonry just in front of Talbert and filled his eyes with plaster. I had put the leaders out of commission at one stroke.

Making Our Getaway

How we lived through that fight I can't see yet. They were firing at less than a hundred and twenty-five yards, and they could shoot too. Mrs. Harless counted two hundred and eighty holes on the north side of the Spike-S, besides those which went through the windows and left no mark. Frank had twenty bullet holes in his clothes. As for us, though we had silenced the enemy we had wounded only one man—Bud Ledbetter. How large their force was I shall never know. Bud Ledbetter has said that he had only seven men. He means seven marshals—he doesn't count the nesters. Dutch says that they counted twenty-seven.

"They've quit; let's get out," shouted Frank. We broke and ran across open prairie to the south. No one fired until we got nearly out of range, when some nester opened once with a 45-90 rifle. By now I realized that I was wounded. The blood pumped and chugged in my boot and every step gave me agony; but I clenched my teeth and pressed on.

We had crossed the divide a mile from the house before we dared stop to examine our wounds and hold a conference. Transportation was our problem. All our horses, all the ranch stock, remained with the enemy in the barn. Frank suggested a bold flank movement—skirt the graveyard, attack them suddenly from the rear, drive them off and get our horses. We could have done it, I verily believe, so thoroughly had we beaten them. However, we'd have had to kill a good many, so of course it is better that we didn't try. But I felt that we couldn't risk it with two wounded men—there was no telling how long we'd last. The best thing, I said, was to make a getaway, for now the whole country would be aroused. So we crawled on to Snake Creek, where Bill and I made shift of dressing our wounds while Bud and Frank guarded our rear.

How Bill walked at all I couldn't see. I could have put my hand into the hole in his leg. My wound was smaller, but eventually more troublesome. That steel-jacketed bullet had lost its core as it came through the boards and only the jacket had entered my leg. It drove a piece of my corduroy trousers ahead of it; and there the foreign matter stuck for months, making constant trouble.

College Foods

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are favorite cereals on the tables of college students.

They are rarely missing there.

These foods were invented by a college professor. They embody the best that experts know about fitting grain foods for digestion.

They are always crisp and ready.

They are delicate and thin.

The taste is like toasted nuts.

And, where girls are concerned, one main appeal is their use in candy making.

Puffed Grains are scientific foods. Every granule is steam-exploded. They are the best-cooked cereals men have ever created.

But their chief attraction is their simple deliciousness. You will find them served wherever people enjoy the unique and dainty.

Such folks, young and old, are now consuming forty million dishes monthly.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
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Except in Extreme West

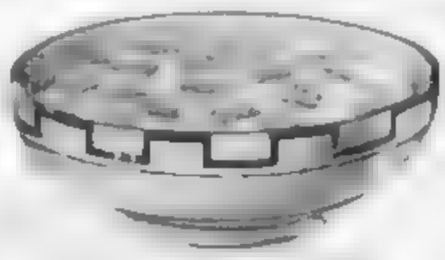
With Cream and Sugar

Serve in the morning with sugar and cream. Or mix them with any fruit.

When you serve ice cream, try Puffed Grains as a nut-like garnish for it.

Try them as wafers in soup.

Try crisping the grains with butter sometime, to be eaten like popcorn or peanuts.



Like Crackers In Milk

For luncheons or suppers serve in bowls of milk. The grains are crisp and toasted, bubble-like and thin. And they are four times as porous as bread.

They are whole grains made wholly digestible, so they do not tax the stomach.

Note how these dainty grains melt away into almond-flavored granules.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

4521

The Famous Hospitality of Old England

puts the pleasure of the guest at premium. When it's pipe-smoking, OLD ENGLISH is the logical offering of the careful, experienced host.

Consideration leads to OLD ENGLISH—inevitably. It is made solely for the pipe. Nothing is sacrificed, as in "combination," two-purpose tobaccos which, in the nature of things, burn hot and dry out.

There's much more to the thin curved slices in which OLD ENGLISH is put up than appears on the surface. They are an absolute *guarantee* of quality because only the very best Burley tobacco, the ripest, finest, most fully matured leaf will hold together in that form. Also the tobacco can be hard-pressed to retain all its moisture, fragrance and sweetness.

That's why OLD ENGLISH will give the supreme enjoyment lacking in loose cut, "general utility" tobaccos. In OLD ENGLISH—*because it is made expressly for the pipe*—you get a pipe tobacco which is slow burning, cool always, and never lacking the freshness and fragrance which give the very highest satisfaction to be had from a pipe.

The flat form and curved shape of the OLD ENGLISH tin makes the package a convenience you'll appreciate.

You can get OLD ENGLISH in the 10c Curved Tins and larger sizes at most tobacco dealers the world over.

Sample tin will be sent for a 2-cent stamp

DEPT.,
111 Fifth Avenue,
New York

We went on from there without horses, without any means of escape but our own feet; and two of us dragged wounded legs. The mountains offered our only hope. To reach them we must pass across a stretch of open prairie, where we would be a fair target if the marshals pursued us. We decided to take the risk. We forded the icy Snake Creek and reached the foothills. It had turned bitter cold and a storm was coming. Bud and Frank warmed themselves by stamping and beating their arms. Bill and I hadn't the energy for that. Before the day ended the blood on my wound had frozen. Each step racked me with pain, and mentally I was in that state of depression that follows a battle. Never have I known such misery.

All day we crawled along and met no one except an Indian woman gathering wood. Just a little daylight remained when we saw some half-wild Indian ponies grazing on the banks of a stream. Frank and Bud went to catch them. While they were gone I heard the sound of a wagon. I thought it meant pursuit. Bill and I dropped to our stomachs, our rifles ready. The wagon came into sight. It carried two Utche Indians. A hundred yards away they stopped and began to gather firewood.

I had thought that I couldn't walk any more, but when I saw that I ran as I used to run on the cinder track. We showed our guns. Without a word the two Indians let us grab the bridles. Even when we told them that we'd pay them for the use of the team they made no comment. But as Frank and Bill joined us and we prepared to start, one asked in a halting voice:

"Where you go?"

"Never mind," I said. We dared not leave them behind. For the rest of that journey they were our captives. They sat cross-legged in the wagon-bed, their black hair falling in straight bangs over their foreheads, the pendants of tarnished silver in their ears swinging with the motion. For two days I never heard them say a word—they communicated with each other only by gestures.

From Bad Luck to Worse

Then came a period of complete misery while we dodged through the mountains seeking a way out. Cold rain, sleet, mud all the caprices of a Southwestern winter hampered our travel. Our wounds became inflamed; at intervals Bill and I were delirious; at other times the jolting of the wagon made me whimper with pain and weakness. My fever increased. I thought my throat would crack. That was bad enough, but worse luck followed. Bud fell desperately ill from the same complaint that had troubled him before we met at the Spike-S. Frank had three invalids and two captives on his hands.

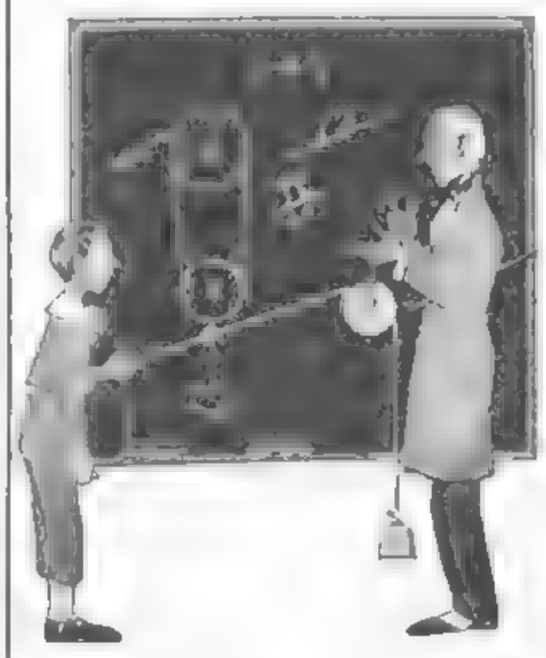
A brief chronology of those seven days runs about as follows: The first night we went south through Okmulgee, making the passage of that little Indian town after every one had gone to bed. The next day we lay in the brush. That night Frank tried to drive back toward Oklahoma, where we had a few friends. In the middle of the night I saw that he had lost his way; he was on the Eufaula trail and it was too late for turning back. We four, the three half delirious invalids and the worn-out driver, held a conference. Over the mountain lived one man who would help us—Benny Price. He was not an outlaw, but a friend nevertheless. At the foot of the mountain on the way to Price's stood a country store where we might get something to eat; we had fasted for forty hours. It was the worst night I ever saw. We three invalids had to get out and help push the wagon up the frozen, slippery mountain road. At one o'clock in the morning we reached the store.

Luck had failed us again. The store blazed with light. We drew up by the North Fork and consulted. Hunger decided the matter. Frank determined to risk entering the store, while we cripples waited with the wagon and the Indians. Frank was gone a long time. Bud and Bill, now that the jolting had stopped, fell asleep. I nearly dropped off myself, when I thought to look at the Indians. One of them was missing. Instinct told me where he had gone. I seized a gun and broke for the store.

In the mean time Frank had knocked at the door. After some moments of absolute silence it opened. He stepped in to face ten men, all armed. He recognized the symptoms at once. This was a night meeting of

YALE

CHAIN BLOCKS



Don't Let Them Teach Your Son *Antiquated Mechanics*

BUSINESS MEN: It is time to put your foot down hard on *impractical education*—the teaching of antiquated devices—pulleys, crowbars, rollers, hand trucks, etc.

Teach your boy the weight-moving methods of *today*.

Does he know that things too heavy to be carried with one hand, can be moved more cheaply with Yale Steel Chain Blocks?

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Does he know that Yale Triplex Blocks, running anywhere on trolleys, *save money* over every other weight-moving device known?

Yale Triplex Blocks are used in modern factories the world over. Why? Because *technical schools* teach the economy of these great inventions.

Yet public school teachers—even commercial business men—hardly know chain blocks exist.

For your son's sake and your own, send today for free book,

"A YALE DEVICE THAT LAUGHS AT GRAVITY"

and learn the most *practical* ways—*money-saving* ways—to handle loads.

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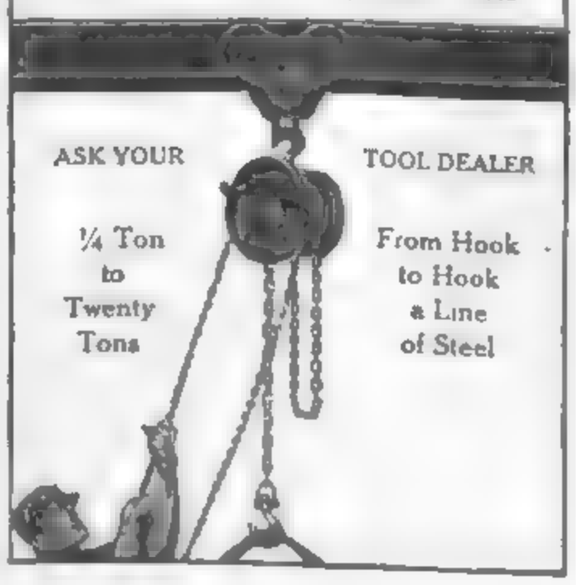
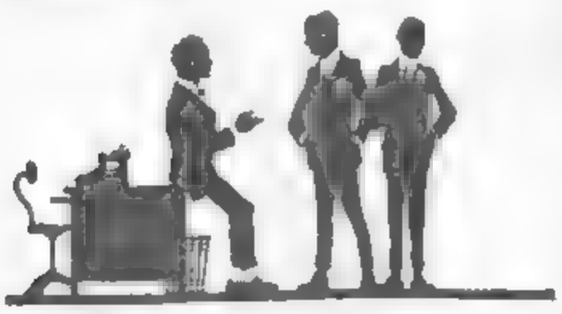


When you press a button, and call a stenographer, do you realize that you frequently take her away from other dictators



and hold up letters as important as your own? The

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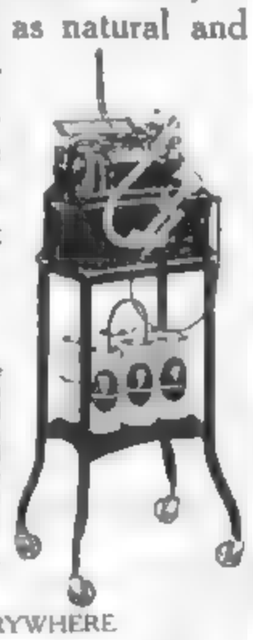
lets every man get his mail out of the way the first thing in the morning, leaves him free for his real duties, insures letter-writing as natural and forceful as conversation, places no unequal burden on any one stenographer, and makes a great big cut in your correspondence cost.



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Please send me your 24-page brochure, *"The Goose, the Typewriter and the Wizard,"* describing how the Edison Dictating Machine may be adapted to my work and your booklets on its mechanical and electrical advantages

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the vigilantes. His only chance lay in a bluff. As carelessly as possible he asked for cheese, crackers and canned goods The storekeeper started to fill the order. Everything looked serene, when the door opened and in popped our Indian. Before Frank could grab him he emitted the first remark he'd made that trip.

"I want to go home!" he said.

Frank yanked him backward out of the door, slipped his forty-five, and covered the crowd, as I stepped in with my rifle. I held the rear while Frank kicked the Indian all the way to our wagon. I watched them aboard, and then said to the crowd sternly and emphatically:

"The first one of you yaps that sticks out his head will get it torn off." I ran to the wagon. Frank laid leather on the horses; we took the banks of the North Fork like an avalanche. Half way across we stuck. All hands, except poor Bud, piled out. With one man at each wheel and one urging the horses we got loose. We saw no more of the vigilantes.

Before morning we arrived at Ben Price's. Here we turned the Indians loose with their wagon. I reached in my pocket and gave them what I took in the darkness for a ten-dollar bill. Next morning I found that I'd handed over an old Confederate bill which I'd carried for years as a pocket piece. I hated to lose it.

At Price's we had our first meal in three days. Sick and fevered as we were, Frank had to warn us or we should have gorged ourselves to death. From Ben Price's we went to his father's.

Sam Baker came to see us. If you remember, I stayed with him on my way up to the Spike-S, and I suspected him on account of his curiosity about my movements. I suspected him still more when he appeared among us with a lie in his mouth. He had heard about the Spike-S battle, he said. It was a great fight, but we had killed two marshals. I may say in passing that we hadn't; we'd merely wounded Bud Ledbetter. We must get clean out of the territory, "or they'll sure hang you," said Baker. He had a sister just in from Alabama. No one suspected her. We could stay with her until he arranged to send us to Arkansas. There he had many friends.

The End of the Trail

Why I listened to him I don't know yet. Probably my fever and weakness killed my better judgment. Frank was hot against it. We could go, he said finally; he knew better than to trust Baker. So we parted, and six nights after the Spike-S fight Bud, Bill and I, all in desperate need of a doctor, went by Baker's covered wagon to his sister's. As the wagon rumbled off I had the feeling that it was a hearse. Once on the way we considered overpowering the driver, tying him to a tree and escaping with the team. I suppose that mere weakness of will, brought on by fever and hardship, prevented our doing this. When we reached the house of Baker's sister Bud became so ill that we thought he'd die. Baker wanted to take him home, and Bud consented; by now he didn't care what happened to him. And that night Baker said he was ready. He had put quilts, pillows and provisions in an old covered wagon. "If Bud can't drive I'll provide some one who can," said Baker. When at midnight they called me out of bed to start, I found Frank sitting on the driver's seat. I was so weak and incurious that I didn't ask why he'd come. As a matter of fact Baker had sent for him, explaining that we needed him badly. If I'd known that, probably I'd never have started. I thought Frank had come of his own accord.

As the wagon jolted along, I fell into a delirious half-doze. The voice of Baker roused me. He was bidding Frank good-by.

"Just keep straight along that road," he said. "No one will stop you there. Good luck!"

I dozed off again.

I was wakened by the sudden clamor of many voices. Above them came Frank's voice, yelling:

"Shoot if you want to!"

I sat up. Frank's hands were raised in the air. A felled tree blocked the road. Across it in the moonlight I saw the barrels of a dozen rifles—pointed at us.

Sam Baker had delivered the goods according to program. The long riders had reached the end of the trail.

Editor's Note—This is the third article in a series giving the story of Al Jennings. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

The way to save money in clothes

Perhaps you have made up your mind to practice economy in your clothes this season.

The next question is How? Merely "cheap" clothes never helped any-man to save money. But if you *know* that there are medium-priced clothes of *genuine value* and *style*, you can be *sure* that your saving is real.

Styleplus Clothes $17 are reasonably priced and their quality is *absolutely guaranteed*. With each suit and overcoat we give you three Pledges of Faith:

The Styleplus Label
The Styleplus Sleeve Ticket
The Styleplus Guarantee

Insist on having these in your suit and overcoat and the amount you save will stay in the bank!

Styleplus Clothes $17

TRADE MARK REG STENCIL

"The same price the world over"

No doubt you are one of the very men Styleplus Clothes $17 were especially built to satisfy—the independent, vigorous, clean-cut kind who demand a *good appearance every day in the year*.

You get exactly that in Styleplus and the specialized, big-scale method of our manufacture enables you to realize in each suit and overcoat

A saving of $3 to $8

Because Styleplus Clothes $17 give you the style, the cut, the fabric, and the wear which you have always thought you could get only for $20 to $25.

Style + all-wool fabrics. Style + perfect fit. Style + expert workmanship. Style + guaranteed wear.

The Store of Clothing Economy—the Styleplus Store in your town!

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

3527—Plain tailored cutaway jacket. Skirt, shirred effect at sides and full panels at bottom. French serges and wide wale cheviots of Wooltex quality. Suit $25.

9515—Ribbed velvet vestee collar, worn open or closed. Jacket has corded half belt. Small tabs hold pleats of skirt together. Cheviots and serges. Suit $30.

3313—The snug fitting collar and revers may be worn open or closed. A roomy coat made of "Warmth without weight" pure wool chinchilla. $25.

Wooltex

the highest type at $25.00 to

The illustrations show but a few of the many new fall and winter Wooltex coats and suits—others range in price as follows: Wooltex Coats, $15.00 to $45.00—Wooltex Suits, $25.00 to $55.00. You will be pleased with the wide range of styles and prices and especially with the ones at $25.00 to $35.00. Every Wooltex garment is made of pure wool materials, with superior tailoring, durable lining, and each carries the extraordinary guarantee of two full seasons' satisfactory service. "Styles Coming In"—an interesting magazine of styles. Your name on a postcard to The H. Black Company, Cleveland, Ohio, brings it to you, or ask for it at—

L T E X

e tailored coats and suits $55.00 — In This City at

The Store That Sells Wooltex

3031—Splendid utility coat for driving, motoring or walking. Deep bias patch pockets, and full rolling collar. Materials of Wooltex standard—handsome chinchilla, scotch or zibeline coatings. $20.

3526—Stitched tucks, back of jacket and in skirt, are distinctive style features. Made in wide variety cheviots and serges. Suit $25.

3011—Cuffs and collar of astrakhan match the cloth. Designed for day or evening wear. In plain or two-toned zibeline or bouclé.
Coat (full lined) $30.

GOTHAM SHIRTS

The best shops will show you the latest Fall *GOTHAM SHIRT* designs in appropriate fabrics for every occasion. *$1 to $10.*

When buying your GOTHAM SHIRT, do not forget to ask for GOTHAM PAJAMAS *$1.50 to $10.00*

Why Wear Shirts of Unknown Make when you can have

GOTHAM

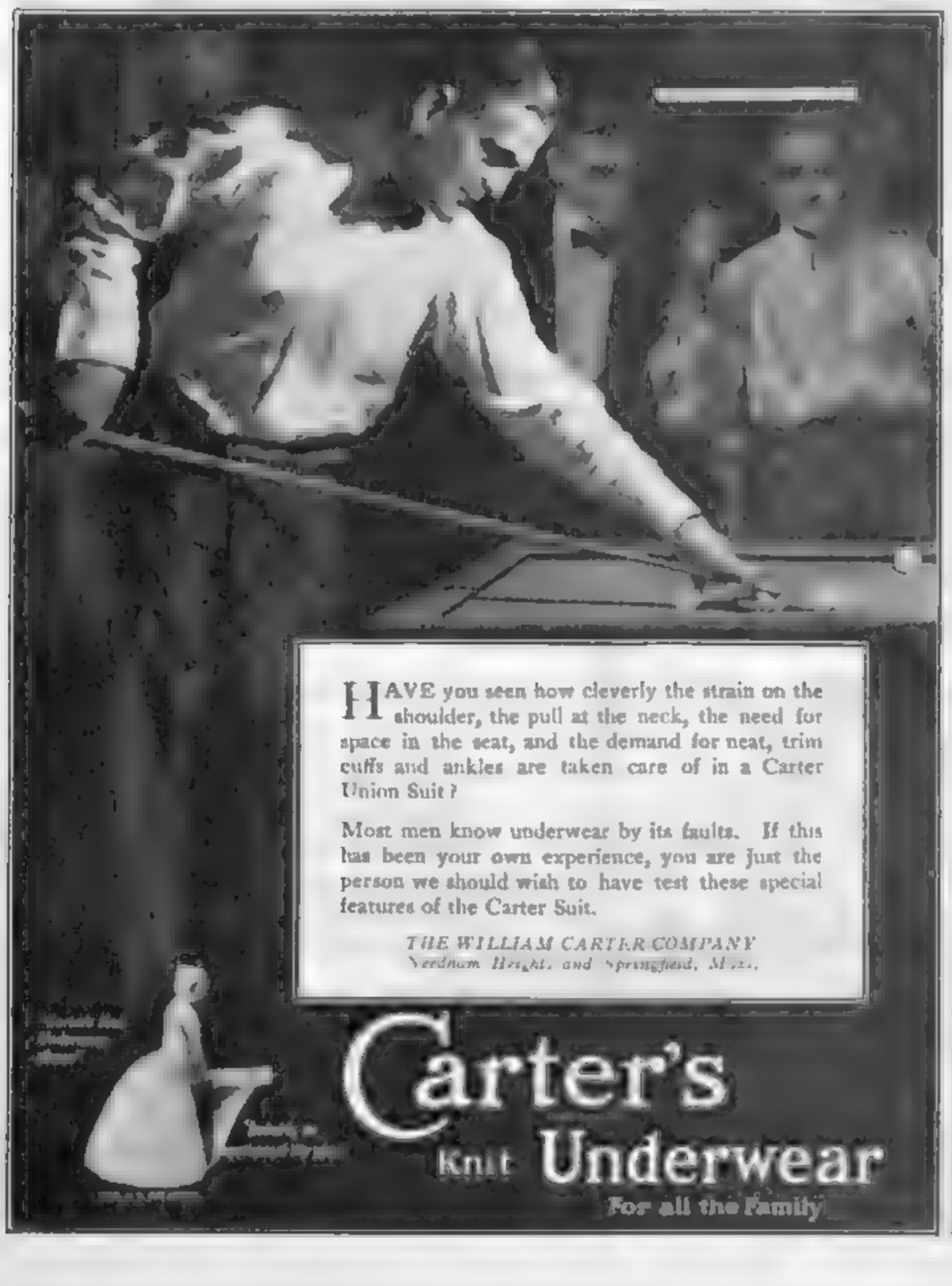
The identification mark of the "Shirt of a Gentleman."

A postal inquiry brings you the book of Gotham styles and prices. You should send for it today.

Service-Guaranteed, Color fast, Dependable

SHIRTS

GOTHAM MFG. COMPANY, 200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



HAVE you seen how cleverly the strain on the shoulder, the pull at the neck, the need for space in the seat, and the demand for neat, trim cuffs and ankles are taken care of in a Carter Union Suit?

Most men know underwear by its faults. If this has been your own experience, you are just the person we should wish to have test these special features of the Carter Suit.

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY
Needham Heights and Springfield, Mass.

Carter's Knit Underwear

For all the Family

POP

(Continued from Page 7

At about this point the conversation lost its coherence in Pop's ears. It was mingled with a curious buzzing and a dizziness that made him grip his chair lest it pitch him to the floor. Chills, in which his bones were a mere rattlebox, alternated with little rushes of prairie fire across his skin. Throes of pain wrung him.

Also, he was a little afraid—he was afraid he might not be able to get to the store in the morning. And important people were coming! He had to make the first payment on the invoice of that bankrupt stock. A semi-annual premium was overdue on his life insurance. The month of grace had nearly expired, and if he failed to pay the policy would lapse—now of all times! He had kept it up all these years; it must not lapse now, for he was going to be right sick. He wanted somebody to nurse him: his mother—or that long-lost girl he had married in the far past.

His shoes irked him; his vest—what they wanted called his waistcoat—was as tight as a corset. He felt that he would be safer in bed. He'd better go up to his own room and stretch out. He rose with extraordinary difficulty and negotiated a swimming floor on swaying legs.

The laughter from the dining room irritated him. He would be better off upstairs, where he could not hear it. The noise in his ears was all he could stand. He attained the foot of the stairs and the flight of steps seemed as long and as misty as Jacob's Ladder. And he was no angel!

The Grouts lingered at dinner and over their black coffee and tobacco until it was time to dress for the reception at Mrs. Alvin Mitnick's, at which Waupoos society would pass itself in review. The later you got there the smarter you were, and most people put off dressing until the last possible minute in order to keep themselves from falling asleep before it was time to start.

The Grouts, however, were eager to go early and get it over with. They loved to trample on Waupoos traditions. As they drifted into the hall they found it dark. They shook their heads in dismal recognition of a familiar phenomenon, and Ethelwolf groaned:

"Pop has gone upstairs. You can always trace Pop. Wherever he has passed by the lights are out."

"He has figured out that by darkening the halls while we are at dinner he saves nearly a cent a day," Mère groaned.

"If Pop were dying he'd turn out a light somewhere because he wouldn't need it." And Ethelwolf laughed.

But Mère groaned again:

"Can you wonder that I get depressed? Now, children, I ask you!"

"Poor old Mère! It's awful!"—"Ghastly!"—"Maddening!"

They gathered round her lovingly, echoing her moans. They started up the dark stairway, Consuelo first and turning back to say to Beatrice:

"Pop can cut a penny into as many slices as a landlady can cut 'pru-in' pie!" Then she screamed and started back. She had stepped on something.

Her agitation went down the stairway through the climbing Grouts like a cold breeze. What was it? She looked close. A hand was just visible on the floor at the head of the stairs. She had stepped on it.

III

POP had evidently reached the upper hall, when the ruling passion burning even through his fever had led him to grope about for the electric switch. His last remaining energy had been expended for an economy and he had collapsed.

They switched the light on again; they were always switching on currents he switched off—and paid for. They found him lying in a crumpled sprawl that was awkward, even for Pop.

They stared at him in bewilderment. They would have said he was drunk; but Pop never drank—nor smoked—nor played cards. Perhaps he was dead!

This thought was like a thunderbolt. There was a great hammering of terrified hearts in the breasts of the Grouts.

Suddenly Mère strode forward, dropped to her knees and put her hand on his heart. It was not still—far from that. She placed her cold palm on his forehead. His brow was clammy, hot and cold and wet.

"He has a high fever!" she said.

Utensils Cleaned in a Jiffy

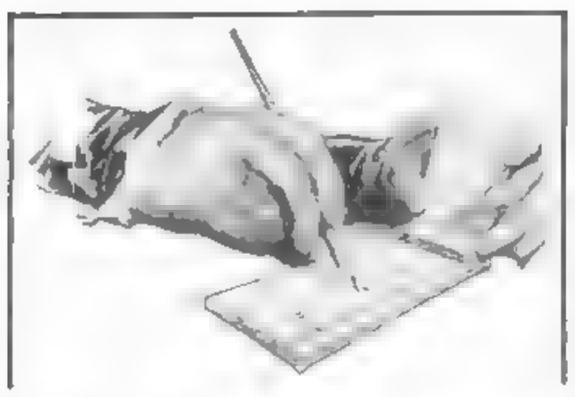
Burnt on matter, grease and dirt quickly removed with Old Dutch Cleanser.

Makes easier work—less rubbing. Just a little Old Dutch Cleanser takes away everything that ordinarily starts slowly, leaving the utensil bright and clean

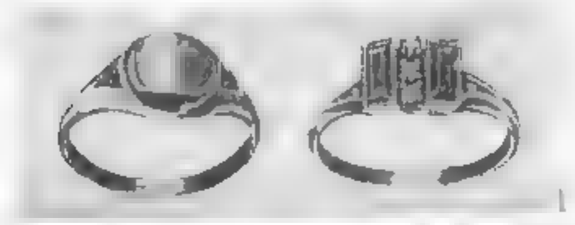
Equally effective on wooden ware and enamel. No form of uncleanliness can withstand its dirt-starting qualities.

Try it on hard things to clean.

Many other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can 10c



A Fine Ring Is a Mark of Prosperity



Lot 3423—Ladies' little finger ring in genuine amethyst or topaz. Price, $3.

Lot 3765—Ladies' set ring Genuine garnets of cushion shape or any birthstone, with 3 genuine whole pearls. Price, $8

The whole world likes prosperity. A prosperous appearance is a big aid to success. Such a small thing as a ring—a sensible looking ring—will often throw the balance in your favor.

Notice the number of prosperous men and women who wear rings. A fine ring is never out of place. Decide to own one. Buy yourself a W-W-W ring—one you'll be proud to wear and that will be a source of admiration through years to come.

Or, for a friend or relative as a birthday gift, or for some other occasion of giving, let your choice still be one of the famous

W-W-W

Guaranteed Rings

Its value is further enhanced, because—

If at any time a stone comes out or is cracked, we will replace and reset it free. This guarantee applies to all stones except diamonds.

Lot 3756—Synthetic ruby; Masonic or any other emblem. Hand engraved shank. Handsome ring for gentleman. $15.

Lot 3569—Perfectly plain, massive ring for gentlemen, with genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet. Price, $10.

Same ring as 3756, in genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet, without emblem, price, $10

Solid Gold—Splendid Stones Prices from $2 Up

W-W-W rings are all solid gold set with precious and semi-precious stones, including all the birthstones. You can pay as little as $2 or $4 or $5 or $10 and more. But the W-W-W guarantee is the same *whatever* the price.

Hundreds of styles to choose from. Beautiful single and cluster settings for girls and women. Fine emblem and jewel settings for youths and men.

See the $5 Special

Ask your jeweler to show you the $5 special W-W-W rings. Their unusual value will surprise you.

Write for book on rings. It is free.

WHITE, WILE & WARNER
Dept. O-139, Buffalo, N. Y.

Makers of Solid Gold Gem-Set Rings in Which the Stones Do Stay

Then, with a curious emotion, she put her hand on his forehead again and brushed back the scant wet hair; closed her eyes and felt in her heart a sudden ache like the turning of a rusty iron. She felt young and afraid—a young wife who finds her man wounded.

She looked up and saw standing about her a number of tall ladies and gentlemen—important-looking strangers. Then she remembered that they had once been nobodies. She felt ashamed before them and she said quickly:

"He's going to be sick. Telephone for the doctor to come right away. And you girls get his bed ready. No, you'd better put him in my room—it gets the sunlight. And you boys fill the ice-cap—and the hot-water bag and—hurry! Hurry!"

The specters vanished. She was alone with her lover. She was drying his forehead with her best lace handkerchief and murmuring:

"John, honey, what's the matter! Why, honey—why didn't you tell me?"

Then a tall gentleman or two returned and one of them said:

"Better let us get him off the floor, Mère."

And the big sons of the frail little man picked him up and carried him into the room and pulled off his elastic congress gaiters, and his coat and vest, and his detached cuffs, and his permanently-tied tie, and his ridiculous collar.

Then Mère put them out, and when the doctor arrived Pop was in bed in his best nightshirt.

The doctor made his way up through the little mob of terrified children. He found Mrs. Grout vastly agitated and much ashamed of herself. She did not wish to look sentimental. She had reached the Indian-summer modesty of old married couples.

The doctor went through the usual ritual of pulse feeling and tongue examining and question asking, while Pop lay inert, with a little thermometer protruding from his mouth like a most inappropriate cigarette.

The doctor was uncertain yet whether it were one of the big fevers or pneumonia, or just a bilious attack. Blood-tests would show; and he scraped the lobe of the ear of the unresisting, indifferent old man, and took a drop of his thin blood on a bit of glass. The doctor tried to reassure the panicky family, but his voice was low and important.

IV

THE brilliant receptions and displays that Mère and the children had planned were abandoned without regret. All minor regrets were lost in the one big regret for the poor old worn-out man upstairs.

There was a dignity about Pop now. The lowliest peasant takes on majesty when he is battling for his life and his home.

There was dismay in all the hearts now—dismay at the things they had said and the thoughts and sneers; dismay at the future, without this shabby but unfailing provider.

The proofs of the family photograph lay scattered about the living room. Pop was not there. They had smiled about it before. Now it looked ominous! What would become of this family if Pop were not there?

The house was filled with a thick sense of hush like a heavy fog; but thoughts seemed to be all the louder in the silence—jumbled thoughts of selfish alarm; filial terror; remorse; tenderness; mutual rebuke; dread of death, of the future, of the past.

The day nurse and the night nurse were in command of the house. The only events were the arrivals of the doctor, his long stops, his whispered conferences with the nurses, and the unsatisfactory evasive answers he gave as they ambushed him at the foot of the stairs on his way out.

Meanwhile they could not help Pop in his long wrestle. They had drained his strength and bruised his heart while he had his power, and now that he needed their help and their youth they could not lend him anything; they could not pay a single installment on the mortgages they had incurred.

They could only stand at the door now and then and look in at him. They could not beat off one of the invisible vultures of fever and pain that hovered over him, swooped and tore him.

They could not even get word to him—not a message of love or repentance, or of hope. His brain was in a turmoil of its own. His white lips were muttering delirious nonsense; his soul was fluttering from scene to scene and year to year, like a restless dragonfly. He was young; he was old; he was married; he was a bachelor; he was at home; he was in his store; he was pondering campaigns

An item of interest to player-piano purchasers

because it shows exactly what a player-piano must do to give complete satisfaction, *i. e.*, enable you to "control the touch" so as to "imitate hand-playing." The manufacturers of the

Baldwin Manualo

The • Player-Piano • that • is • all • but • human

Scientist tries to control the "touch" in operating a player-piano

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN comments on a paper entitled "The Dynamics of Pianoforte Touch" read by Prof. G. H. Bryan. Regarding "touch" in the mechanically operated instruments, Prof. Bryan said that although his player-piano had various ways of controlling the expression, he could not directly and instinctively vary the force of the hammers' striking the strings as a pianist does by hand. He told of his efforts to control the touch so as to more closely imitate hand-playing and finally of his invention of a lever whose manipulation affected the working of the pneumatics which operate the hammers.

Prof. Bryan is a Fellow of The Royal Society of London, the most famous body of scientific men in the world, and, according to "Who's Who" (England), one of his hobbies is the player-piano. Therefore it is not surprising for *The Scientific American* to claim that Prof. Bryan's paper points the direction in which the player piano must be perfected.

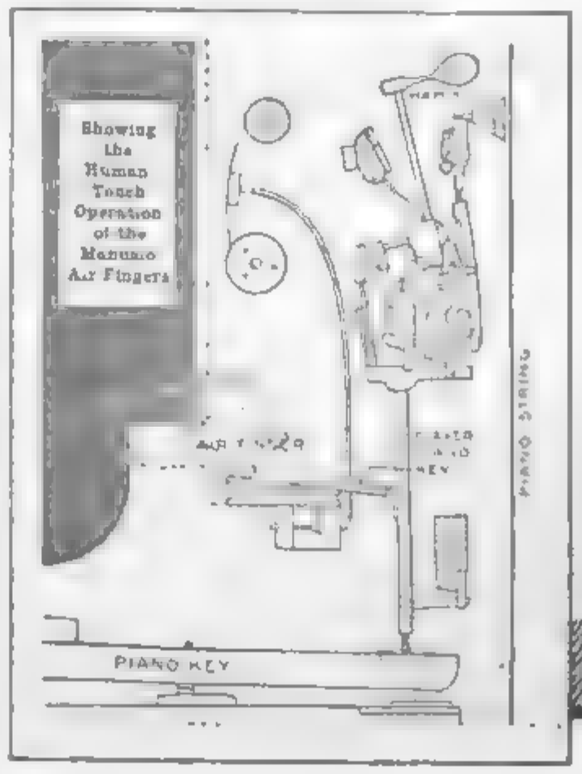
have developed their instrument along that very line. It actually enables you to control the touch, not through the manipulation of an extra device such as Prof. Bryan invented, but, better still, because its mechanism operates and is controlled in precisely the same way as the human fingers and the piano keys which it replaces.

A PIANO operates like this: When the outer end of a key is pushed down, the inner end rises, raising a rod which makes the piano hammer strike the string.

The Manualo operates like this: When the air is sucked by the pedaling from the little bellows or air finger of the particular note which the music roll picks out, the top of the bellows collapses *downward* precisely as the human finger pushes *down* the piano key. The downward action of the air finger raises a player key attached to its top precisely as the inner end of the piano key is raised. This player key raises the piano rod, making the hammer strike the string, precisely as the piano key raises the rod. (See diagram below.)

THE varying pressure of the human fingers upon the piano keys is controlled by the musical feeling.

The varying pressure of the feet upon the Manualo pedals likewise is controlled by the musical feeling.



THE varying touch of the human fingers is transmitted to the piano hammers and makes them strike the strings with varying pressure as follows: If the key is struck sharply, the rod rises quickly, the hammer strikes forcefully and the note is loud. If the key is struck gently, the reverse happens. And so on through every strength of touch and style of accent.

In playing the Manualo, the varying pressure of the feet is transmitted to the piano hammers and makes them strike the strings with varying pressure as follows: If you pedal forcefully, the air is instantly sucked from the air finger and it collapses forcefully, making the hammer strike loudly, just as if the piano key were struck with equal force. Pedal lightly and the air is sucked out not so quickly so that the air finger collapses gently, making the hammer strike softly just as when playing softly by hand. Accent certain strokes of the pedals more than others, and the air fingers which the music roll picks out on these strokes are sucked out more rapidly than the others so that they make the hammers accent their notes above the others just as when you bring out the melody in hand-playing.

Thus, you see, the operation of the Manualo is precisely the same as the operation of the piano, and its mechanism is controlled by instinctive variations of pressure in the pedaling precisely the same as the piano action is controlled by instinctive variations of pressure in the fingering. Therefore the touch varies in Manualo music as the musical feeling directs just as it varies in piano music. You not only secure hand-played expression but you secure it in the same personal, instinctive, natural, enjoyable way as one who plays the piano.

Our booklet fully illustrates and explains the wonderful pianistic operation and control of the Manualo. Send for a copy to the nearest address.

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Brooklyn, N. Y.

of business, slicing pennies or making daring purchases. He was retrenching; he was advertising; but he was afraid always that he might sink in the bog of competition with rival merchants, with creditors, debtors, bankers, with his wife, his children, his neighbors, his ideals, his business axioms——

"Ain't the moon purty tonight, honey! Gee! I'm scared of that preacher! What do I say when he says, 'Do you take this woman for your'—the payroll? I can't meet it Saturday. How am I going to meet the payroll? I don't see how we can sell those goods any cheaper, but we got to get rid of 'em. My premium! My premium! I haven't paid my premium! What'll become of the children? Three cents a yard—it's robbery! Eight cents a yard—that's givin' it away! Don't misunderstand me, Sally. It's my way of making love. I can't say purty things like some folks can, but I can think 'em. My premium—the payroll—so many children! Couldn't they do without that? I ain't a millionaire, you know. Every time I begin to get ahead a little seems like one of the children gets sick or in trouble—the payroll! Three cents a yard—the new invoice—I can't buy myself a new suit. The doctor's bills! I ain't complaining of 'em; but I've got to pay 'em! Let me stay home—I'd rather. I've had a hard day—my premium! Don't put false notions in their heads! The payroll! Don't scold me, honey! I got feelings too. You haven't said a word of love to me in years! I'll raise the money somehow. I know I'm close; but somebody's got to be—the payroll—so many people depending on me. So many mouths to feed—the children—all the clerks—the delivery-wagon drivers—the advertising bills—the payroll—the children! I ain't as young as I was—honey, don't scold me!"

The ceaseless babbling grew intolerable. Then it ceased; and the stupor that succeeded was worse, for it meant exhaustion. The doctor grew more grave. He ceased to talk of hope. He looked ashamed. He tried to throw the blame from himself.

And one dreadful day he called the family together in the living room. Once more they were all there—all those expensively shod feet; those well-clothed, well-fed bodies. In the chair where Pop had slumped the doctor sat upright. He was saying:

"Of course there's always hope! While there's life there's always hope. The fever is pretty well gone, but so is the patient. The crisis left him drained. You see he has lived this American business man's life—no exercise—no vacations—no change. The worst of it is that he seems to have given up the fight. You know we doctors can only stand guard outside. The patient has to fight it out inside himself. It's a very serious sign when the sick man loses interest in the battle. Mr. Grout does not rally. His powerful mind has given up."

In spite of themselves there was a general lifting of the brows of surprise at the allusion to Pop's poor little footling brain as a powerful mind. Perhaps the doctor saw it. He said:

"For it was a powerful mind! Mr. Grout has carried that store of his from a little shop to a big institution; he has kept it afloat in a dull town through hard times. He has kept his credit good and he has given his family wonderful advantages. Look where he has placed you all! He was a great man."

When the doctor had gone they began to understand that the town had looked upon Pop as a giant of industry, a prodigal of extravagance for his family. They began to feel more keenly still how good a man he was. While they were flourishing like orchids in the sun and air, he had grubbed in the earth, sinking roots everywhere in search of moisture and of sustenance. Through him, things that were lowly and ugly and cheap were gathered and transformed, and sent aloft as sap to make flowers of and color them, and give them velvet petals and exquisite perfume.

They gathered silently in his room to watch him. He was white and still, hardly breathing, already the overdue property of the grave.

They talked of him in whispers, for he did not answer when they praised him. He did not move when they caressed him. He was very far away and drifting farther.

They spoke of how much they missed him; of how perfect a father he had been; competing with one another in regrets and in praise. Back of all this belated tribute there was a silent dismay they did not give voice to—the keen immediately personal reasons for regret.

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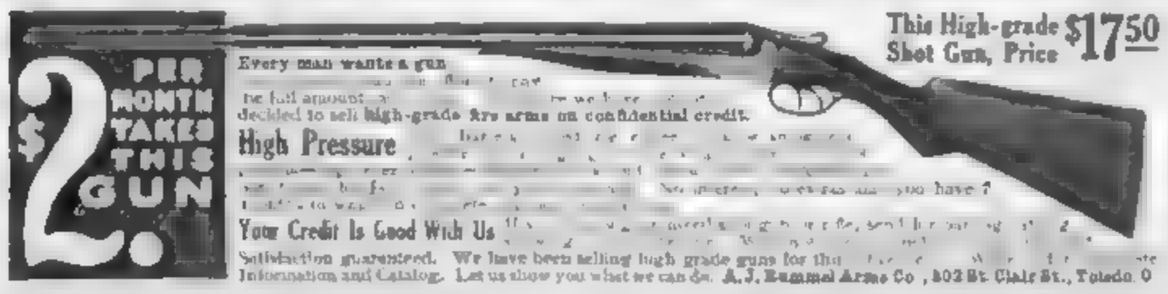
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"What will become of us?" they were thinking, each in his or her own terrified soul.

"I can't go back to school!"

"This means no college for me!"

"I'll have to stay in this awful town the rest of my life!"

"I can't go to Budapest! The greatest honor of my life is taken from me just as I grasped it."

"I had a commission to paint the portrait of an ambassador at Washington—it would have been the making of me! It meant a lot of money too. I came home to ask Pop to stake me to money enough to live on until it was finished."

"My business will go to smash! I'll be saddled with debts for the rest of my life. If I could have hung on a little longer I'd have reached the shore; but the bank wouldn't lend me a cent. Nobody would. I came home to ask Pop to raise me some cash. I counted on him. He's never failed me before."

"What will become of us all?"

There was a stir on the pillow. The still head began to rock—the throat to swell—the lips to twitch.

Mère ran to the bedside and knelt by it, laying her hand on the forehead. A miracle had been wrought in the very texture of his brow. He was whispering something. She put her ear to his lips.

"Yes, honey, what is it? I'm here."

She caught the faint rustling of words. It was as if his hovering soul had been eavesdropping on their thoughts. Perhaps it was merely that he had learned so well in all these years just what each of them would be thinking. For he murmured:

"I've been figuring out—how much the funeral will cost—you know they're awful expensive—funerals are—of course I wouldn't want anything fancy—but—well—besides—and I've been thinking the children have got to have so many things—I can't afford to—be away from the store any longer. I ain't got time to die! I've had vacation enough! Where's my clothes at?"

They held him back. But not for long. He was the most irritatingly impatient of convalescents. In due course of time the family was re-distributed about the face of the earth. Ethelwolf was at preparatory school; Beatrice and Consuelo were acquiring and lending luster at Wellesley and Vassar; Gerald was painting a portrait at Washington; and J. Pennock was like a returned Napoleon in Wall Street.

Pop was at his desk in the store. All his employees had gone home. He was fretfully twiddling a cablegram from Budapest:

Julie's address sublime please cable five hundred more love MERE.

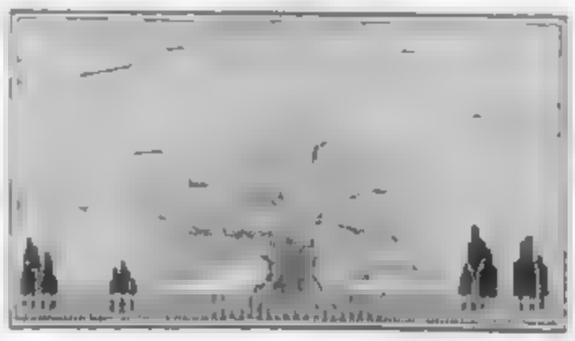
Pop was remembering the words of the address: "Woman has been for ages man's mere beast of burden. . . . Being a wife has meant being a slave."

Pop couldn't understand it yet. But he told everybody he met about the first three words of the cable and added:

"I got the smartest children that ever was and they owe it all to their mother, every bit."

Star Colors

PROFESSOR EDWARD C. PICKERING, of Harvard, has been able to show recently that Ptolemy had an excellent eye for color values; that William Herschel had a strong sense of red but was a little weak on the blues; that the noted astronomer Sufi, of the tenth century, was another who had a good color vision; that of various other ancient astronomers some were weak on the reds and some on the blues. His assertions are based on the practical certainty that the color of the stars has not changed in these centuries. Most of the old astronomers have left records of the colors of the various stars, and these values he applied to standards established by taking the average color value of certain stars given by a number of Harvard observers.



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The Mazda is the result of the General-Electric Company's long research and experiment, and step-by-step improvement in electric lighting.

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The Mazda Lamp, embodying the best electrical thought of the old and new worlds, has established a new standard of electric lighting. The wonderful G-E discovery and application of ductile tungsten have produced a lamp that shines in the forefront of the world's electrical conquest. To keep it there in the forefront, laboratories on both sides of the Atlantic are coöperating with the common aim of giving to Mazda the benefit of every possible advance.

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SERGEANT JIMMY BAGBY'S FEET

(Continued from Page 19)

tell you that he taken a rather prominent part—on the other side from us."

As Mr. Ezell's choler rose his brows came down and lowered.

"Huh!" said Mr. Ezell with deadly slowness. "What's a Yankee doin' down here in this country?"

"Doing fairly well," answered Mr. Bloomfield. "F'r instance, he's payin' taxes on that there house next door." He flirted his whiskered chin over his left shoulder. "F'r instance, also, he's running the leading tannery and saddle-works of this city, employing sixteen hands regular. Also, he was elected a justice of the peace a week ago last We'nesday by his fellow citizens, regardless of politics or religion—thanky for asking!

"Also," he went on, his freckles now standing out beautifully against a mounting pink background—"Also and furthermore, he remembers distinctly having been present on a number of occasions when he helped to lick you Seceshers good and proper. And if you think, my friend, that I'm going to abate one jot or tittle from that statement you're barking up the wrong tree, I tell you!"

Now behold in the rôle of peacemaker Sergeant Jimmy Bagby rising grandly erect to his full height, but keeping his feet and ankles in the foot-tub.

"Say, listen here, major," he pleaded, "if you kin kindly see your way clear to abatin' a few jots on behalf of Indiana I'll bet you I kin induce Georgia to throw off every blamed tittle he's got in stock. And then if Indiana kin dig up another of them delightful teacups of his'n I believe I kin guarantee that Kintucky and Georgia will join him in pourin' a small but nourishin' libation upon the altar of friendship, not to mention the thresholds of a reunited country. Ain't I got the right notion, boys? Of course I have! And then, as soon as we-all git settled down agin comfortable I'm goin' to tell you two boys something mighty interestin' that come up oncet when I was on hand and heard the whole thing. Did I mention to you before that I belonged to King's Hell Hounds?"

Diplomacy surely lost an able advocate in the spring of 1865 when Sergeant Bagby laid down the sword to take up retail groceries. As soothing oil upon roiled waters his words fell; they fell even as sweet unguents upon raw wounds. And, besides, just then Mr. Ezell caught a whiff of a most delectable and appealing aroma as the sergeant, on concluding his remarks with a broad-armed gesture, swished his own teacup directly under Mr. Ezell's nose.

Probably not more than fifteen minutes had pleasantly elapsed—it usually took the sergeant twenty to tell in all its wealth of detail the story of what General Breckinridge said to General Buckner, and what General Buckner said in reply to General Breckinridge, and he was nowhere near the delectable climax yet—when an interruption befell. Into the ken of these three old men, seated in a row upon the parsonage porch, there came up the street a pair whose gait and general air of flurriment and haste instantly caught and held their attention. Side by side sped a young woman and a young man—a girl and a boy rather, for she looked to be not more than eighteen or, say, nineteen, and he at the most not more than twenty-one or so. Here they came, getting nearer, half-running, panting hard, the girl with her hands to her breast, and both of them casting quick, darting glances backward over their shoulders as though fearing pursuit.

"Well," said Mr. Bloomfield, "all the excitement appears to be happening round here this afternoon. I wonder now what ails them two young people?" He squinted through his glasses at the nearing couple. "Why, the gal is that pore little Sally Fannie Gibson that lives over here on the next street. Do tell now!"

He rose; so, a moment later, did his companions, for the youth had jerked Doctor Grundy's gate open and both of them were now scudding up the walk toward them. Doubtless because of their agitation the approaching two seemed to notice nothing unusual in the fact that these three elderly men, rising at their coming, should each be holding in his right hand a large china teacup, and that one, the central figure of the three, and the largest of bulk, should be planted ankle-deep and better in a small green tub, rising from it at an interested angle, like some new kind of plump, round potted plant.

"Oh! Oh!" gasped the girl; she clung to the lowermost post of the step-rail. "Where is Doctor Grundy, please? We must see Doctor Grundy right away—right this minute!"

"We want him to marry us!" exclaimed the youth, blurting it out.

"We've got the license," the girl said. "Harvey's got it in his pocket."

"And here it is!" said the youth, producing the document and holding it outspread in a shaking hand. It appeared crumpled, but valid.

It was but proper that Sergeant Bagby, in his capacity as host pro tem, should do the necessary explaining.

"Well now, young lady and young gentleman," he said, "I'm sorry to have to disappoint you—monstrous sorry—but, to tell you the truth, the Reverend Doctor Grundy ain't here; in fact, we ain't lookin' for him back for quite some time yit."

"He is reunionizing at the Pastime Skating Rink," volunteered Mr. Bloomfield. "You'll have to wait a while, Sally Fannie."

"Oh," cried the girl, "we can't wait—we just can't wait! We were counting on him. And now —— Oh, what shall we do, Harvey?"

Shrinking up against the railing she wrung her hands. The sergeant observed that she was a pretty little thing—small and shabby, but undeniably pretty, even in her present state of fright. There were tears in her eyes and the boy was trembling.

"You'd both better come in and take a chair and ca'm yourselves," said the sergeant. "Let's talk it over and see what we-all kin do."

"I tell you we can't wait!" gulped the girl, beginning to sob in earnest. "My stepfather is liable to come any minute! I'm as 'fraid as death of him. He's found out about the license—he's looking for us now to stop us. Oh, Harvey! Harvey! And this was our only chance!" She turned to her sweetheart and he put both his arms round her protectingly.

"I know that stepfather of yours," put in Mr. Bloomfield, in a tone which indicated that he did not know much about him that was good or wholesome. "What's his main objection to you and this young fellow getting married? Ain't you both of age?"

"Yes, we are—both of us; but he don't want me to marry at all," burst from the girl. "He just wants me to stay at home and slave and slave and slave! And he don't like Harvey—he hates him! Harvey hasn't been living here very long, and he pretends he don't know anything about Har-rr-r-vey."

She stretched the last word out in a pitiful, long-drawn quaver.

"He don't like Harvey, eh?" repeated Mr. Bloomfield. "Well, that's one thing in Harvey's favor anyway. Young man," he demanded briskly, "kin you support a wife?"

"Yes, sir," spoke up Harvey; "I can. I've got a good job and I'm making good pay—I'm in the engineering crew that came down from Chicago last month to survey the new short line over to Knoxville."

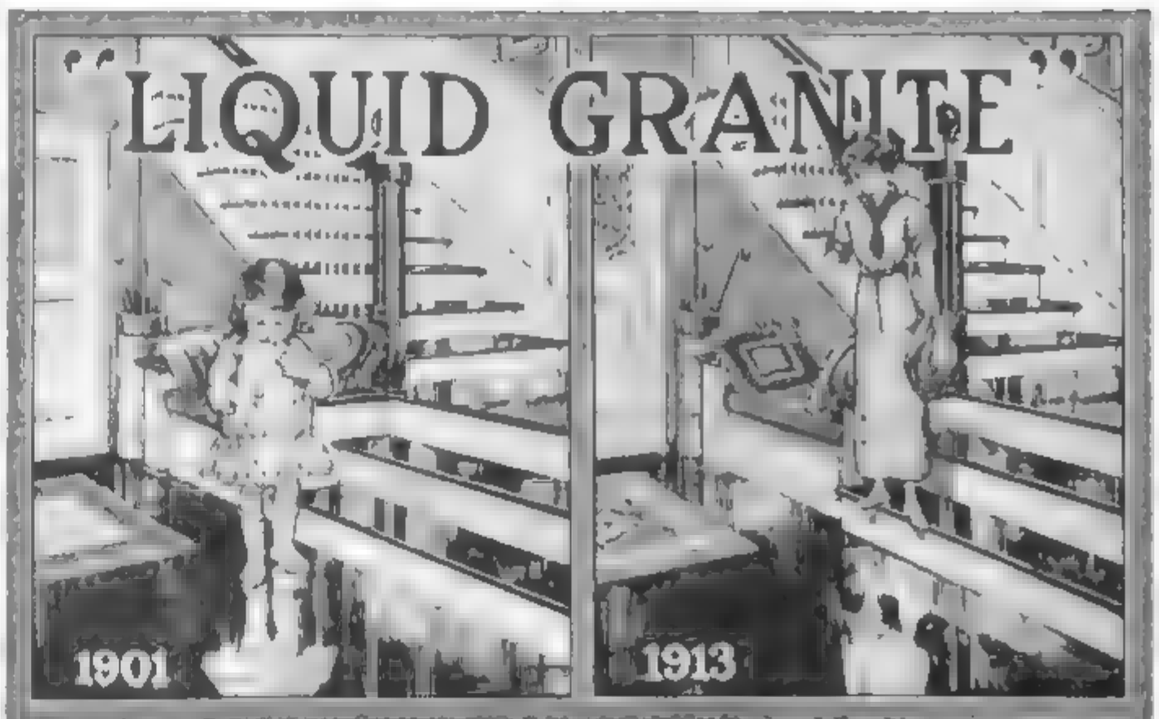
"Oh, what are we wasting all this time for?" broke in the desperate Sally Fannie. "Don't you-all know—didn't I tell you that he's right close behind us? And he'll kill Harvey! I know he will—and then I'll die too! Oh, don't be standing there talking! Tell us what to do, somebody—or show us where to hide!"

Mr. Bloomfield's dappled hand waggled his brindled whiskers agitatedly. Mr. Ezell tugged at his hickory neckband; very possibly his thoughts were upon that similar situation of a Northern wooer and a Southern maid as depicted in the lately interrupted film drama entitled At the Cannon's Mouth. Like a tethered pachyderm, Sergeant Bagby teetered his form upon his stationary underpinning.

"Little gal, I most certainly do wisht there was something I could do!" began Mr. Bloomfield, the spirit of romance all aglow within his elderly and doubtless freckled bosom.

"Well, there is, major!" shouted the sergeant suddenly. "Shore as gun's iron, there's something you kin do! Didn't you tell us boys not half an hour ago you was a jestice of the peace?"

"Yes, I did!"



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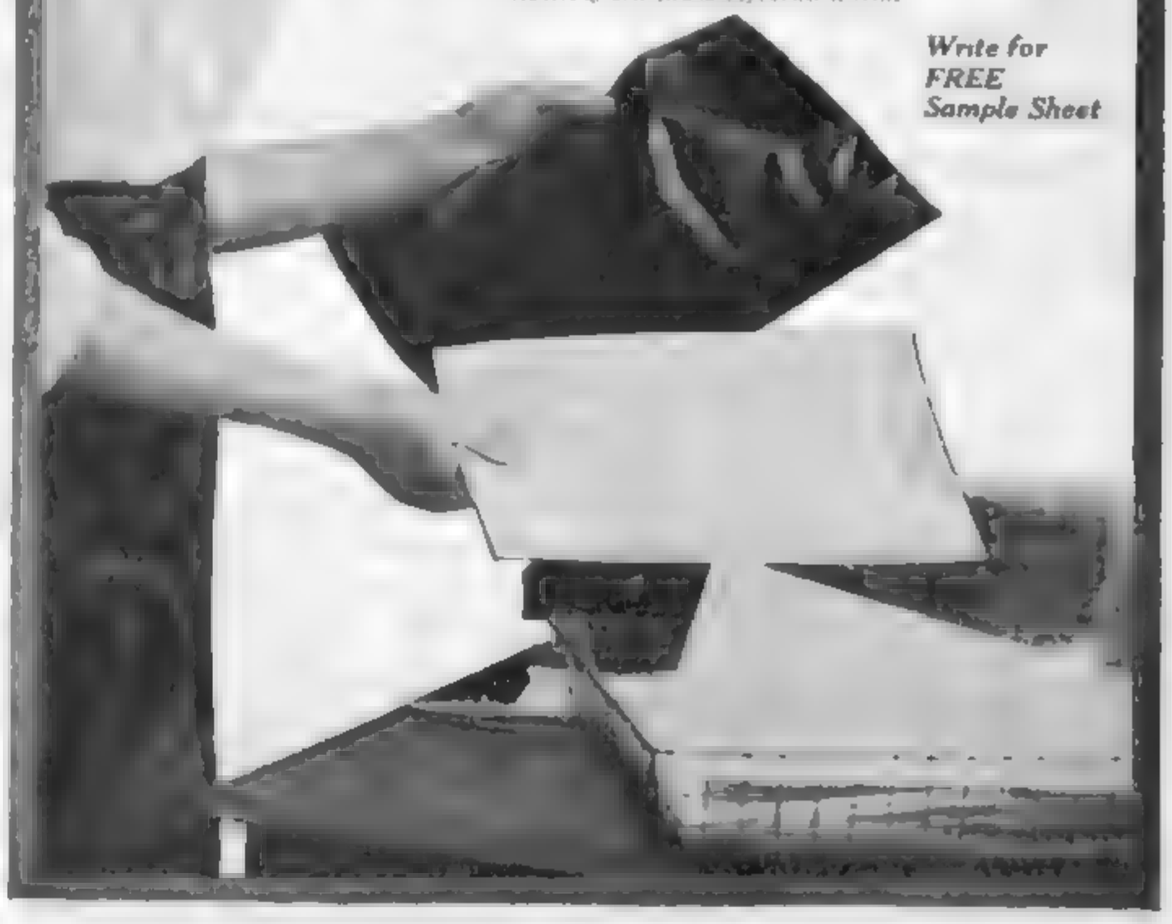

Bell Special $13.50 Suit or O'Coat To your Order

You can save many dollars on Your Fall Clothing

Simply drop us a line, giving your name and address, and we'll send you our

STYLE BOOK And 72 Samples FREE

This catalog tells you how you can save many dollars of your clothes money

It is illustrated with the newest and smartest New York styles. It contains 72 samples of the finest woolens. It explains in detail the Bell System of selling, and includes Dress Chart and other valuable information for the men who desire to be well dressed.

This catalog is our only salesman. You cannot purchase our clothes in any store, nor have we any agents to bother you or force you to buy. You sell yourself and save the profits we would have to pay an agent to sell you. Through this method of saving and because of the style, service and satisfaction our clothes have always given their wearers, we have built up the largest direct mail order tailoring business in the world.

Along with this style of book we send you a simple measuring outfit with which you or any member of your family can take your measure as expertly as any custom tailor. We guarantee the fit and perfect satisfaction or a return of your money. There's no speculation.

BELL SPECIAL SUIT OR OVERCOAT (To Order) $13.50

At this price we offer what is probably the greatest clothing value ever made, for we have specialized and devoted years of effort to produce a suit at $13.50 that any man would be proud to wear

Its value is many dollars greater, and it is only due to the tremendous buying power of this vast organization, and the economy of selling employed, that we are able to quote this low price

No matter where you live, no matter what [illegible] are used to wearing, send for our Style Book and samples

We refer you to Dun's, Bradstreet's, N. Y. Banks or to any of our customers as to our responsibility and fair dealing.

The Bell Tailors of New York
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Keeps You Warm In All Weather

Closely woven, won't easily snag. Just the garment for automobilists and for [illegible] in cold weather. Comfortable, durable.

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Registered in U. S. Patent Office

Made of a closely woven, knitted fabric, lined with thick gray wool fleece. Snap fasteners. Riveted pockets. Ask your dealer or send postpaid on receipt of $3.50
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Better Do Not Wait, write today for our
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept F-55, CHICAGO

"Then marry 'em yourself!" It wasn't a request—it was a command, whoopingly, triumphantly given.

"Cumrud," said Mr. Bloomfield, "I hadn't thought of it—why, so I could!"

"Oh, could you?" Sally Fannie's head came up and her cry had hope in it now. "And would you do it—right quick?"

Unexpected stage fright overwhelmed Mr. Bloomfield.

"I've took the oath of office, tubby sure—but I ain't never performed no marriage ceremony—I don't even remember how it starts," he confessed.

"Think it up as you go 'long," advised Sergeant Bagby.

"Whutever you say is bindin' on all parties concerned—I know that much law." It was the first time since the runaways arrived that Mr. Ezell had broken silence, but his words had potency and pith.

"But there has got to be witnesses—two witnesses," parried Mr. Bloomfield, still filled with the buck-ague qualms of the amateur.

"What's the matter with me and him for witnesses?" cried Sergeant Bagby, pointing toward Mr. Ezell. He wrestled a thin gold band off over a stubborn finger-joint. "Here's even a weddin' ring!"

The boy, who had been peering down the silent street, with a tremulous hand cupped over his anxious eyes, gave a little gasp of despair and plucked at the girl's sleeve. She turned—and saw then what he had already seen.

"Oh, it's too late! It's too late!" she quavered, cowering down. "There he comes yonder!"

"'Tain't no such of a thing!" snapped Sergeant Bagby, actively in command of the situation. "You two young ones come right up here on this porch and git behind me and take hands. Indiana, proceed with your ceremony! Georgia and Kintucky, stand guard!" With big spread-eagle gestures he shepherded the elopers into the shelter of his own wide bulk.

A man with a red, passionate face and mean, squinty eyes, who ran along the nearer sidewalk, looking this way and that, saw indistinctly through the vines the pair he sought, and, clearing the low fence at a bound, he came tearing across the grassplot, his heels tearing deep gouges in the turf. His voice gurgled hoarsely in his throat as he tried to utter all at once—commands and protests, threats and curses.

From somewhere behind Sergeant Bagby's broad back came the last feebly technical objection of the officiating functionary:

"But, cumruds, somebody's got to give the bride away!"

"I give the bride away, dad-gum you!" blared Sergeant Bagby at the top of his vocal register. "King's Hell Hounds give the bride away!"

Thus, over his shoulder, did Sergeant Bagby give the bride away; and then he faced front, with chest expanded and the light of battle in his eyes.

Vociferating, blasphemous, furious, Sally Fannie's tyrant charged the steps and then recoiled at their foot. A lean, sinewy old man in a hickory shirt barred his way, and just beyond this barrier a stout old man with his feet in a foot-tub loomed both large and formidable. For the moment baffled, he gave voice to vain and profane foolishness.

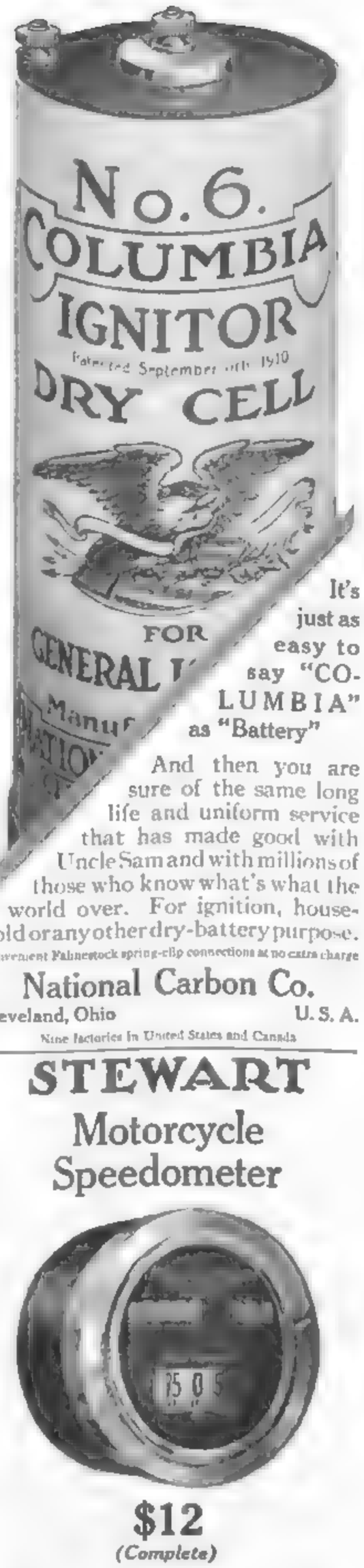
"Stop them two!" he yelled, his rage making him almost inarticulate. "She ain't of age—and even ef she is I ain't agoin' to have this!"

"Ain't you got no politeness at all?" inquired Mr. Ezell, of Georgia. "Don't you see you're interruptin' the holy rites of matrimony—carryin' on thataway?"

"That's what I aim to do, blame you!" howled the other, now sensing for the first time the full import of the situation. "I'll matrimony her, the little ——" He spat out the foulest word our language yields for fouler tongues to use. "That ain't all—I'll cut the heart out of the man that interferes!"

Driving his right hand into his right trousers pocket he cleared the three lower steps at a bound and teetered upon his toes on the very edge of the fourth one.

In the act of making his hand into a fist Mr. Ezell discovered he could not do so by reason of his fingers being twined in the handle of a large, extra-heavy ironstone-china teacup. So he did the next best thing—he threw the cup with all his might, which was considerable. At close range this missile took the enemy squarely in the chest and staggered him back. And as he staggered back, clutching to regain his balance, Mr. Bloomfield, standing somewhat



It's just as easy to say "CO-LUMBIA" as "Battery"

And then you are sure of the same long life and uniform service that has made good with Uncle Sam and with millions of those who know what's what the world over. For ignition, household or any other dry-battery purpose.

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STEWART
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$12
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A Trouble-Proof Rear-Wheel Drive

THE Stewart rear-wheel drive is a thoroughly practical, trouble-proof motorcycle speedometer.

The instrument is identical with the Stewarts found on the highest-priced automobiles. The full flexible shaft, carried back along the frame, cannot work loose and whip about in the rider's way. The big, powerful angle joint resists the most severe vibration and road shock. The pinion is of fibre. The driving sprocket is a big, solid casting.

In our new improved front-wheel drive the shaft operates through a steel tube. This model also sells for $12.

For sale by dealers all over the world. Catalogue on request.

The Stewart Speedometer Factory
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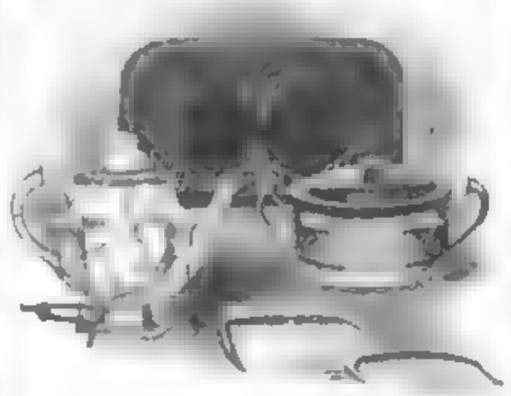

Royal-Rochester
Percolators

Most normal folks delight in a cup of rich, fragrant coffee. The Royal-Rochester Percolators unfailingly yield it. Quickly, too. If you want to see the newest in percolators go to a Royal-Rochester dealer. $2.50 to $18.

Royal-Rochester Trays

Give your antique china and wedding silver a royal setting. Royal-Rochester Serving Trays add beauty *to* beauty. Note our dainty new creation! *Silver deposit ware* applied to wooden trays. See how it sets off your sideboard. We have trays at $2.50 to $15.

Royal-Rochester Casseroles

Royal-Rochester Casseroles come in stunning-looking big sizes for big families—dainty little ones for Newly-weds. Many shapes—many designs. Prices from $2 to $6.

Royal-Rochester Crumb Sets

The crumb sets are little things to buy and important things to own. They make a big difference in refined table service. You can choose the appropriate dainty patterns from Royal-Rochester styles. Prices, $1 to $2.50.

Royal-Rochester

Be sure you see the Royal-Rochester line. If you have trouble locating a Royal Rochester dealer, write us, we will direct you. Look for the Royal-Rochester trade-mark on each piece.

Rochester Stamping Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

New York Show Room:
200 Fifth Avenue

in the rear and improvising as fast as his tongue could wag, uttered the concluding, fast-binding words:

"Therefore I pernounce you man and wife; and, whatever you do, don't never let nobody come betwixt you, asundering you apart'"

With a lightning-fast dab of his whiskers he kissed the bride—he had a flashing intuition that this was required by the ritual—shoved the pair inside Doctor Grundy's front hall, slammed the door behind them, snatched up Sergeant Bagby's rusted rifle from where it leaned against Doctor Grundy's porch post, and sprang forward in a posture combining defense and offense. All in a second or two Mr. Bloomfield did this.

Even so, his armed services were no longer required; for Sergeant Jimmy Bagby stepped nimbly out of his tub, picked it up in both hands and turned it neatly yet crashingly upside down upon the head of the bride's step-parent—so that its contents, which had been cold and were still coolish, cascaded in swishing gallons down over his person, effectually chilling the last warlike impulse of his drenched and dripping bosom, and rendering him in one breath whipped, choked and tamed.

"With the compliments of the Southern Confederacy!" said Sergeant Bagby, so doing.

The shadows on the grass lay long and attenuated when the folks came back from the Pastime Rink. Sergeant Bagby sat alone upon Doctor Grundy's porch. There were puddles of spilt water on porch and step and the walk below, and a green foot-tub, now empty, stood on its side against the railings. The sergeant was drawing his white yarn socks on over his water-bleached shanks.

"Well, suh, Jimmy," said Judge Priest as he came up under the vines, "you certainly missed it this evenin'. That was the best speech General Tige Gracey ever made in his whole life. It certainly was a wonder and a jo-darter!"

"What was the subject, cumrud?" asked Sergeant Bagby.

"Fraternal Strife and Brotherly Love," replied the judge. "He jest natchelly dug up the hatchet and then he reburied her agin—reburied her miles deep under Cherokee roses and magnolia blossoms. But how's your feet? I reckon you've had a purty toler'ble lonesome time settin' here, ain't you?"

"I see—love and war! War and love," commented the sergeant softly.

Then, before answering further, he raised his head and glanced over the top of the intervening hedge toward the house next door. From its open door issued confused sounds of which he alone knew the secret—it was Georgia trying to teach Indiana the words and music of the song entitled Old Virginny Never Tire!

"Oh, my feet are mighty nigh cured," said he; "and I ain't had such a terrible lonesome time as you might think for either, cumrud."

"That's the second time you've called me that," said Judge Priest suspiciously. "What does it mean?"

"Oh, that? That's a foreign word I picked up today." And Sergeant Bagby smiled gently. "It's a pet name the Yankees use when they mean pardner!"

Color Suggestions

TWO psychologists at Vassar have found that there is a strong disposition on the part of college girls, and possibly of all people, to take somebody else's word that certain colors are pleasant or unpleasant. In effect they have shown that a clever clerk selling dressgoods and other articles of dress can influence customers considerably in their attitude toward one color or another. In the tests on thirty-five Vassar students colors were shown with the remark that this was a warm, delicate pink or that was a faded blue. The records of the tests indicated that twenty-five of the girls were more or less susceptible to the suggestions, basing their like or dislike of the colors to some extent on the suggestion of the "delicate" or the "faded" remark.

It is true that the other ten girls showed a little hostility to the suggestions and were less inclined to like a color that was praised than one that was criticized, but the hostility shown by the ten girls was not nearly so strong as the susceptibility of the twenty-five girls.

KREMENTZ

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COLLAR BUTTONS

so good that the manufacturers dare to say: A New one free in exchange for every one that is broken or damaged from any cause.

14K Rolled Gold Plate	$ .25
10K Solid Gold	1.00
14K	1.50

Always ask for Krementz Collar Buttons and look for the name on the back.

To be found at your dealers.
Descriptive booklet on request

Krementz & Co.
30 Chestnut St. Newark, N.J.

TASTE THE TASTE

No Speed Limit to the Big Taste!

YOU never catch up with your appetite when Underwood Deviled Ham goes motoring! Spread the Big Taste between slices of fresh white bread for wayside luncheon—your hunger's always a *mile* ahead!

Good "homey" ham, cooked *en casserole* and therefore full of the real ham taste of salt and sugar and hickory smoke. Then magically mixed with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of many mild spices. Not hot. Just *appetite teasing*.

For omelets, salads, scallops—*great!* We'll send you the famous Little Red Devil Recipes free if you mention your grocer's name and say whether he keeps Underwood Deviled Ham. Or send 15c and grocer's name for can to try. Economical—makes 12 to 24 sandwiches. William Underwood Co., 52 Fulton St., Boston, Mass.

'Phone your grocer for some Underwood Deviled Ham *now*.

Little Red Devil Recipe No. 47—Deviled Ham in Ramikins

With 1 pint thick cream sauce mix small can Underwood's Deviled Ham. Put in individual dishes while hot, break an egg in each and bake until white of egg is set. If preferred, serve in one large dish with as many eggs as desired.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded With The Devil But Fit For The Gods"

What the LA FRANCE Shops are Showing

Our No. 201 has the "snap" and "go" which combine so well with certain of the less formal costumes. Eton last, gun metal vamp with mat top. Also comes in lace.

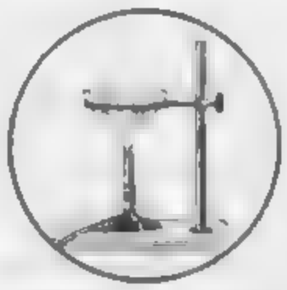
OUR dealers report a large *mother-and-daughter* business in LA FRANCE. ¶ The mothers prefer them because they are always *correct* and constantly *comfortable*. ¶ The girls like them because they have *snap* and *style*.

WILLIAMS, CLARK & COMPANY
377 WASHINGTON ST., LYNN, MASS.

LA FRANCE

Original painting copyrighted 1913, A. B. Kirschbaum Co.

Kirschbaum



The Wool Test

Wool dissolves in boiling water and caustic soda. Cotton is unaffected by it.

Before we buy a single yard of woolen, a piece of it must prove itself pure wool by this test. When the full piece of cloth arrives, we test it again in this way.

We guarantee every Kirschbaum garment pure wool *and we dare any woolen expert in the world to prove it otherwise.*

A Test for Strength

Every sample submitted to us and a swatch from every piece of woolen we buy must meet a high tensile strength.

Two metal hands pull it from above and below until it breaks. A hand on a dial above swings around and shows how many pounds of pressure the cloth will stand.

We are "cranks" about this and you'll be glad we are when you note how your Kirschbaum suit wears.

The Importance of Silk Thread

Kirschbaum Clothes are the only ones of their prices which are sewn with silk thread. And that's important. Silk is animal matter, spun by silk worms, you'll remember. It has far greater strength than cotton, does not break like cotton, and will not shrink. And silk stitching is far handsomer than cotton.

Don't wear a cotton-stitched suit. Look for the Kirschbaum label.

"The Wearer Be Served"

You buy something.

Then you try it out. You remember the claims made for it by the merchant who sold it to you.

And you find he told the truth.

It's a good article—you are glad you went to that man—glad he persuaded you to buy.

The merchant believed in *serving you.*

The manufacturer who supplied the article to him also believed in *serving you.*

Why?

The merchant knew it was the only way to get your steady trade. The *manufacturer* knew it was the only way to get the *merchant's* steady trade.

Maybe you will buy a Kirschbaum Suit this Fall. If you do, you will find that we tailored a principle into it—"*The wearer be served.*"

What does that mean to you?

This: An all-wool fabric, shrunk by the original London cold-water process, tailored by hand and sewn with silk thread. You'll wear that suit many months longer than you expect.

You'll find its shape will always hold true, for all the "shrink" is gone. You'll find the color fast, the shapeliness permanent and the stitches strong and unobtrusive.

And so with the style, the fit and the many special details you will afterward discover, you will be continually reminded of this—"The wearer be served."

You, the wearer, are never forgotten by the makers of Kirschbaum Clothes.

In this advertisement, and in others to follow, you will learn some of the unusual things we are doing in our workrooms, in your behalf. Read about them.

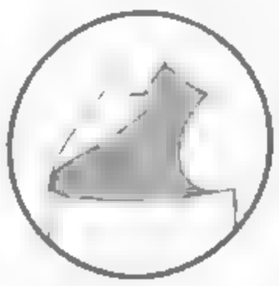
Then if you ask why we do them, we will reply frankly that we have never objected to seeing our business grow.

A nearby merchant would like to show you the latest Kirschbaum models. If you have any trouble finding him, we would be glad to send you his name and address.

Our new Fall Style Calendar is now ready. Uncle Sam will bring you a copy if you'll send your name and address.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

Clothes $15 $20 and $25



How Hair-Cloth Should Lay

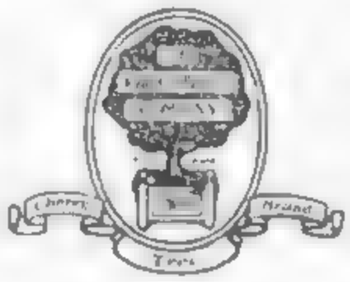
In the breast of every coat, between the outer fabric and the lining is put a piece of hair-cloth to keep the coat-front from breaking down or wrinkling. But just hair-cloth is not enough. The hair (which runs only one way) should go horizontally and the edges should be bound with tape to keep the hair from coming out as the coat gets older. We do this in making all Kirschbaum coats. But few other tailors do.

A Proof of Fine Tailoring

Feel the edges of your coat-fronts. If they are noticeably thicker than the body of the coat, the tailoring is poor.

Many moderate-priced clothes actually have seven plies of material on the edge. These clumsy-looking edges are apt to become shiny after pressing.

A special trick in tailoring cuts down the thickness of the edges of Kirschbaum coats to one-half what you'll find in most coats. Their trim, handsome appearance remains throughout the life of the garment.



The Kirschbaum Factory

Our plant in Philadelphia uses less artificial light than any other factory of its kind in America. Its long, narrow shape enables every employé to work in the sunlight. And there's generous elbowroom. All surroundings are absolutely sanitary. These pleasant surroundings attract and win the loyalty of the ablest type of clothing craftsman. In fact, fully one-half of our skilled help started with us as apprentices. That shows what *they* think of the surroundings. (To be continued)

Portrait of a Man Wearing a Michaels-Stern Overcoat

This overcoat is designed to meet the requirements of the man who wants an all-round serviceable, and at the same time smartly cut outer garment, at a cost of from $15 to $30. Fabrics of the rough "Scotch" sort that combine extreme warmth with unusual lightness.

Our Fall and Winter booklet shows how other Michaels-Stern suits and overcoats look on other men. Please ask for it.

Michaels, Stern & Co.

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothes

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

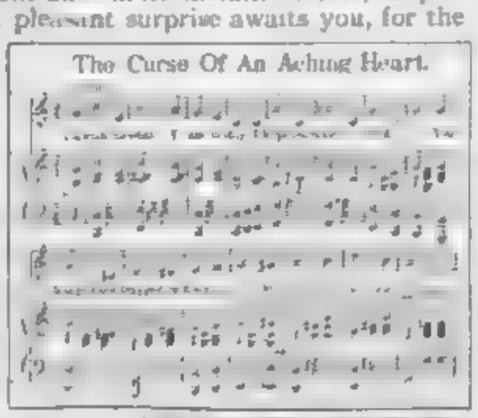
ON SALE TODAY

Broadway's Sensational Cup-Winning Song Hit

"The Curse Of An Aching Heart"

By Henry Fink and Al Piantadosi

has been a surprise to publisher, dealer and public alike in its instant success, in spite of its rather "scary" title. As you sing it, a pleasant surprise awaits you, for the "Curse" is not vindictive but a benediction. A real, human-interest song, with a melody which simply compels interest



Pronounced "A Hit" by Leading Vaudeville Stars

Above are a few of numerous cups won by this song in open contests.

Play over these opening measures of the refrain and then go to any **Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory** or any other 10c store, music dealer or department store, and get *your copy*. It is there for you.

If your dealer will not supply you *"The Curse Of An Aching Heart"* send us *six* 2c stamps for it, or any other song, or the entire nine for One Dollar

Arrangements for Band, 25c · Orchestra 15c each

LEO FEIST, Inc. Times Building, 221 W. 40th St. N.Y. CITY

"The Curse Of An Aching Heart" is also on Victor, Columbia and Edison records

Eight of our other current song successes

THE CASE OF MATHEWS

(Continued from Page 13)

Mathews, his wife and children did when they first came to Brewster.

The Pioneer Club has a sociable of some sort every week, but we could not stand more than one a week. If you had suggested bridge whist to Mrs. Mathews at the end of her day's work you would have had a mighty sleepy partner, and could have violated every rule of the game without exciting in her anything more than a yawn. She was a stickler for rules too.

As for Mathews, the chances are he would have gone to sleep in his chair without even apologizing. The boy and girl used to study their lessons right after supper, while Mathews tried to read the paper and his wife darned stockings; but if you went past that house after nine P. M. you could not find a light from cellar to garret. In the old days the doctor told me he had seen lights there as late as two A. M., and no one sick in the house either!

Mathews was so proud and happy that he liked to talk about his way of doing as if he were a traveler in some new country.

"I've got everything down to a system," he told me. "The alarm clock goes off about an hour before sunup. That's for Sturge. He gets up and builds the kitchen fire, and I pay him a dollar a week for it. It's worth twenty in the winter; but I tell him he's a junior partner in the business and has to do the office-boy work. Say, Carleton, that idea of making him feel he has an active interest in the old man's business has almost made over that boy!"

"I don't doubt it," I said. "Even a boy can't be a mere hanger-on in this work without losing his self-respect."

"You're right! Farming is a sort of family business after all, isn't it?"

"That's just what it is," I said. "I don't believe a bachelor could run a farm."

Stunts Before Breakfast

"Now that you speak of it I don't think I ever heard of one. There wouldn't be much fun in it anyhow. By the time the fire's going I'm downstairs myself, and the boy and I go out into the barn with the lantern. Say, some one ought to write a poem about lantern light and about the big barn shadows! They are giant shadows—big as haymows! And every one of those animals knows us now. It's good even to have an animal feel glad to see you. The boy and I water them and feed them.

"Then we put the lanterns down on the floor and he milks from one end of the line and I start from the other. He can almost keep up with me now. It isn't awful hard work, Carleton. My fingers got a bit lame at first, but they don't now. It works up an awful appetite, though, Carleton."

"Certainly does!" I said.

"But you need just that to do justice to the madam's cooking," he ran on. "You ought to come round and have breakfast with me some morning!"

"I haven't tired of Ruth's cooking yet," I said.

"That's so! I forgot your wife did the cooking."

"She's done it for a good many years and it grows better every year."

"Beth hasn't," said Mathews. "But, honest, it couldn't be any better if she'd kept her hand in all this time. She's a natural-born cook—that's all there is about it! And Elizabeth is going to be another. I've been hunting cooks for ten years, Carleton—and I had two in my own family all the time and didn't know it!"

"People don't hunt for cooks in the right place," I said.

"And you ought to see that boy of mine eat!" he said.

"I watch him every day," I said.

"That's so! I forgot for the moment you had a boy. Think there's any danger of his eating too much?"

"Not if he gets up in the morning."

"He's rounding out, but it isn't fat. He's firm—solid! He's through after breakfast until schooltime. Elizabeth helps her mother wash the breakfast things and then she's through. I didn't know she could stand it—always been sort of delicate, but she's taking on weight too—weight and color. So's Beth. Hanged if I don't think it's doing 'em good!"

"They like it, don't they?"

"They were never happier in their lives."

"That's all there is to it, according to Ruth," I said. "She says she's never yet seen a happy woman killed by doing housework. She says she's seen a dozen killed by overwork trying to get out of it."

"It rather went against the grain at first, but I suppose that, after all, women were meant to do something in the home."

"Ruth thinks so," I said.

"So does Beth. All the trouble is that she has never had a chance until now."

"Or you either!" I laughed.

He took my hand.

"You're right, Carleton!" he said. "You're right!"

Now when a man talks like that—not from the outside, but while doing the work he shows he has in him the stuff that makes a countryman, which is the first essential for the making of a successful farmer.

MATHEWS was not only succeeding in what some people might call negative farming, but he was succeeding in positive farming too. Being a city man, however, he had to learn the negative side first. What you do not do on a farm is just as important as what you do do.

During his second winter Mathews raised his own milk and cream, with plenty left over to send to the creamery. This furnished him with his own butter, which was a mighty important item, and left him a neat profit after that. He fed the buttermilk to his pigs.

Keeping Tab on Cows

Mathews went at this matter of raising milk in the right way. He bought a tester and kept an accurate record of the amount and quality each cow produced. This is done, of course, on every dairy farm; but it is not so common a practice among farmers at large as it ought to be.

There are still farmers who consider a cow just a cow, as they consider soil merely soil. They have an eye on the quantity, to be sure, but not on the quality.

Cows are just like little manufacturing plants: some are efficient and turn out a high percentage of fat—which is what counts in milk; while others, feed and care for them how you will, produce a small percentage. The modern farmer keeps a set of books for each cow and computes his profits as a manufacturer computes them for each unit of his plant.

If a cow does not produce a good profit over and above her cost that cow is disposed of. There is nothing complicated about this; and it's so obvious any one would think every farmer in the land would take the trouble. But it is not done. Hadley, for instance, would not do it even if he could be persuaded to keep a cow. As a matter of fact he buys his milk of Mathews and insists that milk is milk—and there's an end on't!

In addition to the manufacture of milk, however, Mathews, through these same cows and pigs, was manufacturing dressing for use in the spring—an item of no mean importance.

I have spoken before of the value of this by-product. We had a hard campaign in Brewster to make our boys realize that it was too valuable an item to be handled wastefully; but I think now there is not a town within five hundred miles of us that has so clean an economic record along this line.

It's queer, but one prejudice we had to overcome was a belief that store-bought fertilizer was better. It was a variation of the old adage that familiarity breeds contempt. They could not get over the notion that anything which comes from a distance must be better than anything made at home. This idea is not confined to countryfolks by a long shot. It has something to do with the value attached to gowns from Paris.

Mathews did well with his cows and pigs, but he found his real field in chickens. Even with modern scientific methods—which in most cases is just another name for what used to be called horse sense—there are men who can raise chickens and men who cannot, just as there are some women who have the knack of making flowers grow and others who have not. Mathews had the knack.

Probably more men have lost money trying to raise chickens than in any other branch of farming. It takes little capital to start, and the multiplication end of it on paper is as fascinating as compound interest.

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When Mathews began he did as much wild figuring as any one. His imagination ran away with him, and it was some time before he sobered down to real business. I remember he came to me one day when he was still in the experimental stage and said:

"Hang it all! The minute eggs begin to go up my chickens refuse to lay. By the time eggs are sixty cents a dozen they all go on a strike. The whole trick, Carleton, is to make hens lay when eggs are high. I'm working now on a scheme to do that."

"Going to make them forget that it's winter?" I said.

"Might be something now in that!" said Mathews with a laugh. "Now my idea is that the whole brute creation is naturally self-respecting. They like to be clean and they appreciate decent surroundings. Darned if I don't think they have some pride—even pigs!"

"I think you're right there," I said. "The proof is that healthy wild animals keep clean when they have the chance."

"I don't know anything about that, but I'm figuring that in essentials all animals are a lot like human beings. The cue to their lives is pride. That's specially true of chickens. A chicken has to have some pride to want to lay an egg. If you don't believe it watch the way a hen struts round the yard after she has accomplished that feat! Watch the way she lifts her feet high! Watch the scornful way she looks at the others! Listen to her boasting cackle about it! You'd think she had done something that had never been done before."

Making Hens Self-Respecting

"Now you take a vermin-infested, half-starved chick—and she hasn't any ambition. She doesn't care whether she ever lays an egg or not. She just slinks round the yard like a yellow dog. She hasn't any pride. Ever notice the one characteristic that distinguishes all blooded animals?"

"What is it?" I said.

"Pride! Your blooded horse lifts his feet like a dainty lady in a minuet; your blooded dog points his nose to the sky; your blooded cow holds herself more firmly and daintily than her sisters. All of them spend half their time in prinking."

Now maybe Mathews had approached his subject from a rather picturesque angle; nevertheless he had reached an essential truth. There never was an animal that did not thrive better for being clean; and the better their blood the more they crave cleanliness.

That's just as true of land, where weeds correspond to vermin. Civilization and increased efficiency among men is based on soap; civilization and increased efficiency among animals is based on cleanliness.

I'm not sure, either, but what Mathews' humane attitude toward his chickens contributed in other ways toward his success. The woman who can grow flowers is the woman who honestly loves flowers; and I do not know why the same thing should not hold true about chickens. At any rate there was not a man in Brewster who met with such success along this line.

Personally I could never rouse any great enthusiasm about poultry. I prefer horses, which may have had something to do with my success in that particular field.

Mathews' system was not complicated and, so far as I know, was the result of his own ideas. Naturally they coincided with the best ideas, because both were based on horse sense; but what I mean is that he did not qualify as an expert before beginning.

He built a group of snug little houses for his fowls, having in mind cleanliness and warmth. They were all connected with an underground steam pipe, and next to this was a water pipe—for one of his notions was to give them plenty of clean water. In the roofs he had double windows, as in a hothouse, which admitted plenty of sunlight. Each house had an ample yard. That was about all there was to it.

In the details of feeding he did take advice; but he found plenty of experts at the agricultural school who were willing to furnish this, based upon years of experiment. I do not know anything at all about that end of it.

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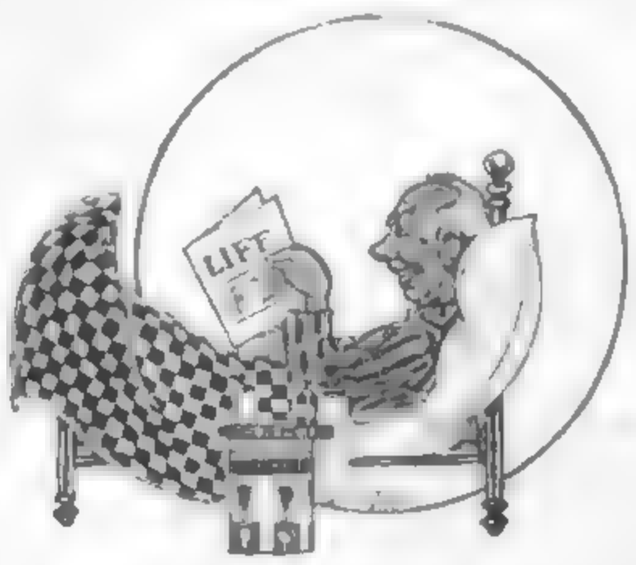

He found something humorous in

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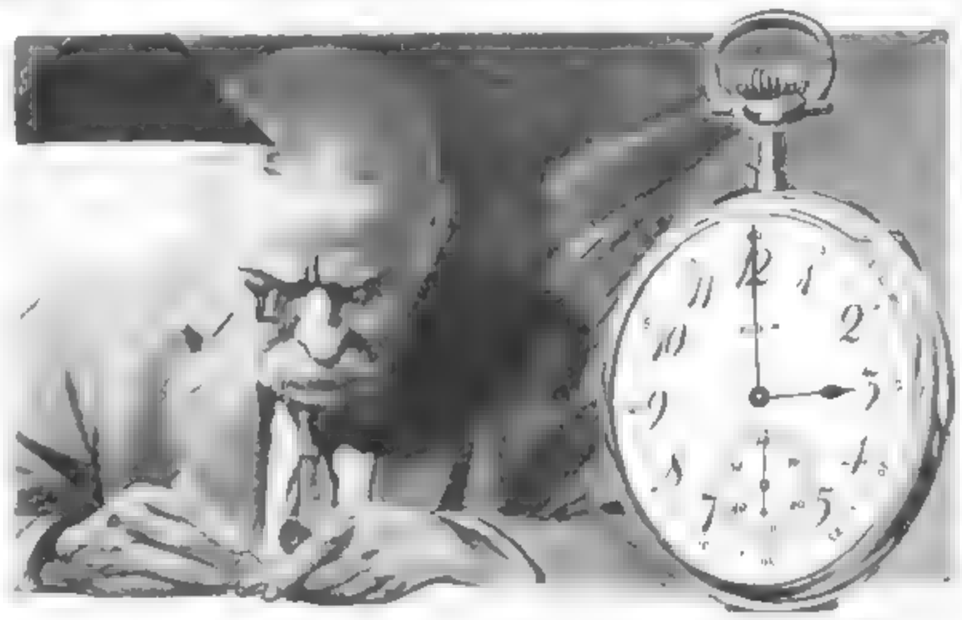

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The basic idea, however, was simple cleanliness—clean houses, clean birds, clean eggs. He gathered his eggs twice a day and sometimes shipped them twice a day. Their freshness, one of their most valuable qualities, was not wasted in the nest or wasted in home storage.

Plenty of farmers never know how old an egg is when they collect it, and then sometimes keep it three or four days, until they have a batch. The result is waste.

Mathews also succeeded in cutting down further waste by careful packing. Almost ten per cent of the eggs sent to market are lost by breakage—an item that, as a total, amounts to a loss of millions.

The individual success of Mathews was important, not only to himself but to the whole town. Not every one in Brewster had the desire or the capital to go into this business as Mathews did—which was a mighty good thing for the town.

Every one, however, kept a few hens; and what Mathews made us see was that his ideas were just as worth while with twenty hens as two thousand.

The keynote to modern farming, as to modern business, is elimination of waste, is the highest efficiency even in details.

As a result hens were no longer allowed to shiver on their roosts about the barn or in houses knocked together in any old way. We couldn't all afford to heat them, but we could make them warmer and lighter and cleaner than they ever were before by building them tight and banking them up.

"The farmer's best friend is the sun," said Mathews in a talk to us at the Pioneer Club. "Give the sun a chance, instead of shutting it out like an enemy!"

Mathews' Summing-Up

How much in dollars and cents Mathews made that first year I do not know. It is difficult, anyway, to compute net earnings on a farm—and net earnings do not count for so much with us as gross earnings; but I was over there one evening when he had a friend from the city down for the night, and I heard this bit of conversation. I gathered this man had some sort of a business proposition in which he wished to interest Mathews.

"You can't tempt me, Barnes!" said Mathews. "It looks like a good thing, but I wouldn't go into it—not for ten thousand a year!"

Barnes smiled.

"Must be money in farming!" he said.

"It depends on the way you look at it," said Mathews. "Before the doc drove me out of town I was pulling down some five thousand a year. That didn't furnish me with food and clothes. It wasn't any more than an aggravation. There wasn't a year I didn't come out behind the game, and I had a grouch three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

"Maybe it was my own fault—I'm not saying it wasn't; but the point is here, Barnes: I couldn't change myself! Spending was as much a part of the game as earning, and earning was dependent a lot on the spending. I got my business through my clubs and my wife's social connections. It's a fact! I had to move among the people I did business with and live the way they did. About all they did was to loan me the money to spend on them."

"That's the way you looked at it?" said Barnes.

"Exactly! And that's the way I'd look at it if I ever went back. A five-dollar bill didn't mean anything to me. It was too darned impersonal to mean anything. Now here I'm not raising five-dollar bills, but potatoes, corn, milk and eggs. I use those things as I go along, and if I have any left over I sell them. But, first of all, I'm living and living well, and can't help it. I'm figuring into the profits of this farm that five thousand dollars a year I used to throw away."

"Fine!" said Barnes. "But listen to me: Are you getting any real money?"

"I'm farther ahead of the game than I ever was in my life!" said Mathews. "And it's coming better every month!"

"But you're taking it out of your hide!" said Barnes.

"Eh?" said Mathews. "Feel of this arm!" He held up his arm and doubled up his fist as proudly as a schoolboy. "I'm putting it into my hide!" said Mathews.

"You make me nervous!" said Barnes. "Haven't got a cocktail about the place, have you?"

As Mathews said:

"It's all the way you look at it!"

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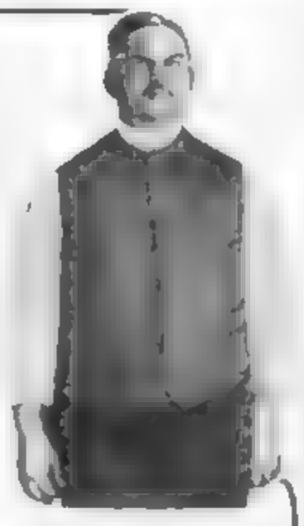
What he said about cold weather and

Brown's Beach Jacket



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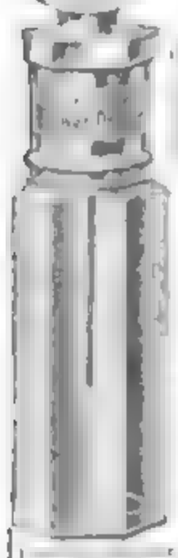

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TOWNSEND'S 67 Grant Avenue San Francisco, Cal.

THROES OF BUILDING COMMITTEES

(Continued from Page 21)

not disposed of as "merely a method of bookkeeping," since a firm which advertised to take work at ten per cent may really, by its method of figuring, be collecting twelve per cent or over on the net cost to itself.

Some committees are more suggestible than others; just as some women find a nine-ninety-eight hat a great deal cheaper than a ten-dollar one; and are more impressed by a six per cent offer on "total cost" than by its carefully limited and safeguarded equivalent at a higher percentage. Probably the architect is alive to all these distinctions, and can advise the committee what information to secure.

Of course the dread of every responsible committee is that the percentage contract may run into unforeseen amounts. "The trustees of our hospital let a contract on percentage, and it ran on and on and on. There were strikes, and it took a long time to break in new workmen, and they loafed on the job, anyway, and it cost in the end twice what they expected. I should never feel safe for a moment," says one chairman. "We must know beforehand exactly what we have to meet," says another, forgetting that even the lump sum contract doesn't guarantee against extras.

This natural feeling is, however, met by the institution of the upset price, or limit, guaranteed by the contractor. The objection to this is, of course, that the upset price must by the nature of the case be a liberal one, with the temptation ever present to the contractor to reach it; or, better said, to keep costs below it.

On the other hand a committee, subjected to continual criticisms and suggestions for changes and additions, will find a tremendous relief in the flexibility of the percentage contract. Changes can be made at cost at any moment, without the dreaded extras and without disputes.

To Safeguard Your Contract

When a group of new club members declare they would not have come in if they hadn't understood the new house was to have a swimming-pool and squash courts; and when the decoration for the reading room is found, after it is all done, to be trying to the eyes; or when there is a petition for lavatories in every bedroom, it is helpful to be able to make things right without upsetting half a dozen contracts, and beating down the extra figures of those contractors who were expecting to make their profits out of just such situations.

Really the decision between these two types of contract depends on the make-up and experience of the committee, on the amount of interference to be expected from the members of the organization, and on the relation of the appropriation to the undertaking. If you can get an upset price some distance within the limited sum, thus allowing for possible changes, and have the contract safeguarded as to the method of figuring percentage, the percentage contract offers much less opening for disputes and recriminations.

Overcome by their dread of financial responsibility for other people's blunders, several building committees I have watched have fallen back on a variation of the "architects' and builders' contract" long in vogue in country towns. This type, sometimes referred to as the "single contract," has developed to the point where the owner's agent or broker undertakes under his contract with the owner to let out all the work—architecture, engineering, inspection, bricklaying, and so forth—under a multiplicity of sub-contracts, which are binding on the owner. He frequently also guarantees an upset price, but this is easy when the guarantor controls the inspector as well as the designer. It is difficult to evaluate this method, since as practiced by some highly reputable firms the results seem to be as satisfactory as the principle is vicious.

It is a healthy provision of the architect's canon of ethics that if he has any financial interest in any building material or device he should not specify or use it without the knowledge or approval of his client. The value of the architect's advice—including his specifications—is that it is disinterested. It is an axiom which, nevertheless, seems hard for the prospective builder to understand that the man who draws up specifications and passes work ought to be in this

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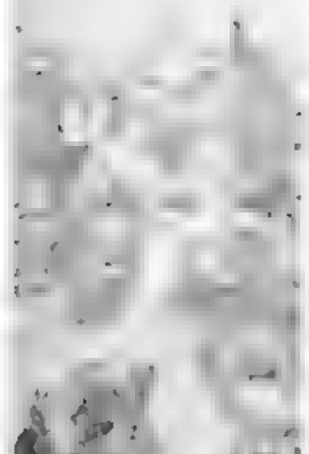

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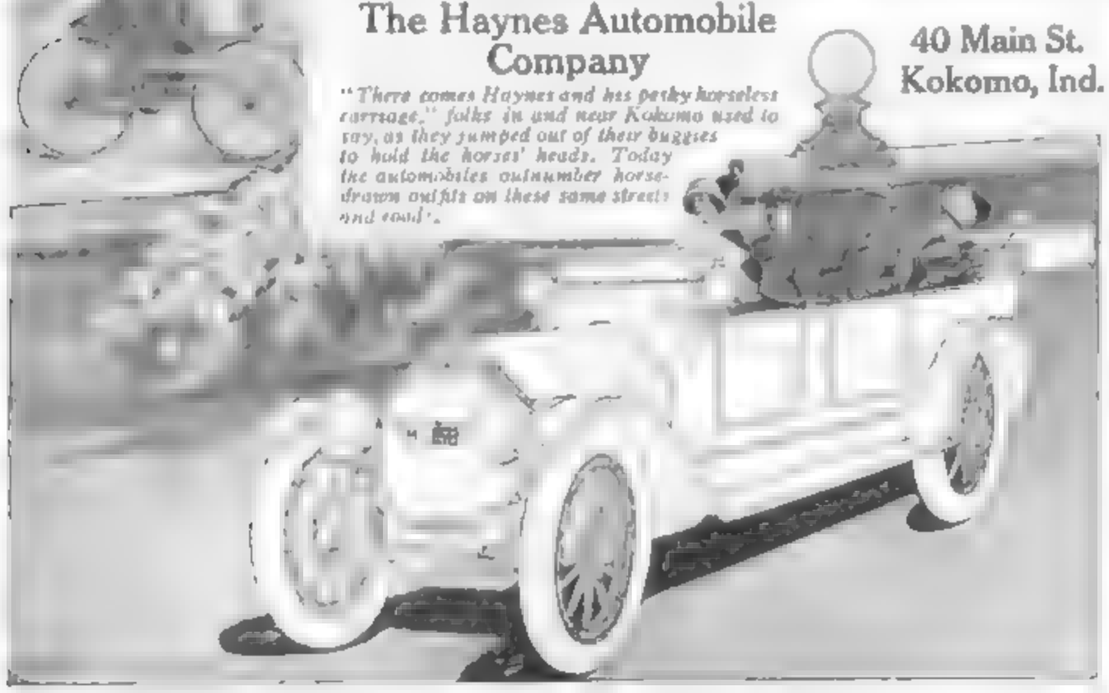
40 Main St. Kokomo, Ind.

"There comes Haynes and his perky horseless carriage," folks in and near Kokomo used to say, as they jumped out of their buggies to hold the horses' heads. Today the automobiles outnumber horse-drawn outfits on these same streets and roads.



disinterested position. He should not be dependent on the specifications for his profit, nor on the contractor for his employment. In the single contract the architect is subordinated to the contractor, with the result that the builder's profits are assured and there is less incentive to originality on one hand, and to getting the greatest value for the money on the other.

If there is one principle that building experience has demonstrated it is that the architect must not be bound to the interests of the contractor, but must be free to work out his own ideas and to call the contractor to account.

"But we are very busy men, and our time is worth money. We aren't looking for an architectural masterpiece; we want a good, suitable building, and we can pay any reasonable sum for it. We think building by single contract would save us any amount of trouble," is what I have heard from committees for rich charitable societies or business organizations. There is much to be said for their point of view; but architects would probably maintain that if given the same kind of *carte blanche* for planning and dealing with contractors they could secure a better building for the same money. There is no short cut to safety for the building committee. Neither the competitive lump sum contract nor the single contract nor the straight percentage contract can automatically protect. The closest study must be given to what is covered by the contract in each case, and to the personality and reputation of the builders.

Another form of contract, sometimes called the dual contract, has been developed especially in New York, by which architect and building contractor, by separate but coordinated contracts, are appointed simultaneously and work together from the first to eliminate all unnecessary costs, fees and profits. On the old percentage plan the contractor has to come in "blind," after plans and specifications are completed, and his technical knowledge and advice are not called on. But by this dual plan the contractor pools his technical equipment with that of the architect, saving engineering fees and the commission paid to the broker under the single contract, while the architect still is paramount in checking and inspecting. Of course this method requires a building contractor on the professional plane who will work on honor, as the architect does; but every architect knows more than one firm which is only too glad to have the chance to conduct its work on this basis.

Introducing the Honor System

The most famous private library building in this country, the tallest skyscraper in New York, and the two others locally most famous have all been constructed under this plan, which is, in my opinion, likely in time to supersede all others where original work is required. As under this plan rather more benefits accrue to the owner than to the contractor, and as it involves more continuous service on the part of the architect, it has not been widely advertised.

For a building committee imbued with the old traditions, and therefore unprepared for sincere coöperation between architect and contractor, probably this method is still too advanced. Criticism and distrust, with which every committee building for an organization has to contend, make any such arrangement difficult. "How do you know the builder is getting the most economical equipment at the best prices unless he is pitted against other men?" is the kind of question that is likely to be asked. Only by making the architect the arbiter, and trusting him to recognize expert service, can such attacks be met.

If a committee is prepared to do that, probably the dual contract will bring them the most for the money, with the fewest mistakes to be rectified.

The question of the building loan, if it is to be sought at all, does not come within the scope of this paper. The financing of a semi-public or organization building needs a separate article. Suffice it to say that any building loan must precede the signing of contracts. But the committee should be forewarned of what is likely to be a surprise to them. Terms for loans are likely to be stiffer the more specialized the building is.

Before the final touch is put to the drawings and specifications the truly forehanded committee has an expert insurance man look them over. A library committee I knew was able to save a very tidy sum in rates, by making some simple changes in plans, on the suggestion of an insurance broker.

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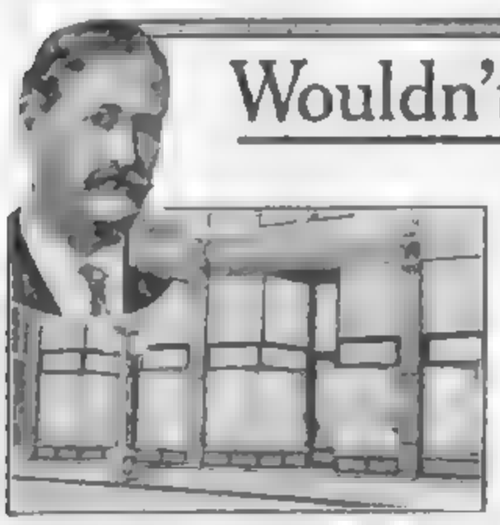

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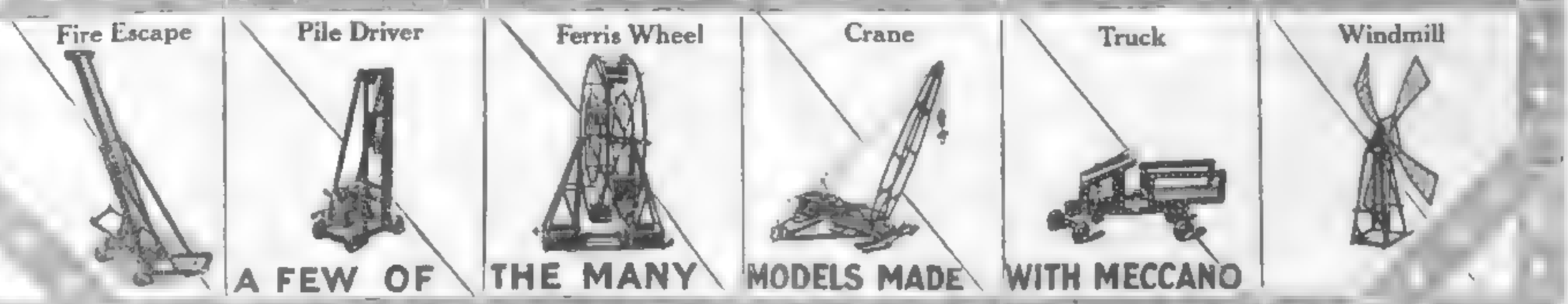

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THE BUTTERFLY

(Continued from Page 5

have a trunkful of them—result from an attempt on somebody's part to tie them up, possess them. After all, it's only the common, everyday things that you can have for yourself. If you get even too much money it stops being yours. You're just the caretaker of it. You can own books or pictures, if they're the common sort, and feel that they are personal possessions. But if you buy one of the Shakspere Quartos, or spend a quarter of a million for a Rembrandt, you've got to loan it to a museum or a gallery, and the fact that you're the person the public holds responsible for it for a while is the least important fact in the world."

Carrington grunted.

"That's all very well to talk about," he said, "but wait till you've fallen in love with her yourself, and see how you like it."

Well, we had become rather solemn, I suppose. I revived Part Two of my mystery. Assuming that it was Elaine who had kissed me, whom had she thought she was kissing? The answer might have a bearing on this new mood of hers that Carrington had referred to.

"You say," I ventured after cogitating on the matter for a minute, "that she's changed to you in the past two weeks, doesn't want to think of getting married, and so on. Have you no idea what's done it?"

"Oh, it needn't be anything," he exclaimed. "She changes like—well, like the view of a mountain when it's a long way off, you know; or like one of her own dances. You'll see what I mean tonight. Some subtle, psychological pressure. I can't dope it out."

"Does she know any one in Monroe?" I asked.

The question got only half his attention.

"No, I guess not—not that I know of. Why should she?"

I pressed a little closer.

"Why should she be playing here, do you suppose? It seems a queer place for her to give three performances in. We don't generally see the big guns, you know, until the orange has been squeezed about dry. Had she anything to say about arranging her route?"

At that he shot a quick look at me.

"Yes," he said, "she wanted to play a university town and this one was handy to Chicago. When she does make a point of anything she generally gets her way. Do Do you suppose she's got any reason?"

"I'm just guessing, of course," I admitted, "only it struck me as a bit queer, you know."

And then I had another shot at it.

"You weren't expecting anybody here, were you? Didn't come out here to meet anybody?"

"Not a soul," said Carrington. "Why?"

I thought I wouldn't tell him about that kiss, so I evaded with the remark that I was just making long shots. But I could see I hadn't satisfied him.

"No," he said at last, "I hadn't meant to come—thought I was going to be 'sensible' and all that, when I said goodby to her in New York. But she seemed a little different even then, and I got to worrying, so I followed along and joined her at Buffalo."

The telephone bell rang just then.

"There she is now, I expect," said Carrington, unwinding his legs from round those of the chair he was sitting in.

"She's at Mrs. Lake's reception, isn't she?—that Drama Club affair, you know."

In my innocence, I said it almost patronizingly. For the moment I knew more about Elaine Arthur's whereabouts than Carrington himself. I've smiled over that remark since—over the notion of anybody's thinking he knew where she was at any moment, except of course when she's on the stage.

Carrington paused before he unhooked the receiver.

"Oh," he said, "I think she decided not to go to that."

A vision of Mrs. Lake in black taffeta, standing in front of the white marble fireplace, awful, implacable, terrifying, with the empty space beside her, where Elaine ought to have stood, made me quake suddenly with guilty terror. I'd be held criminally responsible for that reception, and I very well knew it.

"Yes," said Carrington as he unhooked the receiver. And then the look on his face made me forget Mrs. Lake.

"My dear! My dear!" he cried. "What's the matter? What? Oh, please stop crying! I can't understand at all. Wait. I'm coming down."

But something she must have said kept him from hanging up the receiver, and his look of alarm gave place to a grin.

"All right," he said. "If you don't like the color of the wall paper come up here. Oh, it will be perfectly respectable. I've a friend here I want you to meet. No, not a woman—a man. No. He won't mind a bit. Come along."

I don't know what she asked him next, but he only answered "Yes," and hung up the receiver. Then he turned round and told me that she was coming up.

I scrambled to my feet in something like consternation. "Look here!" I said. "I think I'd better get out. If she's been having a bad quarter of an hour she won't want to meet a stranger."

"But she knows you're here. You heard me tell her."

"She knew you were talking in my presence."

Carrington was grinning at me now, just exactly that comprehending, commiserating grin that I had expected when I first came up. "Stage fright," he observed with a nod. "I know. I ran away myself from my first chance to meet her."

"You go to blazes!" said I, and to show my elaborate unconcern I took out my cigarette case. But as I was about to select a cigarette I reflected that it was not an appropriate action for one about to be introduced to a lady, so I put the case away again. I could feel Carrington grinning at me all the while.

Confound him, it was on his own account that I was nervous. Here was Elaine coming up to confront unexpectedly the man she had just kissed by mistake, and discover in addition that he was an old friend of the man whom, according to hypothesis, she was deceiving. Possibly, in her surprise, she would betray herself—make a scene. Well, it was up to me to be calm and imperturbable then.

Once more I felt vaguely for my cigarette case.

"Smoke up if you like," said Carrington. "Those are her kind of cigarettes that you've got there. If I'm any judge," he went on, "she's going to like you. If she does I wish you'd stick round while we're here—see as much of her as you can. There's nothing that interests and diverts her so much as meeting new people she likes."

It struck me as an odd attitude for an anxious lover. But after all, I reflected, it was natural enough. He was giving me to her to play with, exactly as one gives a new woolly lamb or a teething ring to a fretful baby. "Here now, see this nice, pretty, perfectly new young man." If she smiled and said "Goo," he'd feel amply rewarded. And if she chewed me up or tore off my left hind leg he'd find a fresh one for her somewhere else.

I was about to address him in this vein when he crossed the room and opened the door for her. She hadn't knocked or anything yet, but evidently he knew somehow that she was coming.

And then all the lights in the room madly began burning up about twice as many watts as they were rated for, and Elaine stood in the doorway.

There's a sort of person who sharpens his pencil and squares his elbows and swells with virtuous joy whenever he gets an opportunity to describe an indescribable thing. The Taj Mahal at Agra, and Niagara Falls, and Mona Lisa, and Caruso singing Celeste Aida, are all nuts for this sort of idiot.

If I were like that I should now dive cheerfully into a five-page description of Elaine. Height and weight; those would both be lies, because she has different heights at different times—all the way from Queen Boadicea to a child of twelve—and she has no weight at all, ever. I'd give at least a paragraph to her eyebrows, and another to a shadowy, evanescent depression called a dimple, just beyond the corner of her small mouth. She denies that it is there and will smile for you to prove it. But it comes, all the same, when she isn't looking. And then, after glancing at her mouth itself, and her chin, and her nose, I'd turn loose all holds, and do a three-page literary feat about her eyes, accomplishing

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thereby something less than a photograph can do—and that is nothing at all. After all, as Elaine candidly observes, it isn't her face that matters so much, it's the rest of her that you can't see except when she dances.

I can tell you what she wore, though, that first time I saw her. A plain little black velvet suit, draped in round the feet in the silly way they do it in now, and a small round hat that came down pretty well over her ears. There was nothing in the least striking about any of it.

There she stood, all covered up except her face. Remember, she had been crying into the telephone not ten minutes before; and yet, before she ever said a word, the lights, I swear, burned up brighter in the room and a concealed ozonator somewhere began supplying excess oxygen, so that heart and breath quickened, and the five senses sprang to their posts, quivering, extra alert. I could feel my fingers tingling with her from all the way across the room.

She didn't see me at all at first—seemed not to, at any rate—but looked straight at Carrington.

"It wasn't just the wall paper," she said. "It was something that had been in the room for a while and left a—memory of itself behind. I've been in all the afternoon and I couldn't stay there any longer."

Then she went over to him and took his nearest hand in both of hers and, without actually doing it, created the impression, somehow, of leaning her head against his chest.

The caress didn't seem to embarrass him a bit.

"Here's somebody to make you forget about it," he said. "Mr. Brinsley Butler."

Carrington is a nice chap. He didn't call me professor, nor mention the magazine I sometimes write articles about the drama for, nor any of those deadly things. He simply indicated me as a human being and let it go at that.

She straightened up a little and looked round at me and smiled, but didn't let go of his hand.

Did she know I was the man that she had just kissed by mistake? How could she have helped knowing it? But she did not start, nor gasp, nor flush; there was not the faintest flicker, not even an instantaneous widening of the eyelids to betray surprise. She just smiled, as I said—a smile with a humorous touch of deprecation in it over what she knew I must have guessed from the telephone, and the rest simply friendly good nature.

"How do you do?" she said.

And, after swallowing once, "How do you do?" said I.

I knew the formula well enough. One ought to say, "I'm delighted to meet you," in a sort of soulful tone meant to impart a new meaning to the empty words, and then taper off with some muttered incoherency about a great privilege.

And it wasn't stage fright that kept me from saying it. Just that she was too much of a person to say banalities of that sort to. I hadn't anything else to say yet, so I just looked at her; and she looked at me, steadily, contemplatively, for quite a while—an hour and a half, I should say, by the way it felt. Then suddenly her smile brightened and took on a wholly new character.

She whipped round toward Carrington.

"I like him," she said gleefully. "Isn't he awfully nice?" And she patted him on the shoulder approvingly.

The woolly lamb was accepted, with thanks.

It was then that I was inspired. I pulled out my watch and looked at it, something, I'm willing to bet, that no man ever did before at such a moment. Even Carrington jumped.

"I'm glad you like me," said I, "because I'm going to ask a favor of you."

"I'll do it," said Elaine, and added in perfectly good faith as an afterthought, "if it's something nice."

As a rule, I fancy, the favors people asked of her were that they be allowed to take her for a drive in their motor, or to give her a diamond tiara, or something like that.

"It isn't nice," I said. "It's something disagreeable. That's why it's a favor. I want you to go to the Drama Club reception."

She looked at me in mild reproach, the way Elsie Dinsmore used to look after her wicked governess slapped her.

"Oh," she said.

But I didn't contritely assure her that it was just a joke and that of course I hadn't meant it.

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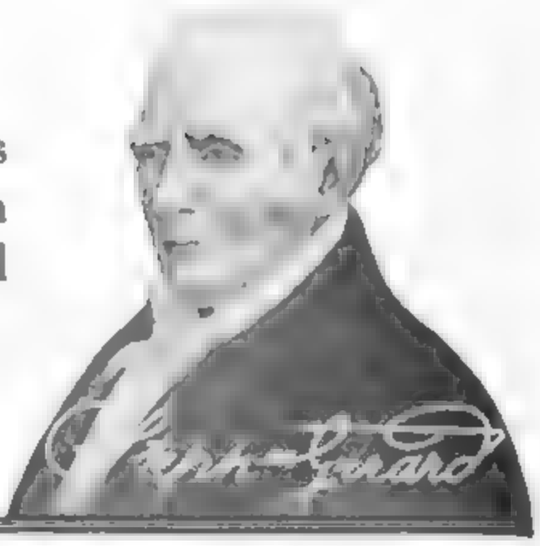

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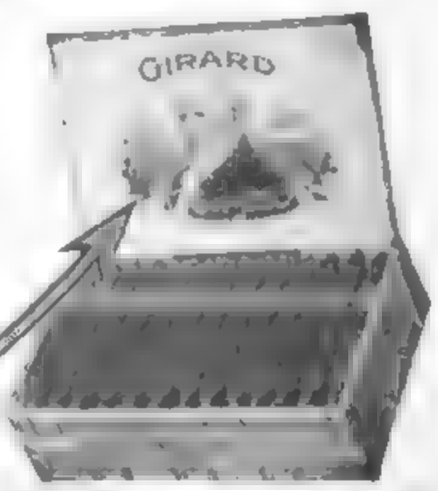

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helps you get rid of cumbersome rubbers. It soaks into the leather, keeping it pliable. Dri-Footed shoes wear longer for this reason. Dri-Foot doesn't make them oily nor sticky—doesn't prevent polishing. Black or tan.

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And, after giving me a decent opportunity to do this, she added, "Oh, but they're so deadly. And what's the use?"

"No use to you," I assured her cheerfully. "It's a favor to me. You see, you'll go away tomorrow night, or Sunday, but I've got to live here. They wouldn't have got the thing up, except for me."

"How perfectly hateful of you!" said Elaine. But she was getting ready to smile.

"I gave them my personal guaranty," said I, "that you were unobjectionable."

"Unob——" began Elaine, and then she laughed.

"If you don't go," I pleaded, "I shall be a scapegoat all the rest of my life. And if you ever had a look at Mrs. Lake, who's the lady president, you wouldn't condemn me to that."

"Oh, all right," sighed Elaine. "But you're to understand it means I like you an awful lot. And you'll have to go too—both of you," she added.

"We can't," said I. "It's a ladies' affair."

Elaine gave a gasp and her eyes widened in downright, honest fright.

"I won't go," she said. "I won't stir a step. Do you think I'd be left alone with a whole roomful of *women?*"

It was perfectly clear she meant it. The fact was that Elaine was afraid of women. She would trust any man, from a sultan to a street-sweeper, with the confiding innocence of a child of ten. And it must be owned that the results she got amply justified her. What she thought women would do to her, if they got the chance, I don't know.

"All right," said Carrington, "we'll go with you."

I went to the telephone and ordered a carriage.

While we put on our coats she stood in line all by herself—it can be done if you know how—and began greeting imaginary arrivals as they were introduced to her.

"—Oh, I'm so glad—How do you do—Yes, it's exhausting of course—Yes indeed—No, I never was arrested—Yes—How do you do—No, I can't recognize faces in the audience. I'm stupid about that—No, not even if he came very often—Yes. Oh, of course I love my art more than anything—No, I never caught cold that way—Yes, it's my real name—How do you do——"

She broke off there with a yawn and a stretch that seemed to indulge every muscle in her body. "You know," she said thoughtfully, "there's one speech that always stumps me. It's when they say, 'I've a friend that you'd be most awfully interested in, I think. You must meet her some time. She does dances exactly like yours, only of course she's not on the stage.' What's the answer? What am I supposed to do?"

She did not wait for us to solve the puzzle, but caught us each impartially by an arm and rushed us down the corridor to the elevator. I mention this to show that she was apparently in the best of good spirits. Whatever had happened to her earlier in the afternoon seemed quite forgotten. When we got down to the main floor (the floors in that hotel are numbered English fashion, the first being one story up) I went out to see if the carriage had come, while Carrington went over to the cigar stand.

But when I came back to say the carriage was there he checked me with a gesture and nodded toward Elaine. She was looking toward the elevator door and her face had gone chalk white. As I followed her gaze the elevator itself went up out of sight. All I could see in it were two or three pairs of feet.

She turned, after a perfectly blank ten seconds, and met our eyes.

"I want some paper," she said. "I want to write a note. Yes. That'll do."

She went over to the desk, caught up a sheet of the hotel stationery and the register pen. The note was very short, not more than a line or two. She blotted it on the desk blotter, thrust it into an envelope and handed it to the clerk, with an injunction that it be delivered at once. Then she moved a step or two away and half leaned against a pillar.

Carrington was beside her in an instant. "Better not try to go out," he urged. "Let me take you back to your room."

But that suggestion brought her strength back in a flash.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Not for the world! Get me out of here. Take me to your old reception. Anywhere!"

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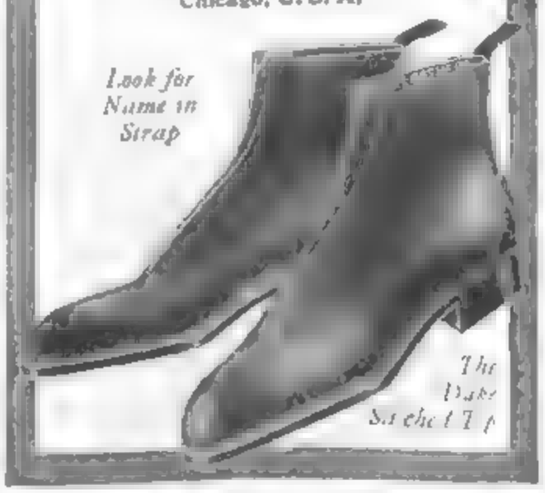

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FORMERLY "TOILETTES"

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It will be authoritative, with information obtainable only from exclusive sources. It will be appropriate and comprehensive, dealing with selecting, making, wearing and repairing clothes. We use the word in the broadest sense.

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Vibration means the moving parts of your motor are over-weight or a trifle out of balance.

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The noisy wedge-like cams still so widely used we have discarded. Our big oval cams lift the valves and slide them shut without a sound. So even at high speeds, the New "Six" runs with the silence of sailing.

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Failing horse-power in a motor car is due chiefly to leaky valves. The blistering heat of the cylinders soon plays havoc with the valves in general use today.

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Send me the New Chalmers Booklet. I wish to read the important facts it gives.

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BEATING THE GAME

(Continued from Page 24

to myself, though, and marshaled my facts and arguments to the best of my ability. Time and again I hoped, angled and finally almost pleaded for some sign of interest, but in vain. Ceaselessly the thumb rubbed against the palm. The eyes of the man were never raised, nor did a muscle of his face betray a vestige of interest. The end must come, and it did with me. In desperation, having exhausted all I knew or ever hoped to know of the company up to that time, I had an inspiration. In my grip at the hotel I had a copy of the charter and by-laws. I had carried it for weeks, but no one ever wanted to see it.

"And now, Mr. Nixon," I said—I had intentionally carried on the monologue in as low a tone as I could and get my arguments over—"I have given you, I think, a fairly clear statement of the Planters' and its vital need at this time. I find I have left my copy of the charter and by-laws at the hotel. I'll get them for you to look over."

Not even glancing back, I walked out and over to the Nixon House, grabbed the charter from my grip, and hastened back, gambling with myself whether or not my quarry awaited me. If he had moved a hair's-breadth it was not perceptible.

Minute after minute passed. I tried to read and gave it up. At last I heard the crackle of a turning sheet and a wave of relief surged over me. At least I had prevailed to the point of his reading the literature. Shifting my position I waited with tense nerves until he reached the last page—many he had merely glanced over—and then spoke.

"Mr. Nixon, you will help us? You will take the hundred and twenty-five shares?"

Phil Nixon slowly turned, raising to a level with my own a pair of clear, deep-blue eyes. Thoughtfully he studied me, I standing his scrutiny as manfully as I could. Then—and the nod of Jove sinks into insignificance beside it—Nixon nodded his head! I tried to speak, but the game had me too. I couldn't. He drew a checkbook from his desk and turned to me.

"Make it to the Planters' Mutual Life Insurance Company, please."

Nixon shook his head.

"To me?" I asked wonderingly. He nodded.

"My name is John W. Thorpe." I answered his unasked question, but I could not follow his thought.

He tore out the check, pushed it over to me and then scribbled on a pad. "I never buy stock. Take it in your own name, transfer it to me and send it whenever you wish. Good-by."

"Mr. Nixon," I gulped, for I had a well-developed lump in my throat, "I can't thank you. Words won't do it. May I sometime, when I can steal away, run over to see you? Would you care to have me come and tell you how we are getting on?"

Prosperity for the Planters'

He held out his hand with a rare smile, literally rare, for in the years that I have since known and loved him he does not often smile. And I found out many months afterward that which no other man knew—Phil Nixon's vocal cords had atrophied. He had been dumb ten years!

With the Planters' Mutual successfully launched my contract was at an end. I had completed in less than three months a task I had really expected would take twice that time, and that the most sanguine of my friends on the executive committee doubted my ability to accomplish at all. It was not surprising, therefore, that a desire was positively expressed by the majority of the committee that I act as general manager until the annual stockholders' meeting in the fall.

I secured from Louisville a real agency manager, a man of great force and enthusiasm, to replace Rainey, and in short order the Planters' became a living thing, with greater potentialities than I had imagined. Our work was confined to our own state for the time being, and this permitted a type of local-pride appeal that quickly began to make inroads on the seven million dollars sent northward annually by policyholders in our state.

At first the agents of these Northern companies were inclined to look upon the Planters' as a joke—an infant that could not survive in competition with their huge and perfected machines. As the months passed and we showed a healthy increase in both agents and business, our rivals ceased laughing and began to fight.

The office staff had increased to more than twenty, Miss Whitredge becoming my personal secretary and assistant.

In conjunction with many other demands on my time I was planning a home office building, where we could be comfortably housed for all time, with room for expansion as the business grew. I suppose this absorption in my work was the cause of my being perfectly unconscious of the fact that I was a pariah in Emory. I had never received an invitation to a home in the city or been asked anywhere, but this fact failed to reach my inner consciousness until one evening, hearing the band play in the park, I thought I would stroll over and listen to the music.

The open-air concerts in the park were very popular, and the paths were thronged with men and women, strolling and chatting, passing from one group to another as they wandered about. I found a vacant seat on one of the walks and leaned back at my ease, thoroughly enjoying the music and the passing crowds.

Presently one of my business associates passed me, his wife walking with him. I was certain he saw me, but as they passed he was interestedly pointing out something in the opposite direction. I was a little annoyed over it, when Hilliard, also with his wife, came down my path. I instinctively rose, as my treasurer and I had been drawn pretty close during these last few months. I had never met his wife, and was naturally glad of the chance to tell her how fond I was of him.

Taking the Bull by the Horns

To my utter surprise he turned red at my salute, and as he faltered in his step his wife, without a glance in my direction, drew him on. I lost interest in the music and went to my room at the hotel in a brown study. My complete social isolation, which in my work I had not realized, now dawned on me. To make assurance doubly sure I dropped in on Major Clayton that night and put the matter bluntly to him.

The dear old fellow squirmed in his chair, got red in the face and exploded: "Damn it, sir, it's true!" The gray hair underwent a worse tousling than usual. "It's the women, Thorpe. Of course the men—the ones who know you—want it different; but this condemned little village is the most clannish, stand-offish, provincial hamlet in America!"

Of course this arbitrary, unfair ostracism rankled somewhat, but in my case it could scarcely be called a deprivation in any sense. Moreover other and far more troublesome elements were rapidly being injected into my business life. I began to hear accounts, some merely rumors, others specific in their nature, of vicious attacks upon the stability of the Planters'. These statements emanated from the agents of rival companies, and knowing that we should have to face much of this sort of thing, I had decided to ignore what could truly be classed as irresponsible knocking.

I soon discovered that my attitude was misconstrued both by the agents and by the public.

Finding themselves permitted to say what they chose without contradiction, their circulation of false reports rapidly increased. Some of my own agents were getting disaffected, and the need of a stringent object lesson became apparent.

The agents of one company in particular, whose state headquarters were in Emory, had been blatantly vigorous in this regard and unsparing of their ridicule of me as the general manager. As a foundation for my plan to put an end to this I wrote a carefully prepared letter to the state agents of all the companies in this field, explaining the situation, emphasizing the fact that though our most important argument was to prevent money from going North, our agents were not permitted to assail the integrity of any company or its officers, and that I would instantly cancel the contract of any representative found guilty of doing so.

I requested in my letters that the state agents require their men to comply with a similar regulation, and informed them that if such orders were not issued I would hold the state agents personally responsible for

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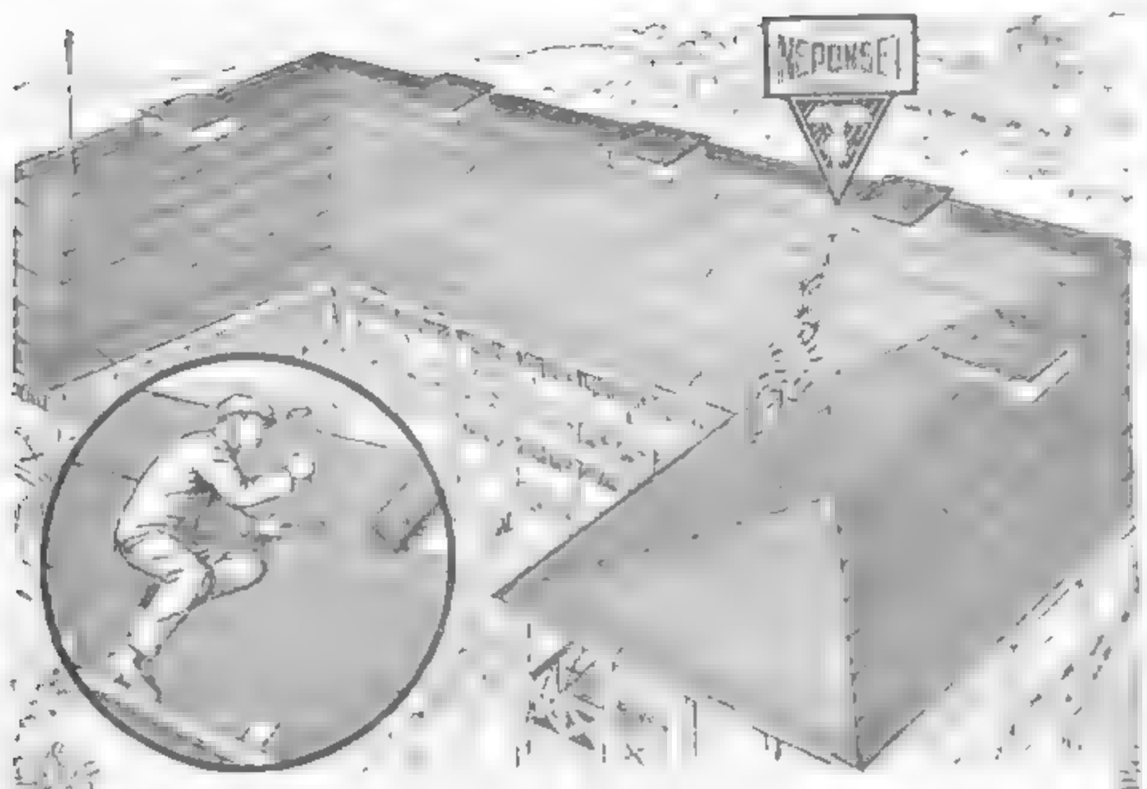

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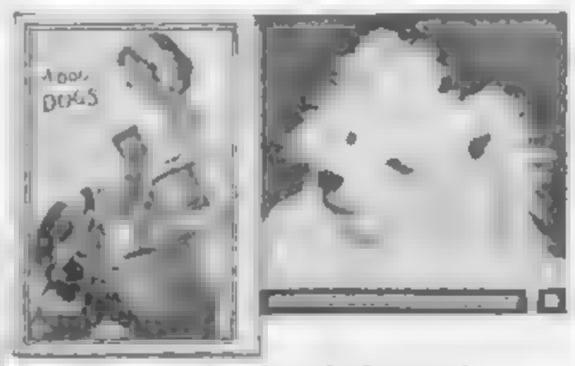

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any future calumny circulated by their subordinates. I mailed to our agents a copy of the letter, and I published statements in practically every paper in the state, specifically and categorically denying the rumors.

I stirred up a beautiful hornets' nest. With but one exception the state agents flatly refused to combine with me to stamp out the nuisance. Braxton, the Southern agent for one of the largest companies, wrote an insulting letter, telling me to run my own business or get out, adding that I wouldn't last long anyway.

This was precisely what I wanted. I called up two business men not connected with the Planters' and asked them to accompany me to Braxton's office. Then I prepared a letter of retraction and apology, and we called on Mr. Braxton.

He was located on the ground floor of a business block on Main Street, and there were a number of people in the office when we arrived. In reply to my request for a private talk, Braxton, a large, aggressive individual, looked me over contemptuously.

"There's plenty of room right here for anything you've got to say to me," he scowled.

"Very well, sir," I replied quietly. "I have brought these gentlemen along so that there may be no mistake or misconstruction of my motive later on. You have defamed my company and insulted me publicly and by letter. I'm going to give you three minutes to apologize and sign that agreement or take the consequences."

Braxton glared at me. Then he broke into a loud laugh.

"What kind of a bluff are you throwing now?" he snorted. "You cheap, amateur insurance guy!"

"The kind I always throw," I assured him. "I haven't decided yet whether I'll thrash you or run you out of town. But you'll apologize to me or get yours, you can bank on that!"

"I will, eh?" he bellowed, his florid face almost purple with rage. "Why, you ——" He whirled to his desk, snatching up a revolver lying on it. I had raised my hand to the stock of my own gun, swung in a holster beneath my partly unbuttoned vest, and as he wheeled back Braxton faced my revolver.

"Drop it!" I commanded. "I don't want to kill you, but —" I spoke the words slowly—"you are going to sign that apology now!"

The revolver wavered a moment in his hand, then dropped to the floor. "I'll have you up for this!" he spluttered. "You pull a gun on me in my own office!"

"Yes, and I'm going to pull the trigger, too, if you make a false move, you big coward! You would have shot me down if I hadn't beat you to it." With my left hand I drew out the letter I had written and tossed it on his desk. "Sit down there and sign that," I ordered. Braxton glanced quickly about his office, but my friends were on guard. With an attempt at bravado he read the letter with a sneer on his face, but at the second command he sat down and signed it.

"I'll get you for this!" he gritted as I picked up the letter.

"I am at your service at any time," I informed him. "I warn you now that I am going to publish this statement broadcast over the state, and if I have any reason to call on you again I'll act first and argue with you afterward."

Braxton Backs Down

Thanking my friends for their assistance, I pushed my way through the throng collected outside of Braxton's door and went directly to my office. Handing the signed apology to Miss Whitredge, I requested her to have it printed and sent to every agent, newspaper and policyholder throughout the state.

"You made Frank Braxton sign this?" she gasped, looking up at me with wide-open eyes.

"You recognize his signature, do you not?" I answered rather sharply. "I'll stop these attacks even if I have to get something more than signatures."

"Mr. Thorpe"—there was an anxious note in her voice—"I don't know how you did this, but you want to be careful with Mr. Braxton. His reputation isn't very good."

The salutary effect of the Braxton incident was immediate. From all over the state letters came pouring in, offering encouragement and approving my action. Our agents, heartened by the sentiment aroused, went after business with new enthusiasm and got it.

Major Clayton shook his head gravely. "It's an unfortunate situation, sir, and I reckon you are right. Our people down here haven't learned yet to discriminate between moral and physical courage, and even in business the man who doesn't resent an insult often unjustly gets a reputation for cowardice. I'm ashamed to admit it, but you're right, Thorpe. I only hope Braxton won't come back at you."

After we had been running about five months and things were going swimmingly an amusing situation arose. All our agents were clamoring for a death. Our rivals, no longer finding it healthy to attack the company on unsafe grounds, devoted their arguments to the thousands paid out almost daily in the state by their companies in the settlement of death claims. This was not a very logical point against us, but the people whom you serve must be considered. Actually it came to a pass where every one of us prayed daily for a death. One chap who had a thousand-dollar policy with us had been shot and partially paralyzed by a bullet striking his spine. At first we had hopes of him, but the inconsiderate fellow merely lost the use of his legs and lived happily ever after. At least he is still alive.

A Record Payment

The fickle goddess was only off flirting however. When she smiled on us again it was with a broad grin. I was at my desk one morning when Meade, our agency superintendent, rushed into my office, his face flushed with excitement.

"We got it! We got it!" he shouted, doing a jig-step across the room.

"Got what?" I demanded. "Saint Vitus' dance?"

"A dead one! We've got a dead one!" he whooped gleefully. "He isn't dead yet, but he's all smashed up and he can't fool us this time!"

When the young man quieted down I ascertained that our agent at Hastings had telephoned in that a policyholder had just been caught under a log slide and crushed beyond hope of recovery. The local physician had said the man could not possibly live out the day.

Here was my chance at last! Telling Miss Whitredge to verify the report, I called a meeting of my executive committee, had them authorize the emergency payment, and sent Meade with one thousand dollars in cash, the amount of the policy, to Hastings on the next train. With him went one of our medical examiners to make the necessary affidavits.

They arrived nearly an hour before the man died. The cash was in the widow's hand one minute after his death was officially announced, and all records for quick payment of claims by any life-insurance company in the world were broken.

The effect on the village of Hastings was startling. If there is a man within a radius of fifty miles of that post-office who isn't carrying a policy in the Planters' it's only because we had to reject him.

Rather to my surprise Miss Whitredge congratulated me on the achievement. Several times during the past month I had been on the verge of asking for her resignation and thus losing a valuable assistant, because the strain of our peculiar relations was becoming almost intolerable. Long ago I had been forced to admit to myself that she was the most attractive girl I had ever known. I tried for a long time to break down the barrier circumstances had reared between us, but to no avail. Had she not been in my employ I should have played my hand and won or lost, but the situation was too delicate to be tampered with.

She belonged to the best set in Emory, choosing to add by her labor to her mother's small income rather than accept assistance from wealthy relatives. Her work was flawless, and her attitude toward me so businesslike that I hadn't a ghost of a chance to do anything except stand for it or incontinently discharge her without the possibility of giving a logical explanation. I had laughed, probably sneered, in the past at the men who fell in love with their stenographers, but it was no laughing matter to me now.

There were still some clouds hovering on my business horizon, and one of them burst suddenly a few days after the Hastings episode. We were investing money now, and I had vetoed a loan to a somewhat

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

prominent citizen, on the ground that his property was used for purposes rendering it useless to us should we be forced to foreclose.

Through a leak in the executive committee—unquestionably Rennels, who submitted the loan—this gentleman was advised that I had blocked the acceptance of his mortgage, and he chose to look on it as a personal affront. Having killed his man two of them, to be exact—and being by nature a bully, Sawtell had ridden roughshod over his business associates in Emory for several years.

On the afternoon following the refusal of the loan Miss Whitredge came to my desk.

"Mr. Sawtell wants to speak to you on the phone," she said. "Do you want to talk to him?"

"Certainly. Switch him on," I answered carelessly.

"It's—it's about the loan." She spoke hesitatingly.

"That loan was killed yesterday. If that's all, you tell him so."

"I think he knows it." Her voice made me look sharply at her.

"Oh, you do? Give him to me then, please."

A few seconds later I got him, and I likewise got as vile a string of epithets as ever broke the telephone ordinance. It was the only time I have ever wanted to vent my wrath on a telephone receiver. I managed by sheer force of will to listen to his tirade; then I broke loose.

"I'll content myself with calling you a liar and a coward," I informed him, "and I'll give you a quick chance to resent it. Your office is half a mile from here. I'll leave mine in five minutes. If you start then we can't miss each other." I slapped the receiver on the hook, pulled my revolver out of my desk, put on my hat and started out.

"Mr. Thorpe!"

My secretary was leaning against the desk, her face pale, an expression of terror in her eyes.

"Yes, what is it?" I stepped quickly toward her.

"Please don't go!" Her voice choked, but she faced me bravely.

"Not go? Why, I've got to go!" Then suddenly an idea I scarcely dared believe came to me. "Do you—do you ask me not to go?" I sprang forward, catching her wrists roughly in my hands. "Answer me, Carol. Do you really care?"

She stood a moment, quivering from head to foot. "Yes, I do care," she confessed in a gentle, trembly voice. "Don't go. Sawtell isn't worth it. He's just a common, dangerous bully."

On the Warpath

I crushed her slender hands to my lips. "Now I have got to go!" I exulted. "Dear, the man isn't born who could get me today; and for both our sakes I've got to stop Sawtell now. We'd never hear the last of it. Kiss me, and God bless you!" I held her for a moment in my arms, her lips on mine. "Now I'm off. Don't worry; I'll be back mighty quick!"

Passing the Emory National Bank I was hailed by Major Clayton.

"Just a moment, Thorpe," he beckoned. "I've a message for you."

"All right, major," I called back; "I'll see you presently. I've an important engagement to keep right now."

"No, you haven't, dodgast you!" shouted the banker. "That engagement is off!"

I stopped in surprise. "What's off?" I demanded.

"Your little shootin' match with Sawtell," retorted Major Clayton. "He's just phoned me. Now will you come in here and behave yourself?"

This sudden change in affairs dazed me, and I mechanically followed Clayton into his office. It seems that Sawtell experienced a change of heart, and telephoned Major Clayton to say he realized he had been hasty, and to ask him to stop me as I came by the bank. He would come down when the major telephoned him, and explain things to me. I laughed so joyously at the major's statement that the dear old fellow looked at me in surprise.

"You don't understand, major, but you will in about two minutes. I don't want to see Sawtell. I don't want an argument with any one on earth. I'm good-will-toward-men personified. You see him and fix it up for me, and let's forget it. Major, I'm going to marry Miss Whitredge!"

I thought I was throwing a bomb, but it was only confetti.

"Thorpe, my boy," chuckled the old banker, "you're quick on the trigger and some shakes in business, but if we were all like you the painter fellows would have to take the blinders off Justice and put them on Cupid. I'm delighted, sir. I congratulate you. She's just about the queen of our girls here, but it's surely taken you a mighty long time to see it."

"See it!" I exclaimed. "Man alive, I didn't know until ten minutes ago that she didn't hate me!"

"Just so," assented the major, "and I've seen for some time she thought a mighty heap of you, sir, but it wasn't for me to give a little lady's secret away to a man who ought to find it out himself."

The announcement of our engagement created a change in the social attitude of Emory toward me about which at first I was inclined to be cynical, but ended by taking good-naturedly. It's hard always to get the other fellow's viewpoint, especially when you have played target for him, but it can be done, and I succumbed to the proffered friendship of as delightful a little set as a man would care to enter.

Carol and I found a charming little cottage lost in a great lawn, with a rosewalk leading through an aisle of magnolias and cedars, and a vegetable garden and servants' quarters in the rear. Though we were not to be married for several months, I hunted up the owner and leased it, with the option of purchase.

Uncle Corson's Letter

An amusing incident occurred shortly after our betrothal was made public. Carol still acted as my secretary, and one day she entered the office, laughter shining in her eyes. Taking a letter from its envelope, she held it out to me.

"Read!" she commanded.

I read:

"*My dear Niece:* I am just informed of your engagement to a very disagreeable person named Thorpe. I approve your choice. He is too dangerous to be outside the family. If there is any happiness in the state of matrimony, which I doubt, I trust you may discover it.

"Respectfully your uncle,

"RUFUS CORSON."

"Now will you be good?" laughed Carol. "You may as well know, since you never asked, that Uncle Rufus and I haven't been on speaking terms for five years. You have reunited the family, sir!"

"Don't blame it on me," I protested. "I'm not responsible for his vagaries. All the same, I'll feel easier about him from now on. Your uncle is not a man one forgets lightly, my dear."

Carol's face sobered. "No, that's true. But I know him. You needn't worry about him any longer. I don't think Uncle Rufus would ever aid you, but he's true to all of us, and he'll never scheme against any one I care for." Carol paused, looking at me thoughtfully.

"There's something else, though, you are not paying very much attention to," she added.

"Is that so? For instance?"

"Have you realized that the stockholders' meeting is less than a month off?"

"As near as that?" I glanced at my memorandum pad. "By Jove, you are right, honey. I've been so busy making love to you, and incidentally trying to run this outfit, that I had almost overlooked it."

"There are some who haven't," replied Carol. "John, I'm not certain, but I believe Rennels and Rainey are hatching a scheme to make serious trouble for you at the annual meeting. They both hate you, and I am positive Rainey is out now after proxies."

There was something on foot, as I discovered in short order, once I began to investigate. Satisfied that I was on the right trail, I left Emory for a hasty trip over the state. The result of my inquiries not only amazed but disquieted me. Rainey's work was being well done. I saw dozens of stockholders, men I felt sure were friendly to me, only to learn that they had pledged their proxies to Rennels. I couldn't air the discord existing in the executive committee, so I had to content myself with urging these men to be present in person to vote their stock.

Major Clayton and Carol were quietly acquiring information, and we learned of

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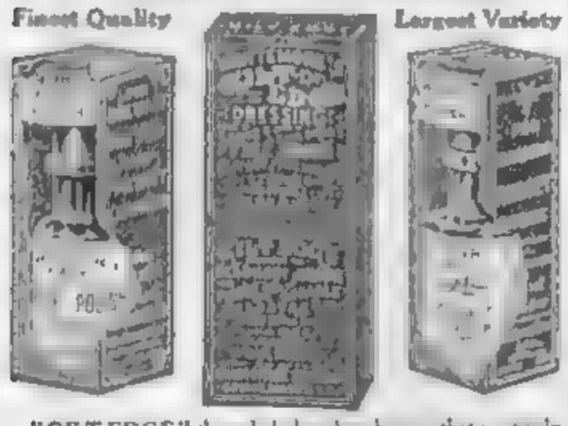

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many statements, some having a misleading amount of truth in them, but the majority specious in the extreme, that were being circulated against Major Clayton and myself. Knowing Clayton's honesty and unswerving loyalty to me, Rennels was evidently planning to make a clean sweep and gain control of the company.

Rennels, as secretary, could and did issue the official call for proxies. This, backed up by the excellent missionary work of Rainey, whose grievance against me had become a mania with him, made the outlook rather dark. Three days before the meeting, Major Clayton, Bassett and I held a conference, going carefully over the list of stockholders and endeavoring to see just where we stood. The result was not encouraging. The best estimate we could give ourselves in the light of our knowledge lacked nearly fifty shares of control.

The patent injustice of this campaign against us roiled Major Clayton to the boiling point, and only the combined efforts of Bassett and myself kept him quiet. The knowing, confident smile upon our secretary's face these days was actually maddening to the major, and his explosions of contempt and wrath threatened to precipitate a battle I wanted reserved for the presence of our stockholders. In his confidence Rennels overreached himself. His love of playing to the gallery got the better of his judgment, and feeling absolutely assured of victory, he urged his adherents to attend the meeting, "to be in at the death." Had he contented himself merely with voting their proxies, he would probably have had occasion to keep on smiling.

Major Clayton's Little Ruse

The day of the annual meeting came, and with it almost every stockholder of the company, with the exception of Nixon, whose proxy I held. Rennels and Rainey were everywhere, smiling, shaking hands, and whispering to the grave, embarrassed and uncomfortable planters and bankers who gathered in groups throughout our offices.

I had been given a tip that the opposition forces would be led, not by Rennels, but by Rance Barton, a huge, swarthy planter and lumberman, known throughout the state as a quick-tempered, fearless man of unquestioned character in his business dealings. Rennels could not have picked a more suitable or popular leader for his purpose.

Major Clayton, holding himself nobly in restraint, greeted many of his friends and acquaintances cordially, and finally at eleven o'clock he called the meeting to order in the large room we had secured for the purpose.

When I rose to read my annual report the first hush fell over the room. This was my opportunity to make these men realize what I had done for the company, and in as quiet and sincere a fashion as I could I explained and sometimes elaborated on the brief, concise facts contained in the printed report. This did not concur with Rennels' ideas, and sensing somewhat of interest and approval in the faces round the room, he sprang up, interrupting me:

"I would ask that the manager would confine himself to the facts contained in his report," he snapped angrily, "and permit the stockholders to form their own conclusions. He can explain his actions later on if the gentlemen present desire it."

I glanced about the room. There was nothing to be gleaned from the faces confronting me.

"Mr. Rennels is perfectly right," to my intense surprise I heard Major Clayton say. "Just give us the bare facts. I reckon they will speak for themselves."

"The vote on it will speak loud enough," jeered Rennels in a low but distinct voice.

Disturbed by the action of the president, I brought my report briefly to a close. Rennels stepped over to where Barton sat and whispered to him. The expression on the planter's face remained unchanged, his eyes on me as he nodded in reply. In a moment, if nothing intervened, the vote on the report would be cast, and I wouldn't have wagered a plugged penny on its approval.

Something did intervene however. It was Major Clayton. He rose, his stalwart form stiff as if on review. His wavy gray hair was tousled, and under the shaggy brows his eyes sparkled with the light of battle.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I believe we all are present today at the scene of as remarkable an attempt to pervert truth and justice as ever took place within the borders of our great commonwealth."

Instantly Rennels, his face flaming, was on his feet.

"Sit down, sir," thundered the major. "I need no reminder from you of parliamentary procedure. It is my intention, and I believe the intention of every gentleman here, to serve truth, and serve her faithfully, unhampered by the fetters of parliamentary procedure or any other device ever conceived to hamper and thwart her victory.

"Gentlemen, it was in no unkind spirit that I seconded our aggressive secretary's objection to Mr. Thorpe's effort to make clear to you some of his actions, which we all know have been challenged. Rather it was because I know the man, as you all will some day know him, and wished to speak myself, that I might tell you some things his modesty and loyalty to his friends would prevent him from mentioning."

For nearly an hour that room full of men sat literally spellbound under the sway of Major Clayton's oratory, while he rehearsed from its very inception the history of the Planters', lauding me to the sky, and giving me a thousandfold more credit than he could possibly prove I deserved. Only once did Rennels attempt to interrupt him, and then a near-by planter silently but firmly forced the secretary back into his seat, shaking a warning finger in his angry face.

"Now, gentlemen," concluded the major, "I'm going to bust some more rules, but I reckon we'll get 'em shaped up properly on the minute book. When you get through voting on Mr. Thorpe's report, there's going to be an election of officers. I'm going to resign the presidency, and I want some of you gentlemen to nominate Mr. Thorpe for that position. He's been the real president for six months, and it sort of hurts my feelings to be a figurehead." He turned to where Rennels sat viciously stabbing a pencil through an envelope. "Young man, if you have anything to say before this vote is taken, and these gentlemen feel like listening, go ahead, sir."

"Hold on there, major," boomed Barton's heavy drawl. "I always allowed if you'd give a calf rope enough it would hang itself. My personal advice to Mr. Rennels is to keep his mouth tight shut. He'd be a heap sight better off if he hadn't opened it a month ago. Major, was you-all serious about that resigning?"

"I most emphatically was," declared Major Clayton, "and just as serious in my wish to see Mr. Thorpe succeed to my place."

"Then if you'll get all them motions put in proper form so's some legal sharp can't bust us up and mebbe put us in jail, I reckon you'll get your wish."

The End of It All

It was an amusing meeting, from a parliamentary point of view, after that. It took Carol a day to get the minutes straight, but the desires of the stockholders were accomplished. Amid cheers every motion was put and carried, Rennels defiantly remaining until Hilliard, after a whispered consultation with Barton and Clayton, resigned as treasurer, the major being elected to fill the vacancy. Hilliard was then elected secretary, and Rennels, his face a study of anger and chagrin, left the room. Mind you, all these elections should have been made by the incoming board of directors, and they were afterward ratified by them, but the stockholders, led by Barton and Major Clayton, passed joyously over these legal trifles, leaving the tangle for me to straighten out afterward.

There was a wedding the following month at which Major Clayton gave away the bride, and that evening Carol walked by my side up the rose-lined path to our little cottage. It was nearly dark when we entered our own home. The lamps had been lighted, and through the door we could see Aunt Martha, Carol's mammy, whom we had stolen from Mrs. Whitredge to take care of us, waiting for her children.

Five short, happy, busy years have passed since then. Today the Planters' is firmly established, its prosperity built solidly upon the rock of conservative insurance, and I am proud to be its president. In gaining a wife I lost a secretary, but I have never regretted the change. My day dream, the lure that spurred me southward, died a natural death, and a sweeter, happier one came true.

(THE END)

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In the matter of general policy we consider Velie dealers the best corps of men selling automobiles in this country.

The bulk of our business is handled by men who have grown up with us from the old days. Some started with us selling John Deere Farm Implements and Velie Buggies.

They are all keen, practical business men—quick to sense what the public wants and to see that the public is satisfied.

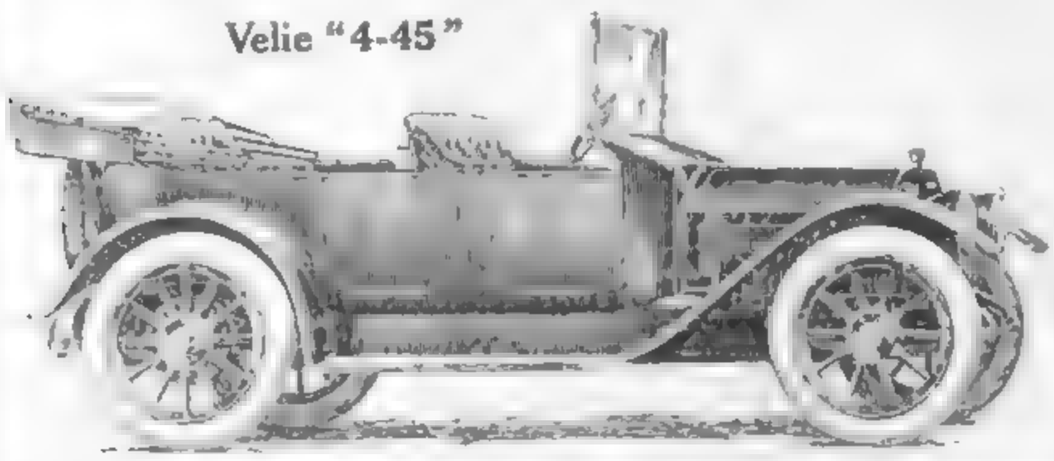
All are men of their word—men of the highest standing in their community. And as we take on new dealers, *they* must measure up to our old dealers in every way.

Velie Fours Will Outsell Any Ordinary Six

The wonderful demand for the Velie "4-45" has caused us to double our output of "fours" right in the face of the "six" demand now spreading over the country.

What other manufacturer dared do this?

Velie "4-45"



Thousands of owners who have been driving heavy cars may wish they were back to the low gasoline consumption, big tire mileage days of the perfectly built "four."

Next year "fours" cannot be secured from dealers who handle cars made in six-cylinder models only.

And many dealers who handle "sixes" exclusively may be handicapped by this four-cylinder demand.

Frankly, we want more dealers because we want the four-cylinder trade sacrificed by manufacturers building "sixes" exclusively.

Once had, we know we can hold this trade, for in the two Velie Four-Cylinder Models we have cars which cannot be duplicated.

Velie dealers, accustomed to selling people who demand economy in operation, need not fear loss of trade from their customers buying hastily designed or heavy maintenance cost "sixes."

For the great bulk of automobile buying this year is going to be based on economy.

The Three Great Velie Models

Model 10—(1000 pounds lighter) Velie "6-50." Cylinders cast in triplets, bore 3¼ inches, stroke 5½ inches. Wheel base 126 inches. Tires 37 x 4½ inches front and rear. Transmission, four speeds forward and one reverse. Selective sliding. Lubrication, constant level circulating system. Built as a five-passenger touring car, four-passenger torpedo, two-passenger roadster. Price $,[illegible]

Model 9—The [illegible] "4-45" [illegible] cylinders cast in pair[illegible] 4½ inches, stroke [illegible] Wheel base [illegible] inches. Tires 36 x [illegible] inches front and rear. [illegible] four speeds forward and one reverse. [illegible] sliding. [illegible] level circulating system. Built [illegible], four-passenger torpedo, two-passenger [illegible] Price $1,000

Model 5—"4-35" [illegible] cylinders cast en bloc, bore 4 inches, stroke 5½ inches. Wheel base [illegible] inches. Tires 34 x 4 inches front and rear. Transmission [illegible] forward and one reverse. Lubrication, constant level [illegible] Built as five-passenger touring. Price $1,500.

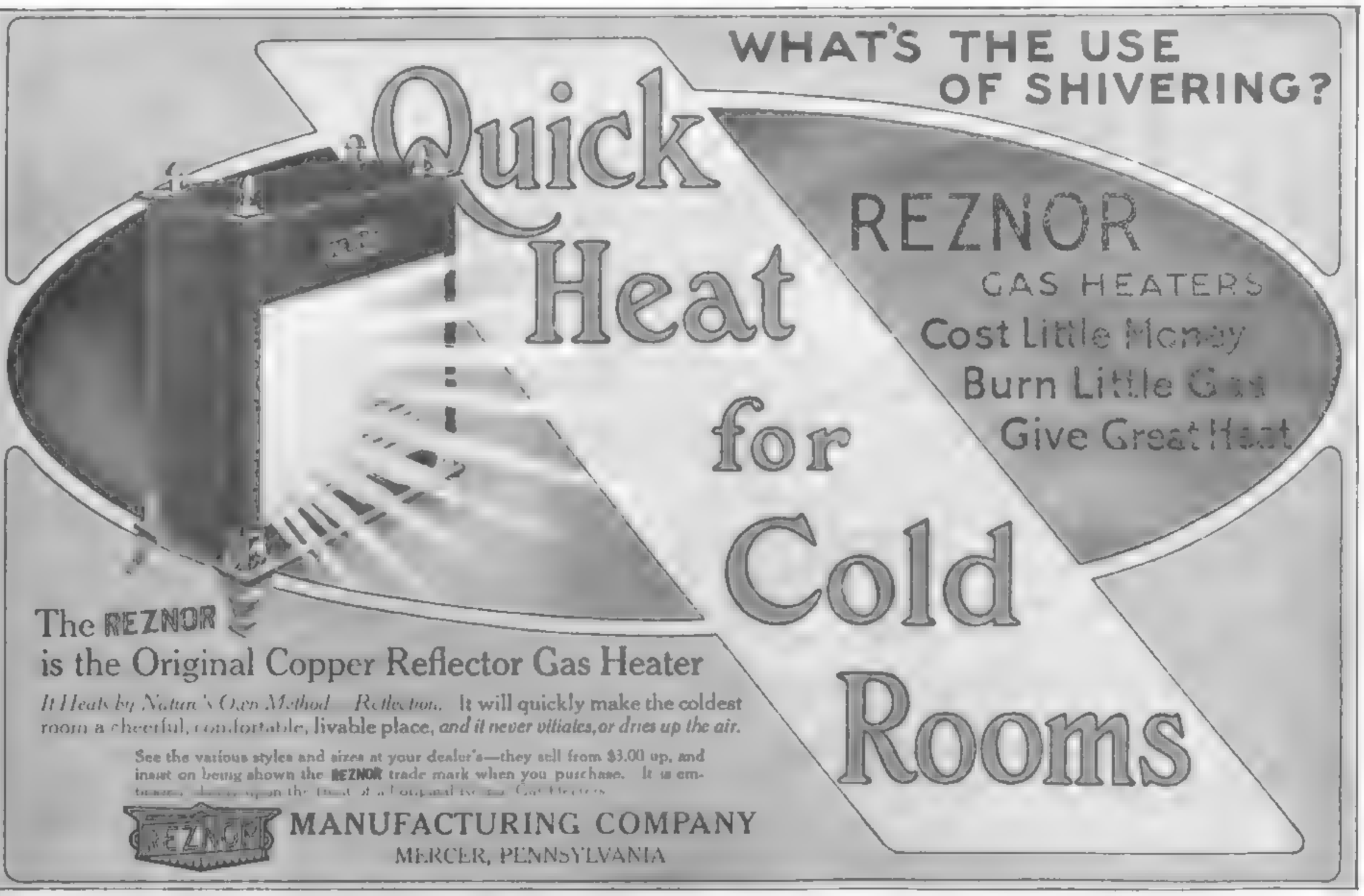
Every Car Completely Equipped Ready to Run

Read over the remarkable equipment found in our Velie cars. It is the most complete. The highest in quality that can be obtained. Velie equipment must measure up to the mechanical parts of the car in durability. This is a principle of Velie construction.

Gray & Davis electric starter.
Gray & Davis electric lighting.
Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.
Bosch magneto dual ignition.
Concealed electric horn.
Stromberg high-efficiency carburetor. Warner Speedometer.
Detachable tires, with extra rim carried at rear.
Mohair top and ventilating rain vision.
Left steer with center control.
Extra long springs, 2½ inches wide.
Deep upholstery, with finest leather throughout.

Booklets giving full description of each of the three wonderful Velie models sent on request. Full details of Velie propositions to dealers furnished upon application.

VELIE MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY
10 Velie Place, Moline, Illinois


WHAT'S THE USE OF SHIVERING?
Quick Heat for Cold Rooms
REZNOR
GAS HEATERS
Cost Little Money
Burn Little Gas
Give Great Heat
The REZNOR
is the Original Copper Reflector Gas Heater
It Heats by Nature's Own Method — Reflection. It will quickly make the coldest room a cheerful, comfortable, livable place, and it never vitiates, or dries up the air.
See the various styles and sizes at your dealer's—they sell from $3.00 up, and insist on being shown the REZNOR trade mark when you purchase. It is em-
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
MERCER, PENNSYLVANIA

"THE Bradley"
KNITWEAR
YOU have a right to expect several years of service from a good sweater. That's why you buy a Bradley—that's why we make it. A Bradley *stays* new. It resists wear—keeps its shape—will not bag nor stretch.
That's because the Bradley is different from other sweaters. It is *made* different, made better, made more painstakingly, made for stiffer service. *It is protected at the six points of strain.* And it is made of thick, worsted yarn with lots of sturdy wear in it.
Then a Bradley Sweater has the proper free-and-easy style, with that sporty appearance of robust durability and luxurious comfort. The style illustrated is the Shaker Coat, priced from $5.00 to $8.00. Your dealer will supply you or if not write for Bradley Knit Styles.
BRADLEY KNITTING CO.
Delavan Wisconsin
1
2
3
4
5
6
1. Bradley Collar, 7 inches deep, fashioned both ways.
2. Bradley full-fashioned shoulder, non-sagging and form-fitting.
3. Bradley fashioned arm-hole; no bunching in arm-pit.
4. Bradley double reinforced buttonholes.
5. Bradley non-sag welt-top pocket.
6. Bradley unbreakable elastic welt-bottom. No stitching threads used.

FLOUR

(Continued from Page 9)

can be made." It was signed "H. W. Scollard." Thompson drew a long breath. He went to the telegraph office and sent this answer: "Can see you in San Francisco. Wire whether you are coming."

In two hours a message came: "Mr. Scollard directs me to inform you that he will see you in San Francisco on Wednesday." This was signed by his secretary. Thompson answered: "Will wait for him."

Wednesday morning he moved into a forty-eight-dollar-a-day suite and hired a man stenographer for the day. He also bought a bell that wound up and would ring when he pressed it. He was practicing dictation by writing imaginary business letters to the heads of the Steel and Oil trusts when Scollard appeared. He seemed not to notice the surroundings or the retiring stenographer, but Thompson knew he did.

"I had to come on to the Coast," he began. "I thought we might as well have another talk. If you'll take three per cent I'll make the flour."

"I'm afraid I'm only wasting your time," said Thompson; "but it has been a great pleasure to see you again. I'd like to have you lunch with me."

The old man glared at him, but without leaving his chair.

"You seem busy this morning."

"I suppose I always seem busy," said Thompson. "You see I'm off this afternoon."

"What I want to know," said Scollard, "is how much flour you think you can sell and how you expect to sell it?"

The stenographer had come in and was standing at attention.

"Wait a minute outside," said Thompson to him. "This coming year, Mr. Scollard," he went on, "I shall handle upward of a hundred thousand tons—not a great deal, but still a beginning. How I expect to sell it is the business of the Thompson International Flour Company."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" snapped Scollard.

"I don't remember your asking me."

"Well," growled the old man, "if you can sell one hundred thousand tons three per cent is enough. It will make you rich."

"Not as fast as five," said Thompson.

Henry William Scollard ignored this. He was silent for a time; then he said explosively:

"I came here to do business with you, young man, and I'm going to do it." He glared as if daring Thompson to deny it. It was his way of making apologies to himself for being beaten. Thompson said nothing and he added:

"You've been buying of Gregg, haven't you?"

"Your flour will take the place of his," said Thompson jesuitically.

"Then we make a deal." Thompson pressed his bell.

"What's that for?" asked Scollard.

"I suppose you want to put it in writing?"

"Ain't my word good?"

Thompson said gravely:

"You know Henry William Scollard better than any one else does. What would you do if you were I?"

A humorous light kindled in the deep-set eyes. The old man's hand went to his breast pocket. He threw a typewritten contract on the table.

"It's all there. I guessed you'd beat me. I'm getting old."

"Beat you!" said Thompson pleasantly. "I'm giving you the chance to make millions. If I were your godfather your middle name would be Ungrateful." The old man looked at him, uncertain whether he liked such talk or not. No one had ever used it to him before. "I'll have our lawyers go over this right away," Thompson went on. "If it's all right I'll sign it and deliver it to you this afternoon."

"I want to get the afternoon train."

"I guess we can manage it."

Two members of the leading firm of San Francisco lawyers passed on the contract. It took them twenty minutes and cost Thompson two hundred dollars, but he knew his agreement was what it seemed to be. With the thing in his pocket, he went to his room and sat down. The year's work was over. His minimum first year's profit would be in the neighborhood of thirty thousand dollars. He was on the road to being a rich man. How curiously easy it was when you knew how to do it! Within a few years at most he could have the things as a matter of course for which he had been willing to sell himself. But would he want them? That was the disquieting suspicion that came to him. Perhaps this was what the Bible meant by the deceitfulness of riches?

Presently he got up, unlocked his handbag and took out the two letters. He opened the old man's, read it phrase by phrase, smiled grimly and tore it to bits. He had finished with that dead albatross. Then he took up Thalia's letter. It seemed to him he could forecast it word for word. It would say:

"*Dear Arthur:* My father is writing you by this mail stating his objections to our engagement. He has forbidden me to write or hold any communication with you. My regret and sorrow I cannot express. I hope you will not despise me too much! I hope some day we may meet again and be friends. Believe me, I shall always hold you in the highest regard."

He slowly tore the end from the envelope and took out the folded sheet of paper. For a moment he hesitated. Would it not be kinder to tear it up without reading it? He shook his head. He must read it. If there was any spot in his heart still sore he must run the knife in. He opened it and read:

"*My Dearest:* This is just a line to catch the first mail. I want it to reach you before father's letter arrives. It has been very hard, dear. He will not understand! I am afraid he is writing you a terrible letter. It makes my heart ache! He says he will not see me again if I marry you—but I'm yours, dear! Write me what I shall do and inclose the letter in an envelope addressed to Miss Elizabeth K. Brinkworthy, 2007 Summit Avenue, St. Paul. She will deliver it to me. I shan't write until I hear from you. Yours always, THALIA."

For a long time Thompson sat motionless. Then he went down to the telegraph office and wrote:

"Have just read your letter! What can you think of me? Am writing."

He went out and walked the streets. The time came for him to deliver the contract. He turned back to the hotel and went to the Flour King's room.

"Here it is," he said.

Scollard took it.

"Young man, it's in my head you're kin to Jeremiah Thompson?"

"He was my grandfather."

"I thought so. I went to work for him when I was seven years old." The old man paused—then reminiscently: "How I hated him!"

"I've always heard he was a rough citizen."

"He had his good points. He broke me of being a cry-baby."

"How?"

"With a buggy whip." Scollard was silent again, thoughtfully buttoning his coat. Then he asked guardedly: "Where's that cousin of yours—young Thompson, of New York?"

"I haven't any Thompson cousin."

The two men faced each other with level eyes. Then Scollard came a step nearer.

"I guess I made a mistake," he said.

It was in Thompson's heart to say: "You cured a cry-baby." It was on his lips to say: "You paid your debt to Jeremiah Thompson." What he said was:

"We needn't talk about that."

"Boy," said Scollard, "why don't you come to Minneapolis?"

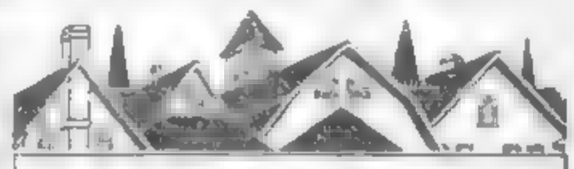
"I have a section to Minneapolis on the night express. Say that I'm coming, will you?"

"My automobile will meet you Tuesday morning; you'll come to my home." The old man held out his hand and Thompson shook it.

Tuesday morning Thompson was standing in the Minneapolis station, with the helpless look of a man expecting to be met by a chauffeur who doesn't know him, when he heard his name called softly. He looked round. Thalia was facing him.

"This way," she said. "William will attend to your bags." A footman stepped forward and Thompson followed her to the automobile. She said to the chauffeur: "Drive round the Park before we go home," and got in.

"Walk-Over"
The Shoe for You
Walk-Over Refinement
WALK-OVERS tend to *make* your appearance.
Particular people everywhere wear Walk-Overs because of their refinement. Walk-Overs so combine beauty and strength of line with exclusive pattern, instant style and perfect fit that they give continual satisfaction.
Call at your local Walk-Over shop and ask to be fitted the Walk-Over way.
Walk-Overs are sold everywhere. From $3.50 to $7.00. Standard prices, $4.50 and $5.00.
GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
Manufacturers of Walk-Overs for Men and Women
CAMPELLO (Brockton), Mass.
The word "Walk Over" appears on every genuine Walk Over shoe.
"Doc"
Model



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You can make the old worn-out tin, steel, felt or gravel roof give you as much service as a new roof and double the life of that old shingle roof.

ROOF-FIX Cures Roof Troubles

and keeps them cured. Cost slight. One coat does the work. In black and red. Ready for use. Absolutely guaranteed to do the work. Write at once for the free Roof Book. Address

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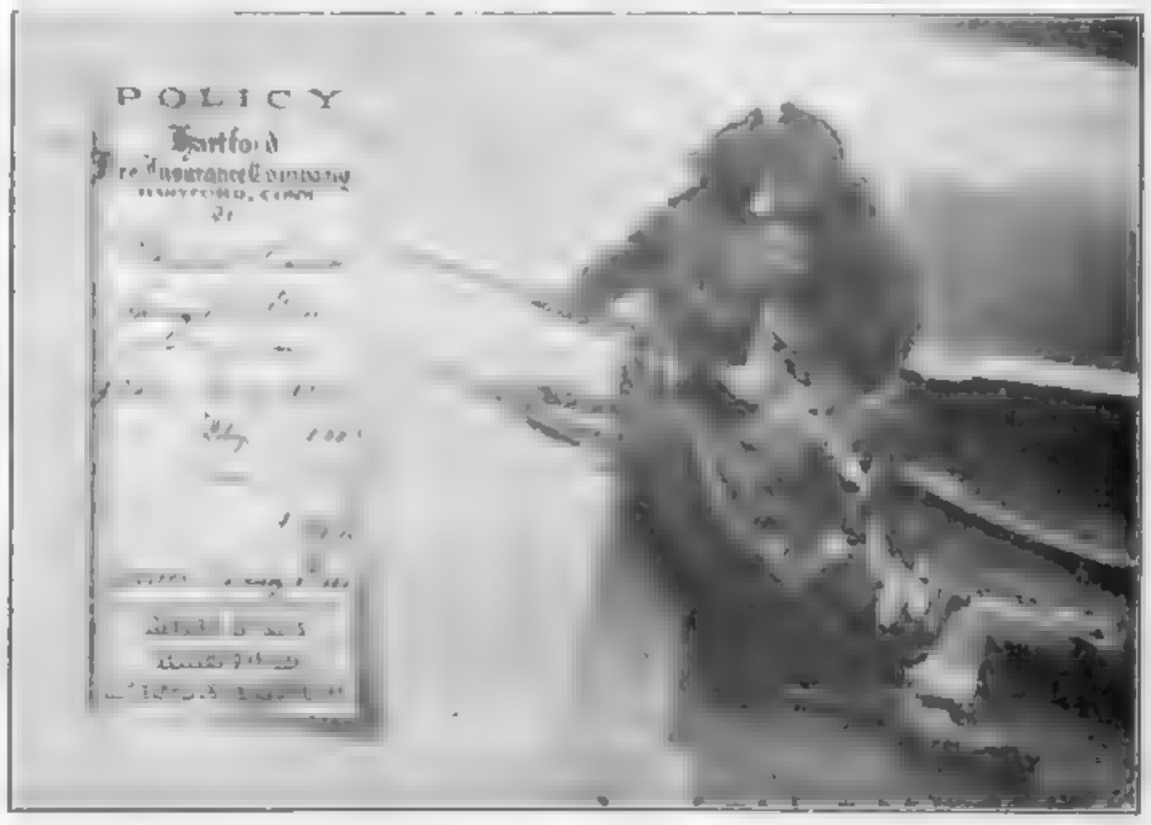


Frantz Premier

Weighs only nine pounds

The Standard Electric Suction Cleaner

A Lighter Day's Work

$30.00

WHEN you think "vacuum cleaning," think Frantz Premier. It is broom, brush, pan, and sweeper all in one—a compact, well-built, thoroughly tested machine. Costs a cent an hour to use. One hour with the Frantz Premier is worth more than half a day with the old-fashioned, inefficient, back-and-muscle-racking tools.

$30 is enough to pay for a Vacuum Cleaner

Thirty dollars buys the improved Frantz Premier—the cleaner that sold itself to fifty thousand women. Made for daily use. Always ready. Stands behind a door or in a small closet. Can be carried in one hand. The maid likes it. She works better with it. A little girl can run it. Just as fine for the one minute crumb-clearing around the breakfast table as for the sanitary cleaning of your entire home. Lifts the dirt: gets it out—doesn't rub it in or scatter it.

See the Frantz Premier, demonstrate it for yourself in your own home. If you don't know where to buy the Frantz Premier, write us for booklet and card of introduction to the nearest dealer

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., 1117 Power Ave., Cleveland

The Frantz Premier franchise is valuable in every locality where there is an Electric Light Plant. Responsible dealers write for particulars.

Earning Your Christmas Money

NOW is the start of our big subscription season. Before October twentieth we shall make 500 appointments of young men and women to solicit subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in their own and adjoining localities.

As high as $30.00 a week can easily be made. The same commission and salary payments are allowed on renewal subscriptions as on new. Some make $50.00 and $60.00 a week. It is enjoyable work—out of doors—and everyone is glad to see you, for these periodicals are known and read everywhere.

We do not want "canvassers" but aggressive, enthusiastic young men and women of good address—*our type* of people. If you are interested, address

THE AGENCY DIVISION

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

In the covered car he looked at her searchingly and she met his look.

"You got my telegram?"

She nodded.

"And my letter had only just found you?"

"No." Then he told her the truth.

"I don't blame you," she said simply. "We must always believe things are for the best."

"But think how I blame myself!"

"Don't do that," she said. "Arthur," she went on, "you never loved me—did you?"

He looked at her with a mixture of emotions. He was ashamed of himself. He was amazed at her—she was so sweet, so gentle. If she still loved him she should have him and all that he might hope to be. Their eyes met.

"No," he said; "I didn't love you. I believe I thought I did, but I know now I didn't. But, Thalia ——" There was a throb in his voice.

She put her hand on his arm arrestingly.

"And I know now I didn't love you. I thought I did. But we were never really meant for each other. These things are very strange. We can only try to do our best."

He looked at her wonderingly—then understood.

"That's all we can do." Then after a pause he smiled. "You say you know now?"

She neither tried to parry the question, nor did she blush.

"Yes," she said; "I know now!"

He took her unresisting hand and pressed it.

"I'm glad—so glad! Suppose I had hurt you!"

"I want you to meet him," she answered. "It's a little difficult, though, on account of father. You see he's a young oculist, with not much practice."

"You leave father to me," said Thompson.

Before lunch that very day Thompson went to the offices of the Henry William Scollard Milling Company and talked to the president in a manner that surprised them both.

"By Heck!" said Henry William Scollard as they parted; "if you aren't the spit of Jeremiah Thompson!"

That night they had a family dinner at the Scollards'; young Doctor Foster was there—and Thompson started for New York on the midnight train. The day after he got back he dropped into the Ritz-Carlton for lunch and ran into Edith Duerr waiting for her husband.

"I thought you were on the other side of the world!" she exclaimed.

"Thinking is often misleading," he observed.

"But what are you doing here?"

"Lunching."

"Don't be fresh!" she admonished him. "What has happened? Where's the flour girl? What made you run away?"

He gave her a look.

"Where is Mary?" he asked.

Then she gave him a look.

"She's going to be with *me* in the country tonight. Freddy's going to Boston on the three o'clock."

"Can you meet me at Roslyn on the five-twenty-five?" he asked.

"Do you mean it?" She looked into his face, breathless and eager.

"I mean it!"

She gave his hand a squeeze. Then Freddy turned up and she went in to lunch with him. They asked Thompson to go along, but he said he was waiting for a man and took a table by himself.

Ice in Paper

WRAPPING ice up in paper has been found to be the cheapest way to keep it from melting, and dealers who ship great quantities of ice into the big cities by carload lots are adopting this method. The floor of the car and the sides are papered loosely, and after the car is filled paper is spread over the top of the ice. In this way the whole shipment is practically wrapped in paper.

Paper manufacturers evolved a brand of paper specially adapted for this use, for it was required that the paper should soak up just enough moisture from the ice so it would cling and yet not enough so that water would soak through and the paper lose its strength and tear into bits from the jostling of the car.

One way to keep the socks up—but the better plan is to wear the garter that wears best.

It's a Brighton

Pad with rubber button

25c and 50c

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.

Philadelphia

Continued in *The Saturday Evening Post* of Oct. 18

FREE MACKINAW BOOK

Beautiful colored illustrations of the famous **Patrick-Duluth Northern Wool Products**

Real Mackinaw Auto Robes—Price $8.00. Fleece Wool Sox *de luxe*—Price medium weight, 50c heavy weight, 75

Jumbo Sweater Coats and All-Wool Blankets. Modern Scandinavian method of making cloth resist wind, cold and moisture. Greatest wear and warmth with least weight. Cloth shrunk to three times original thickness. Beautiful fleecy texture. This cloth found only in

Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw Garments

For Men, Women and Children

Sold at Best Stores

Tailored in real Mackinaw styles. Insist on trade-mark and get the *genuine*

Shawl Collar Norfolk Mackinaw—Double Breasted

Patrick Duluth Woolen Mill, 232 W. 5th Ave., Duluth, Minn.

Genuine Original Patrick Duluth Mackinaw Cloth

We Dress You Better

For less money or no charge. Suits and overcoats made to order $15 to $20. Pants $3.50. Express prepaid. Style, fit and wear guaranteed. Established 1840. No agents. Send for samples. State color preferred.

FEERLESS TAILORS, East St., Chambersburg, Pa.

COMMUNITY SILVER

DIARY OF A MERE MAN

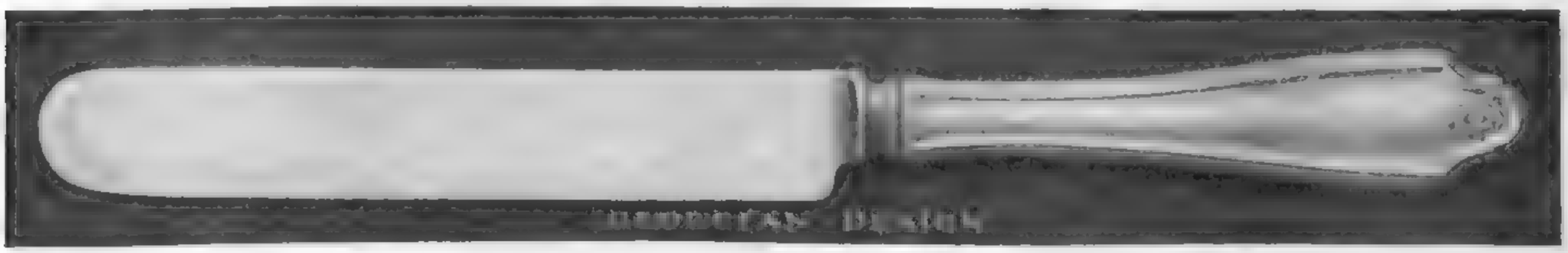
Saturday ——— *4th, 1913*

A FEMININE TOUCH

"BETTY gave me a 'dream' of a dinner today. Then, putting a pillow to my back and lighting my cigar herself, she pointed out an 'ad'. 'See this silver—just like Anne's,' she hinted.

Monday ——— *6th, 1913*

Betty's birthday—'surprise' party. Tess and Anne set the table with my gift of Community. When Betty saw it her eyes met mine. 'You dear!' she exclaimed, then ran to her silver and hugged it * * first."



BEST PLATED WARE MADE. AT YOUR SERVICE FOR 50 YEARS

6 TEASPOONS, $2.15 (engraving extra); In Canada, $2.75

Save The Lives of Little Children
from Holocausts like Binghamton

Merchants, Manufacturers, Parents, Public Officials:—
Consider This One Absolute Fire Prevention

WHENEVER your child goes into a school building, store or factory—remember that water is the one absolute fire-proofing. Whenever you go into a theatre, "movie" show, or steamboat, or lie down in a hotel to sleep—remember that water is the one absolute fire-proofing.

And, merchants and manufacturers, whenever you send hundreds of human lives into great buildings to work—remember that water is the one absolute fire-proofing. Then remember that

The Grinnell Sprinkler System automatically surrounds every fire with a drenching spray of water, putting it out *instantly*.

Remember that it watches over every inch of a building, with sleepless eyes and tireless vigil—that it finds fire, puts it out and gives an alarm of fire—all at the same moment.

Remember the 145 working girls burned to death in the New York Triangle Waist Fire.

Remember the 176 little children burned to death in the Collinwood School Fire.

Remember the 786 pleasure seekers burned to death in the Iroquois Theatre.

Remember the 847 mothers and children burned to death on the steamer General Slocum.

Remember the Binghamton horror, where 31 girls were burned alive.

These holocausts never would have happened had the Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System been there, waiting and ready to drown the first little tongue of flame. Out of the 16,539 fires which the Grinnell System has extinguished not a life was lost.

GRINNELL AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS

reduce fire danger 96²/₃%. Because of this curtailing of fire danger to almost nothing, Insurance Companies are glad to reduce your fire premiums 40 to 90%. This large decrease pays for the Grinnell System in three to seven years. After it has paid for itself, the premium reduction continues. It is a profit of 15 to 50% on the cost of installation.

Therefore Building Owners Actually Get Paid For Saving the Lives of Little Children From Holocausts Like Binghamton

GENERAL FIRE EXTINGUISHER COMPANY

277 WEST EXCHANGE STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Branches in 25 Leading Cities of U.S. and Canada

FIND OUT *YOUR* PROFIT FROM GRINNELLS

BY FILLING OUT THIS BLANK AND SENDING IT TO US—NO OBLIGATION ENTAILED

Information given us will be held strictly confidential

Total floor area of building to be equipped (including basement) ____

Proximity of City Water Main _____ *Size of Main* _____

Nature of Business _____

Insurance Carried on Buildings _____ *Rate* _____

Insurance Carried on Stock _____ *Rate* _____

Signed _____

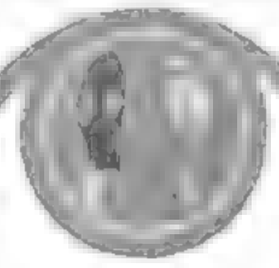
Address _____

WHAT THE GRINNELL AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER IS

A system of overhead piping on which ingenious mechanisms, called sprinkler "heads," are placed at intervals. When the temperature under any head gets unusually warm, the head automatically *opens*, releasing a powerful, drenching spray of water on the fire, and sends an alarm. Makes the fire *commit suicide* before it has the slightest chance to spread.

Ralston

Authority Styles
Foot-Moulded



Even More Style this Fall, but the same *100 per-cent-plus* when it comes to *Comfort, Fit,* and *Wearing Quality.*

Foot-Moulded means that you put on a new pair of Ralstons and wear them away, without a pinch or a rub.

Authority Styles
$4 to $6
In over 3000 shops

We've your copy of "Style Talk" ready. Write for it.

Ralston Health Shoemakers
Campello (Brockton), Mass.

TORREY Razors

make smooth shaving a daily delight

With a **Torrey** you always shave clean and smooth, because it has the perfect shaving edge. Adjusted to glide over the face at the right angle. Cuts close, without pulling, without roughing the skin.

A *Real Man's* Razor—
this beautiful razor is one of the

If your dealer [illegible] to us, we'll tell you where to get them, and send you FREE booklet, "How to Shave."

The Torrey Honing Strop has no equal

The J. R. Torrey Razor Company
Worcester, Mass.

Shirley President Suspenders 50¢
Feel better—look better—fit better—wear better
"Satisfaction or money back"
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co. Shirley Mass.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books, inventions wanted, prizes, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 38 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 27)

I could not have been so blinded by the swiftest flash of lightning or the most frightful crash of thunder.

Instantly, and before I could be sure of what I had seen, he changed; became again the easy man of the world, with merely the corners of an ugly smile left upon his face to indicate what he had been the moment before.

The storm passed as swiftly as it had come. We ascended to the Walk, each laboring vainly to cover the breach that had been made. We sought diligently for something to say and said nothing.

I was disturbed, uneasy. That night I did not come down to dinner, pleading a headache.

The next morning he sent me some roses with a note saying he hoped my indisposition had passed. The formality of it reassured me.

Late in the afternoon I went up on the Walk. I made a little pilgrimage in and out of the shops. I was looking for some gifts to take back to Mrs. Buckhaulter and Alice. My mind was still occupied with Collier. He was too slow with his love-making, having begun it, I thought. It was as if he waited for me to accept his premises before he risked a declaration. What were his premises? That was the question I asked myself as I went on pricing things—collars, scarfs, Japanese curios. I came at last to a little shop filled with laces, the walls covered with patterns of Irish and Venetian and fillet. At the end of the narrow room was a red door with a sign hung upon it. This was a large and hideous hand, with the lines in it blackened and exaggerated like a poster of fate. Beneath was scrawled the invitation:

YOUR PALM READ, PAST AND FUTURE TOLD
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

I held up a Maltese lace collar and considered this sign over it. An old man opened the door and came out. He wore a white turban upon his head. The pupils of his eyes were contracted as if he were under the influence of some drug, the lids swollen. He regarded me keenly. He was a Hindu and gave the impression of immemorial age. I felt as if I were being stared at through the secrets of a thousand years as he advanced, bowing and cringing, with his eyes fixed upon my face.

"Lady, have your palm read. I can tell you something important. Fate, lady, is at this moment standing behind you. I can tell you what you long to know, what you would give much to know. Only one dollar today."

I was fascinated and disgusted. I returned the collar to the woman behind the counter, ignoring her voluble entreaties, and started out.

Collier stood in the door, smiling. I knew that he had witnessed the scene and was now amused by the seriousness of my face; that it betrayed something of my superstitious fear.

"Lady, have your palm read," he began, imitating the insinuating tones of the Hindu.

"No, no! I do not believe in it. I——"

"All women believe in fortune-tellers," he interrupted. "Go ahead and hear what he has to say. It will amuse you."

"No, it will not. Besides, I am afraid of that horrid creature!" I whispered.

"Prophets and seers are never agreeable looking. I'll go in with you."

"Very well, if you will let him read your palm first," I laughed.

"No, that's not necessary. If he tells your fortune that will duplicate mine."

"So! I have only to see the lady's palm one moment. What is there will be the meaning in yours," the Hindu put in with a sinister smile.

"It is foolish, but it will amuse us," I agreed.

There was scarcely room for three persons in the narrow closet we entered, which was lighted with a red-shaded lamp. I sat with my hand upon the table, outstretched like a lily in the red gloom. Collier stood against the wall. The old palmist bent over, touched my fingers with his lean brown claws, marked a strong life line, a sanguine temperament; then, bending farther over, he stared as if he searched the clouded depths of a pool. He raised his malignant eyes to Collier.

"Will the gentleman go out? I have something to tell the lady alone!" he said.

"No!" I exclaimed; "say what you have to say. It makes no difference. Remain, Mr. Collier."

"Very well," sneered the man. "There are two men, my lady, in your life, both dark, but different. You love the one and you do not love the other."

He sighed, trembled, closed his eyes. Sweat suddenly beaded his forehead.

"I see deep shadows in a garden, flowers walking to and fro in wedding wreaths, a bridegroom in the moonlight. How is this, my lady, so far from here! And you—the curtains drawn across a window conceal you. I cannot see. But your fate, you cannot imagine it. You must pass through a shadow, something not good to reach it—now, very soon——"

I snatched my hand away, springing to my feet.

"It is always so!" the old wretch smiled, wagging his head. "They will not hear the truth. They know it already. They want to believe what is not the truth. They would change the stars in their courses, these ladies, to get their way—which is always wrong!"

We went out into the glaring sunlight.

"You were annoyed," said Collier, looking at me curiously.

"Yes, it makes one feel uncanny—that red light, that hideous old man with his foolish lies," I answered.

"Still I almost thought he trod upon the toes of some truth, you looked so startled. These people do read what is already in the mind, even if they cannot see the future," he insisted.

"Well, he did not read what was in mine!" I laughed.

We were seated upon the porch outside the casino that night. The orchestra was playing the Andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The persistence of the same phrase, represented always in sad simplicity, produced little by little a strange and poignant sensation in me. It was as if it carried a cry, a warning to that other Joy Marr whom I did not know.

There was to be a dance later. Guests were already assembling. Handsomely gowned women stood in groups with their escorts, whispering or waiting in silence for the intermission. I wore a white gown with an overskirt and bodice of green chiffon. I had thrown Alice's scarf over my head. Roger Collier sat facing me, with his chair drawn up beside mine.

The music changed, the dance began. Suddenly my companion leaned forward and lifting my hand held it tightly in his.

We always know what is going to happen before it does happen; we only think we do not know. But when the thing is done, the word is said, we know that we have been waiting for that and nothing else.

"Joy," he said, speaking in low, measured tones, "before we go in, before we dance together, I want to know that you are mine. I love you. I am insanely, madly in love with you. Do you know that?"

"No," I murmured, "I did not know."

"Yes, you did. I have been afraid to say, to tell you what I mean. You are narrow. You will not accept the truth. But listen—you must! I want you to be my Joy, just that!"

I drew back, barely escaping his lips.

"But you said—you know what you said about Joy," I gasped, looking at him.

"Yes, that's what I mean. I can offer you in exchange——"

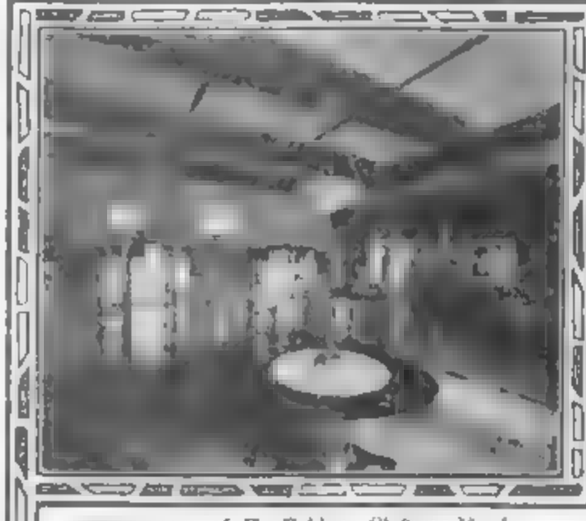
I almost saw the purse in his hand.

The next moment I was moving blindly through the whirling wreath of dancers, walking unsteadily, trying to avoid them. The door on the other side seemed miles away. I wondered if I ever could reach it. I stumbled over the feet of a tall woman seated beside the wall, heard her mumble an indignant protest. I was stricken dumb. I implored her pardon silently and passed on. At last I stepped down into the fragrant darkness of an arbor that connected the casino with the hotel. I gathered up my gown and fled. I was beside myself. I was overwhelmed with a shame that I suddenly felt I had been risking, half expecting, since this affair began.

As I entered the hotel I saw father seated in the lobby. His paper had slipped from his hand. He was asleep, his head wagged to one side, his lips parted.

"Father," I said, laying my hand upon his shoulder.

He started, opened his eyes and stared at me.



Dining room of H. Belden, Clifton, N. J. BEAVER BOARD makes a room cooler in summer, warmer in winter. It suits every climate and latitude.

BEAVER BOARD
Walls and Ceilings

PHOTOGRAPHS can not show the beautiful coloring of BEAVER BOARD when painted; but they do suggest the great opportunity it offers for tasteful designing of interiors. The two rooms shown here are chosen from thousands of such interiors—all different.

Write for free booklet, "BEAVER BOARD and its Uses," and free painted sample.

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This permanent durability of BEAVER BOARD is one of 41 great advantages over lath and plaster.

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The quickness, cleanliness and ease of BEAVER BOARD construction is in marked contrast to the delay, litter and confusion inevitable with other materials.

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BEAVER BOARD can be nailed to the wall and ceiling beams of new rooms, or over old lath and plaster. It is as satisfactory for repairing or remodeling as for new buildings.

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"The aristocrat of 'rough surface' hats. Ideal for dress [illegible] in the Country

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Think of it! A real practical [illegible] writer for $18. Bennett Portable Typewriter has all important improvements, visible writing reversible ribbon, standard keyboard 84 characters. No special desk needed. Durable easy to operate [illegible] simple. Only 250 parts [illegible] factory by [illegible] Billing Machines [illegible] $100). Thousands [illegible] Carry in pocket [illegible] Type [illegible] for writing [illegible]

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SAVORIZE Seamless Roaster

SAVORIZE Your Kitchen

THE "SAVORY" Seamless Roaster makes a first-class, full-flavored roast from even a second-choice cut. Its oval bottom inside of the outer supporting jacket distributes heat evenly; hence the "SAVORY" roasts [illegible] Either, needs no water or attention [illegible] I [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

H. Leh & Company's store, Allentown, Pa.—Alba-Lighted throughout

You can increase your sales

by using better light. Alba Shades make light better—softer, better diffused, more of it from the same lamps.

They will make your store more attractive, show goods better, and reduce errors of employees.

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Buy an Alba Shade, test it on any lamp, see the difference—then you will realize what Alba can do for you.

Illuminating Help Free. Send floor plans of your rooms, stating height of ceiling, position of window. We will plan your lighting without charge.

Business Lighting, Catalogue No. 47-N. Home Lighting, Catalogue No. 42-N

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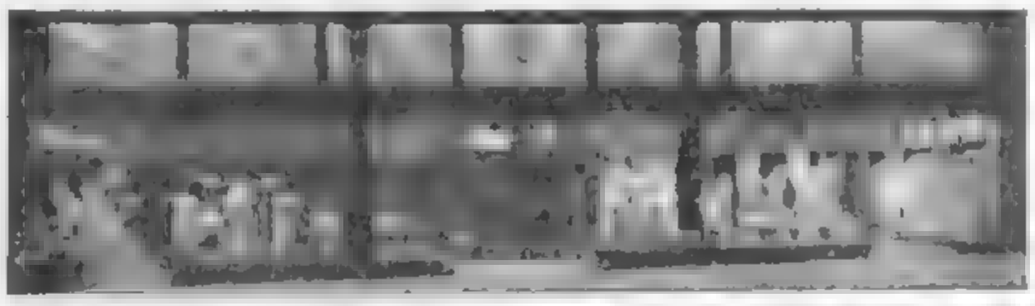


The Alba-lighted show window of H. Leh & Co., Allentown, Pa., does exactly what you want it to do—it sells goods

$4.00 for 6 hours' work

We expect to make 500 appointments of "part time" representatives during October to handle our fall subscription work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

We will make a definite appointment and pay salary and commission on all renewals as well as new subscriptions. It's a splendid opportunity. Many of our "part time" representatives add Ten to Twenty Dollars a week to their regular incomes. Four Dollars for six hours' work is a very conservative estimate of earnings.

Application should be made immediately to

The Agency Division, Box 127

The Curtis Publishing Company, Phila., Pa.

"What is it, Joy; what has happened? You look——"

"Father, we must go home!" I interrupted.

He straightened himself. "But we have another week here," he protested.

"Not another hour!" I exclaimed, struggling to suppress my excitement.

"We can't go tonight. What's the matter, I say?" he insisted.

"We will go early in the morning then," I said.

"I thought you liked it here," he complained.

"I hate it!"

"What will Francis say? He expected you—I told him that if you had the opportunity——"

"Hush, father!" I commanded, leading him forward.

Very well, but he did not understand it. Everything going so nicely, and now this! He was a poor old man, dragged about by his children, who would regret it when he was gone.

I had that night the final revelation of myself. When the packing was finished and all was in readiness for our departure the next morning, I sat considering myself in relation to what had happened.

This was the logical conclusion toward which I had been going from the first, even from that day long ago when I resolved to marry a rich husband. Collier knew of me what I had never entirely admitted to myself: that what I wanted was money, luxuries. The husband was only the means to this end. He offered the means, but not the husband. It was really a fair exchange, seeing that I was ready to exchange merely myself, not my heart. Women do this without a qualm every day. I would have done it if I had not met a man as unscrupulous as I was myself.

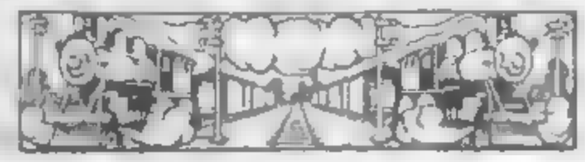
The awful question I was now obliged to answer was this: The husband I was willing to take unloved, was he not merely the cloak for the same dishonor Collier proposed? This man with his brutal proposition was after all more honest than I had been. The reason so many women are willing to accomplish that which is no less a desecration in marriage than it is out of marriage is because so few of them are capable of honest, barefaced thinking. They wear a veil over their minds. They have a piety for deceiving themselves, even when they have no other form of piety.

To become just yourself, to behold yourself, divested of every subterfuge, is the most appalling disillusionment that can come to any man or any woman. I suffered this. I yielded the point at last, having squandered love.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

New Thermometers

LONG-DISTANCE thermometers are rapidly coming into use now for all manner of purposes where it is of advantage to be able to sit at an office desk, for instance, press a button, and learn instantly the temperature at some distant point. Most striking of all the uses to which this mechanism has been put is in finding out the temperature in the middle of the massive Kensico Dam on New York's new water supply system. The engineers have decided that it will be very valuable to know exact temperatures in every part of the great mass, year after year, to check up the stresses on the dam, for one thing. So long-distance thermometers have been buried in the concrete at various places, each one connected by wires to a tunnel in the dam. The thermometers are nothing more than little coils of certain kinds of wire. A small current of electricity is sent through these coils from the operating station, and by means of instruments that show the resistance of the coils to the passage of the electricity the exact temperature round the coils is obtained. Another place where long-distance thermometers are used is on big fruit orchards in the West, so that from a central office on a cold spring night it can easily be determined whether or not frost is threatening at any part of the orchard and protective measures required. They have been installed also in cold-storage warehouses, to save the trouble of frequent inspections in all the storage chambers. From a desk in the office the exact temperature of every room can easily be read.



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He Has the King Habit

IT'S a good habit to get—learn to shoot with the right King for your age and size and you'll get the habit of out-of-door sport, good marksmanship, self control, and prompt action.

And all without the danger of a powder gun.

Write for free booklet "The Story of the Air-Rifle." It tells how the first air-rifle was invented in our factory, how they are [illegible] and all about the different sizes from the [illegible] on Repeaters at $2.00 down to King Pop-Guns at 25 cents for the youngsters.

[illegible] by Sporting Goods, Hardware and Toy Stores. Always look for the name King on side-plate or barrel. **If not sold in your town,** send us the money and we'll ship direct from factory.

THE MARKHAM AIR-RIFLE CO.

Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

[illegible]

FREEMAN'S Face Powder

Our Guarantee

If you are not delighted with it after using half a box, your dealer will return your money. Write for samples to test.

Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 77 Cincinnati, O.

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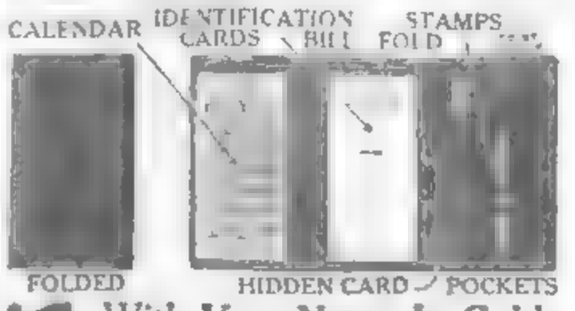

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A Good Car For the User Is the Best Car For the Dealer

The Buick Contract assures prosperity to the man who sells Buicks. It guarantees satisfactory service to the man who buys a Buick.

It brings to the dealer and the user the Buick reputation. An army of 150,000 Buick cars running today built that reputation.

The powerful Buick Overhead Valve Motor is the foundation upon which that reputation was reared, and makes possible records of 50,000, 75,000 and 100,000 miles, which proves its endurance.

Long mileage per gallon of gasoline established the Buick as the car of economy.

And in this season of high prices of fuel, Buick owners have discovered that they get splendid results with the cheaper grades.

That's why Buick dealers and Buick users everywhere are satisfied, the reason Buick dealers keep on selling Buicks year after year. Buick *owners* are Buick *boosters*. That's why they bring new purchasers to the dealer.

All this gives the Buick owner a supreme car service and close, cordial friendship with dealer and branch houses, which assures quick action when it is required.

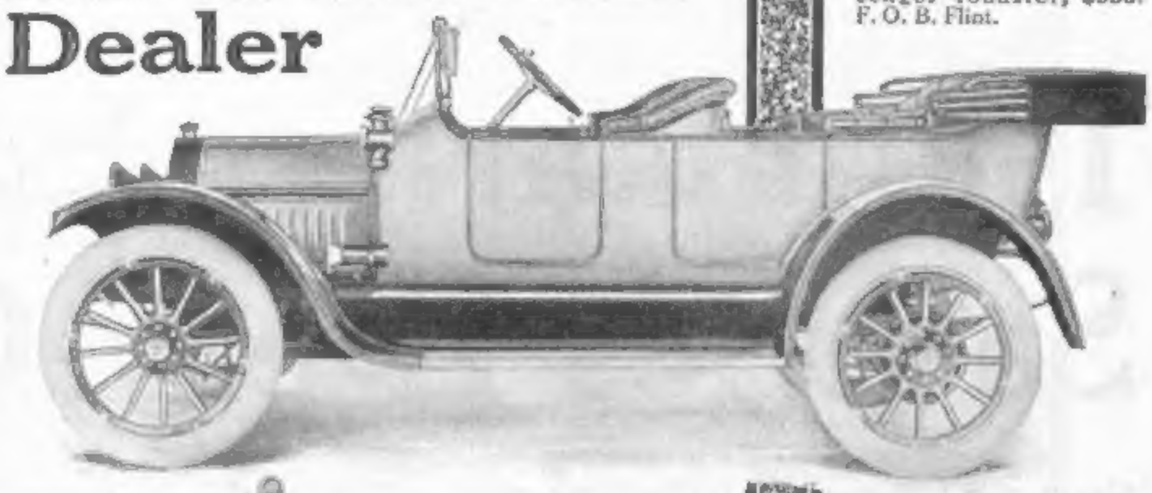
For 1914 all the solid, steadfast construction features of the Buick of the past with the final touches of comfort and convenience—LEFT SIDE DRIVE, CENTER CONTROL, DELCO ELECTRIC STARTING, LIGHTING AND IGNITION.

The dealer who knows cars and wants a permanent selling relation with a responsible concern building a dependable car, if in open territory can get a contract for a complete line that will make him money.

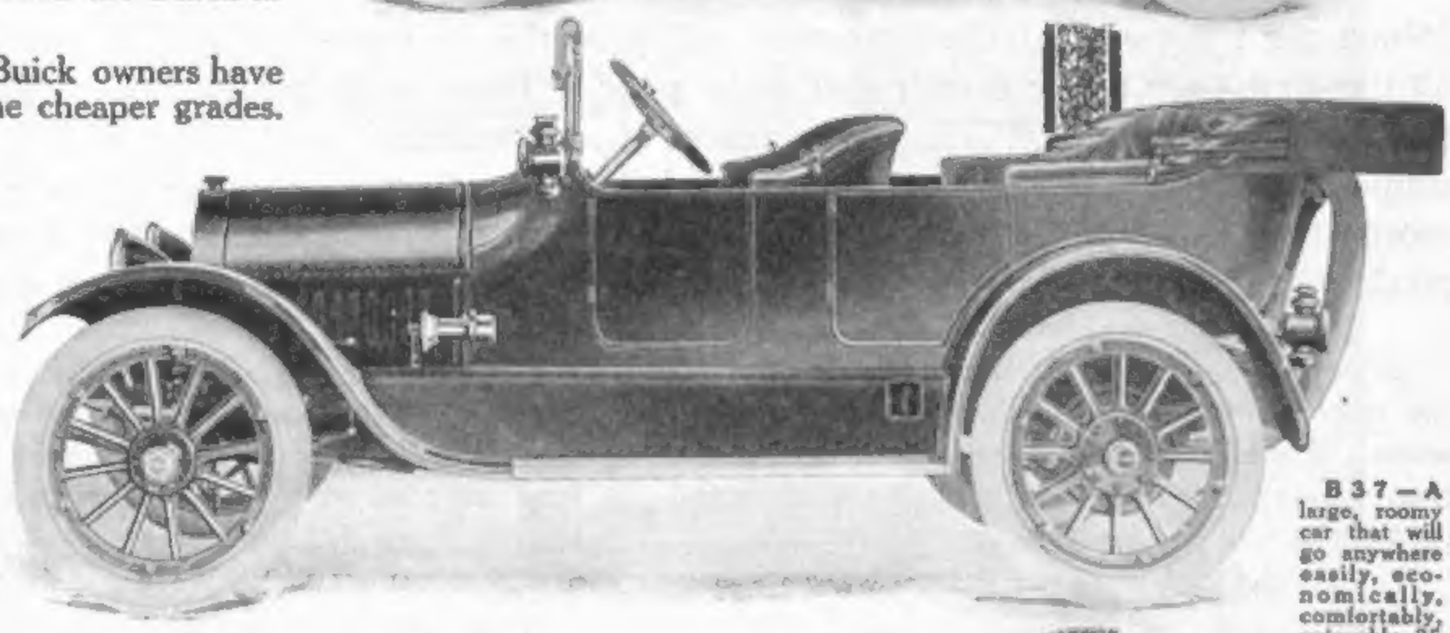
The Buick Contract is the sign of a prosperous dealer and a satisfied customer, for a good car for the dealer is the best car for the user.

Complete Specifications of Buick Touring Cars and Roadsters mailed on request.

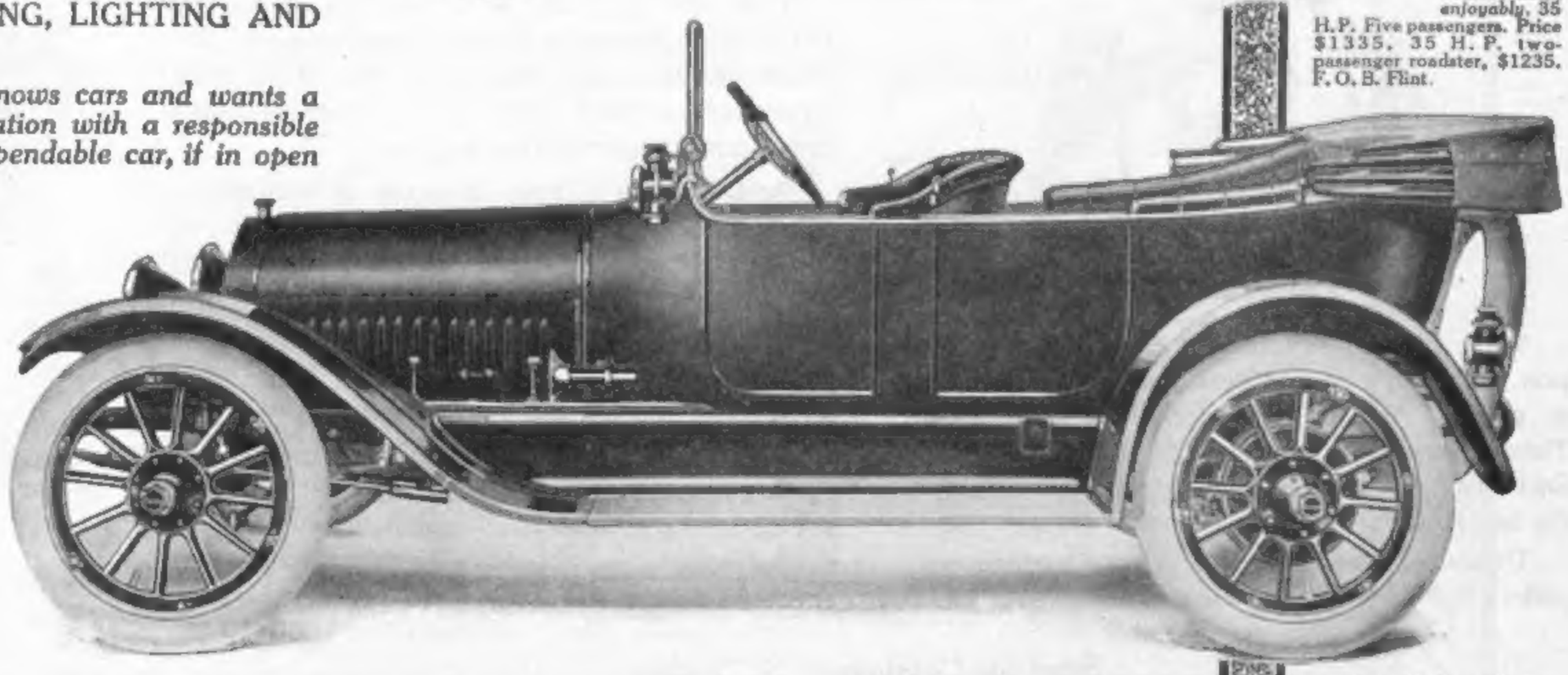
Buick Motor Co.
Flint, Michigan



B25—A comfortable, easily handled, light touring car, powerful enough for any service anywhere. 28 H.P. Five passengers. Price $1050. 28 H. P. two-passenger roadster, $950. F. O. B. Flint.



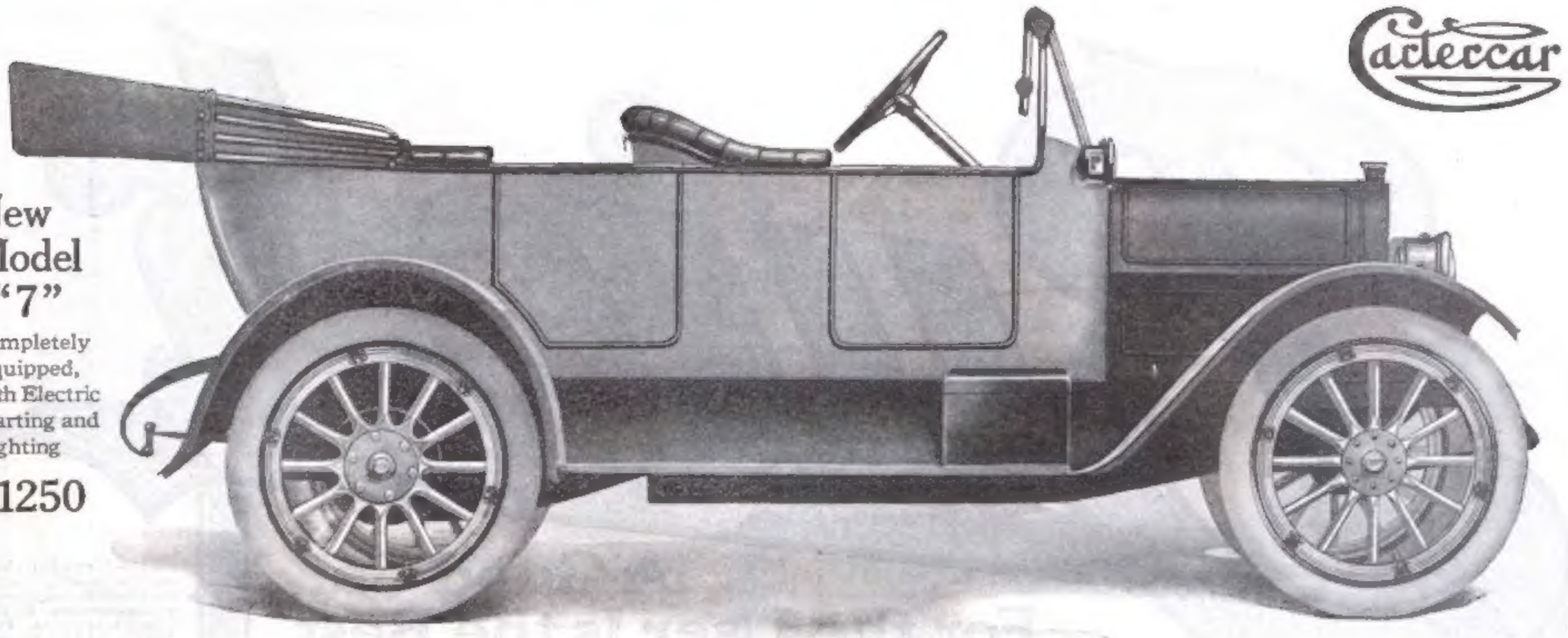
B37—A large, roomy car that will go anywhere easily, economically, comfortably, enjoyably. 35 H.P. Five passengers. Price $1335. 35 H. P. two-passenger roadster, $1235. F. O. B. Flint.



B55—Buick qualities wrought into a Six. The Overhead Valve Motor in its supreme form. Looks big and is big in strength and performance. Minimum gasoline consumption. 48 H.P. Five passengers. Price $1985. F. O. B. Flint.

The Delco System of Electric Starting, Lighting and Ignition has been carefully tested. It measures up to Buick standards in every particular. It is supplied on all Buicks at no extra expense.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



Cartercar

New Model "7"

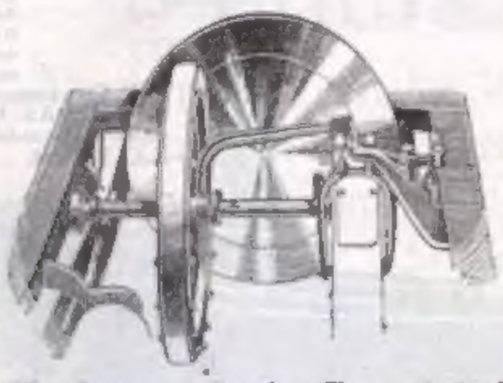
Completely Equipped, with Electric Starting and Lighting

$1250

The Gearless Transmission explains why the Cartercar Satisfies Every Owner!

When we tell you that the Cartercar will give the best possible service—on all roads—all the time—we know that it will make good. There is no longer any argument about the gearless transmission being the simplest of all transmissions and it is as reliable as it is simple. And there is no doubt in the mind of any Cartercar owner about it being the most efficient. When you understand what a great difference this gearless feature makes you'll realize that Cartercar service is even better than you had expected to get from any car.

A car is no stronger than its transmission. If the transmission is weak, then the car must be weak. If it is liable to give way in a tight place, then the car is limited to service over the good roads only.



"The Cartercar Gearless Transmission"

You can easily see that the Cartercar transmission, with only two unit parts, has nothing to break or strain. And, of course, nothing does break. There are no gears to strip—no clutch to slip. A Cartercar will give continually good service over the bad roads as well as the good.

Unlimited speeds, with a silent one lever control, make driving especially pleasant.

Now about efficiency. When the Cartercar transmission is at low speed the leverage is so great that the car will easily climb hills and go through sand and mud where the ordinary motorist is afraid to even try to go. You've undoubtedly heard of the great hill-climbing ability of the Cartercar.

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And with all of these features of inestimable value you have in the Cartercar an automobile of the highest class, handsomely designed, and modern in every way. The Cartercar you buy today represents our experience of ten years in producing cars which have made good for every owner.

Electric starting and lighting—a system which has proven 100% efficient under all conditions.

We have given you facts, here, which you cannot afford to overlook. Get acquainted with this remarkable car—let it talk for itself. You'll get an entirely new idea of what service to expect from a car.

A new Cartercar at $1250

This new Model "7" has been produced in answer to the insistent demand of Cartercar enthusiasts for a popular priced car. It is one of the most pleasing cars we have ever produced, attractive in design and distinctive in every detail. There is an abundance of comfort, too, big wide seats, ten-inch upholstering, with plenty of foot room for five passengers. But the big feature of this car is the same as in all other Cartercars, its remarkable ability to give perfect service over all roads. You'll be delighted with Model "7", because even though it is lighter in weight and shorter in wheel base than our popular Model "5", yet it has the usual high Cartercar quality throughout.

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Five-Passenger—the ideal business-pleasure car. With electric starting and lighting system and complete equipment, $1700.

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Five-Passenger—same delightful finish as the Coupé. A closed car enabling the driver to sit with the party. With electric starting and lighting system and complete equipment, $2000.

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